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LORD KITCHENER
LIVES





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LORD KITCHENER LIVES



LORD KITCHENER
EARL OF KHARTOUM

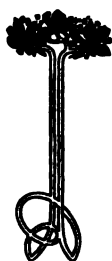
O'Brien, Mary et Al.

THE MESSAGE

LORD KITCHENER LIVES

RECEIVED BY

ALA MANA



Vol. I

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I, Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum,
dedicate my message in this book
To the World
which is groping for the Light.

To my men whom I led in fields of
conflict, who obeyed my commands and
were staunch, noble and true, and to
those others who fought for justice and
the right, I, Kitchener of Khartoum,
send my salutation.

INTRODUCTION

In this message which I, Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum, have given, I have tried to describe the glory of the great beyond which is called the astral. To express such a truth in words is not easy, but I have used the plainest language at my command.

I wish to state that the personalities appearing in the pages of this book were not chosen by me through any personal preference. They came under my observation in the exact order in which they are mentioned. Many of them I knew in my earthly life and therefore it was quite natural that I should meet them here.

I wish to say also that it would be impossible for me to mention in one book the many heroes I have met here who passed out fighting for justice and the right. All of these carried on nobly and to write of any one in particular would be an injustice to the others; hence I feel in honor bound to speak of none by name.

Some may wonder how I have been able to give the exact words used by myself and others in every instance. In explanation, let me say that in the astral mind is similar to a camera which records the words and actions transpiring around the individual. By throwing oneself into a negative state the pages of this book of memory may be turned back and past occurrences revealed at will.

It has been somewhat difficult to send this message over the astral wireless, as there are many forces surrounding the earth which attempt to hinder the

forthcoming of the Truth, but I have succeeded, and I feel that if this book is read with an open heart it will be accepted, for it has been my greatest wish to deliver a message revealing the greater life which is every man's heritage from God.

When I lived upon the earth I tried to do my duty and to express kindness and brotherly love. As I speak to the world again, from the plane of eternal life, I speak what is the truth.

May the doubters believe! May those who long to have visions, see! May those who fear, be fearless! May those who hate, know love! May those who desire faith, possess it! May those who wish to overcome death, know eternal life! For God is Truth and whomsoever believeth upon Him shall have Everlasting Life.

FOREWORD

Unhampered by the material, I, Lord Kitchener, am free to express my thoughts at will. A strange tale! Some will take it at will, others will doubt, and some will consider and wonder. But no matter who may read, it is a message to all—to those who believe and to those who do not. It is for the benefit of the people. Do not judge too harshly; for who knows it is not the truth? We all are put on the earth to learn lessons, to become more advanced. If we hope for the best, we must do our best in the school of life before we really accomplish. If we do not try, we shall have to do over and over again the lessons before we may advance into the next class in life. Some seemingly slide by, but there comes a time when the "All-seeing Marker" checks up, and man has to do over again that which he did not do right.

Do not judge your fellowman, for if there is need to judge, judge yourself; and by that you will help and not hinder man. Each man has to strive to progress the same as you or I, and if you can make his life easier, help him on his way; he will learn his lesson and pass the tests with a smile. For it makes one feel better to know there is some one who cares if he finds his way. Encouragement and kindness are great things in life. They lead up and not down; they light the path more clearly; for remember, man, we are all on the same path; we are all striving or at least inwardly hoping to reach the eternal goal, which is everlasting life and truth. Therefore, help and not hinder;

smile and do not frown; give and do not wonder what you will receive in return.

Strive to light the way. Think of your fellowman, for he is your brother and God loves him as much as He loves you. Therefore, reflect that love within, cheer and be kind to every man, for who knows, perhaps in the end it will come back more than a hundred-fold.

So if the tale be far from your creed, do not criticise too harshly, for God shows the way and He sometimes takes strange means to do so. The least we can do is to open our hearts; and when the right truth comes along, it will pour itself in and fill all the dark places, and all will be light and love.

Every man finds truth in a different way. He who waits with a heart open as a little child's will receive the truth. To his eyes it will be the truth, whether it is to his fellowman or not. No matter what creed fills your heart, it will lead you down the same path as your brothers. The path leads to the one God, one Life. God is the Teacher and we are His pupils, but all in different classes in life, each striving to know the answers to the problems; and although man takes many ways, each way is a different lesson. When the lessons are learned, we all go down the same path to our Teacher, God. He will judge our lessons, for God is Love and Life.

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LORD KITCHENER LIVES

I, Lord Kitchener, give this message to those who believe and to those who perhaps sometime will believe:

As the war swept the countries of Europe, I did my part as one man, although I wished I might do the work of a thousand men or more. But I was a human, encased in flesh and bones, hampered by the walls of the material—in the body of one man, and, therefore, I could do only one man's work. In 1916 I prepared to go on my mission to Russia. My heart ached for humanity in her blind rush for liberty or death.

Russia, God knows, needed help and does now, like a poor beaten child who has overpowered its ruler and gone mad with freedom, establishing no laws or order by which it might benefit itself before some other country was forced to take command. I had all sympathy for Russia, for she is a splendid country if handled rightly, so I looked forward to the work, confident I could handle the situation.

We left England on the "Q-T." It was supposed to be a secret from our enemy, Germany. We left after nightfall; only a few of my intimate friends knew I was going. I trusted them. The crew was supposed to be trustworthy; the officials were picked.

For a couple of hours we had some trouble dodg-

ing submarines, but nothing serious occurred. It was rather foggy. The crew was kept busy with the ship. The officials were in the saloon, but I preferred to be alone that night. I had a depressed feeling, a strange inward foreboding.

I stayed in my cabin and had my dinner. I read a newspaper and wrote a letter. It was about seven-thirty when I decided to go up on deck. Pulling on my overcoat, wrapping my throat with my scarf, and picking up my hat, I left my cabin.

As I proceeded along the passageway, I was attracted to a cabin-boy, who darted out of a shadow, and as he did so, glanced at me sharply, an expression of peculiar guilt in his eyes. I wondered—it was not his presence that disturbed me; it was his actions and expression.

I climbed the stairs and walked down the deck. A chilly wind was blowing and the fog was so dense one could scarcely see ten feet ahead. The sea was very rough; a storm threatened. I made my way along the deck and then seated myself in a secluded spot. I gazed into the blackness for some moments and then I dozed off.

In about half an hour I opened my eyes. I jumped to my feet, then sank back again to my chair. I concluded I had been dreaming, that I had not heard anyone call my name as I had at first thought when I awoke. I must have been dreaming; it could not be a reality.

I leaned forward and peered into the darkness around me. I saw no form, nor did I hear a footfall. I pulled out my watch and looked at the time. It was

just a quarter after eight. I leaned back smiling at myself as I put my watch away.

About fifteen minutes passed, when again I heard my name called. Glancing about me, I peered into the darkness, but I saw no form nor did I hear a sound that would suggest there was anyone near. I waited, wondering; then slowly in the darkness, I saw a light. I was too surprised to rise, and the light, which was yellow, began to take form. I watched and before my eyes I saw in another moment my mother. She spoke—

"My boy, danger awaits you on every hand and if you are not careful you will come to the spirit. Watch—watch, my beloved son."

Yet I did not rise; I simply wondered. I sat there fully fifteen minutes and at eight-thirty I rose. I stood in a daze; I walked up the deck. Suddenly I heard a great commotion. Some one cried: "Submarine!"

I rushed to the side of the ship and leaned forward. I tried to pierce the blackness, but at first I saw nothing. Then as I looked I saw something bobbing on the water. I had hardly recovered myself when I saw across the water a mound. The ship's searchlight flashed and I saw what it was—a torpedo. I shuddered. The next moment the searchlight became brighter and I saw the submarine clearly as it dipped its slimy, sneaky self down—down into the water.

I realized the submarine had missed us. But in the light I saw another darting mound. It came from our ship. In the next moment there came a shrieking, a rumble as the submarine was literally torn to

pieces. In a few moments more the light revealed only a rough oily ocean.

A profound silence seemed to fill the night. I hurried up the deck to the pilot and was informed that we had a slightly shattered stern but that we would reach the shore safely. The submarine had missed us because of the extremely dark, foggy night. It had merely speculated as to our vulnerable spot. Undoubtedly it had been following us for hours.

I went back to my cabin. I sat down at the desk. Upon it were papers, not valuable ones, it was true; but I concluded from their confused condition that some one had broken in upon my privacy. I found none of the papers missing but the discovery startled me and I determined to investigate the matter. I had believed I could trust every one aboard the ship.

Then I remembered the cabin boy. I was somewhat puzzled. I pondered over many things; a strange foreboding stirred within me. I realized that, if an accident should occur, it would be impossible to reach the shore. Then I was impelled to write something, so took up my pen and I wrote as follows, just as the words came to me:

TO THE WORLD

"I hear the cries for peace ring on the tongues of the beaten and I hear it ring on the tongues of the victors, the people. The people must choose lest destruction sweep the world and trample down both good and bad. For peace must come soon or men will die; rivers will run blood-red.

"In years a mighty army may form which will

destroy all. It will be the army of the world sent by the devil from Hell and it will crumble civilization beneath, only the cruel and crude will live. This time is not far away; I can say only I shall not be here, for something tells me I must go; and, therefore, I am most willing, for my heart is where my mind is; and I feel that better things can be accomplished out of the flesh.

"What a strange thing for me to write! I never felt this way before, so confident of my work to do on another plane.

"I will watch the world when I am gone, God be praised! May the world realize my help, the aid of Lord Kitchener, in soul and spirit!

"I hope I may help to stay this mighty army, this terrible war, one more spectacular than the one now raging,—one where lives will be nothing; where brothers will fight; where churches will combat each other; where men will hate and die; where children will be raised in blood.

"It would be a war caused and made by the mighty army of disembodied spirits—souls in bondage who know no better. Many who were taken from the present fields of battle in horrified moments of a bloody fight. The beings who have not yet overcome the physical, seek to go on with the fight. They are in darkness now; they feel only a fight can relieve them; they think of nothing else.

"They are forming an unseen army which is waiting to strike in darkness and that will bring a terrible reaction upon the earth. It will cause terrible battles and bloodshed. Men may even curse God. The heavens will flame. It will be a day of reckoning.

Each must fight for himself. The weak will die and the strong will live, and it will be the same in the astral, only they will not die in the physical sense of the word. They will be forced farther into the darkness of Hell. They will perish and the strongest will be strengthened by the conflict and go on—and on.

"The teachers of the astral are watching and doing their best to overpower these entities, earthbound souls; but it is a terrible struggle.

"O, people of the world, take care—watch—watch and pray for those souls; pray for their deliverance, lest you perish in darkness worse than theirs, for much depends upon you. When I speak again you shall know me and I will make the world realize from the spirit these earth-bound dangers more than I ever could in the body.

"There may be no rich or poor. The world will be reduced to a primitive stage. People will do for themselves; each will have an equal opportunity. But Man may have to pay life, and life is truth; therefore, truth may be sacrificed upon an altar of conflict.

"If this conflict should come the earth will be a plane of lowly existence for a time. Men will be in darkness, but all this may be avoided if men will co-operate with the spirit teachers of higher planes. The spirit planes will send messages to help; and if the people of the earth will try to co-operate, wires will be connected, and a communication will be formed. If the earth and the astral will work together all distress may be avoided; and the good will win.

"Men *must* overcome these strong entities if they hope to live and progress. These entities will try to fasten themselves upon the high-strung and the sensi-

tives. Out of meek men these entities will make raging animals. They will do things to their own destruction as well as others. But if men come in tune with the teachers of the high planes, they will be inspired to do great and good things. There will be a great many wonderful leaders of the world, and if the people will listen to them, they may overcome entities which would destroy them.

"Men must work against this mighty unseen army as if it were visible to the human eyes. It is coming to try to destroy them, their lives, and their homes. But you must understand me. Do not judge these poor earth-bound souls, or send them hate thoughts, for that only throws them more into the darkness. In time to come it would react one hundred-fold. This army must be counteracted by loving thoughts, by prayers, by hope and truth, faith, love, and good living,—love for the great Teacher God.

"People will slowly feel this unseen action going on about them, but a great many will not understand it. They will proclaim the world is going to the bad and will not try to stop it, but will talk about it and watch it go. Their thoughts should go out to help, not hinder. They should seek to understand and find the reasons for these things.

"There will come a time when practically all the people of this world will investigate and become interested in spirits of the beyond, and the other planes. This will be within twenty-five years time. It will also be then that all will realize the danger and co-operate to help these poor earth-bound souls,—help them out of their darkness into light, lift them up and aid; help the teachers of the high planes to lead them.

"I will speak again. I shall materialize to a noble English family and others, in the near future. I will give messages and I will help all I can. I will work constantly and try to dissolve this condition.

"In the astral, thought is like a glass of water with a chemical in it and, like thought, it affects our health for good or bad. Good thoughts bring harmony; bad thoughts bring evil. But by continued right thinking, one may dissolve all bad conditions around and about him.

"I cannot realize I am so near my end, the end of a great lesson. I hope I have passed well; but what I do not deserve, I do not want. I pray all the mistakes I have ever made will be atoned. I wish to have my lesson as nearly perfect as possible. I am only going on to another lesson, to another class.

"May my message be heeded, for I wish to do what I can for mankind. I will help all I can.

Kitchener of Khartoum."

I folded the message which had come to me so peculiarly, but in which I believed. I then wrote a letter to my sister.

I rose and stepped to the window and looked out into the night and as I stood there I became restless. I sank into a chair and reflected on the matter of investigating as to who had entered my cabin. Then I rose, and suddenly, for I heard the key click in the cabin door. I pulled out my watch as I stepped toward the door. It was about eight forty-five. I tried the door and drew back alarmed, for it was locked. I was puzzled.

As I stood there wondering what I should do, I realized the situation was very serious. Then I remembered seeing the cabin-boy.

I pounded upon the door, crying aloud several times, then listened; but all was silent save the roar of the stormy ocean as it dashed high over the deck. I waited, and again I tried the door.

There came a terrific explosion. A shudder passed over me. Again came an explosion, and this time the ship gave a lurch and I was thrown to the floor. I staggered to my feet. The floor was on an up-hill angle now and to stand upright was an effort. I heard the rush of water and to me came the terrible realization that the ship was sinking and I was a prisoner, locked in my cabin!

I was holding to the doorknob when I heard a voice from the other side of the door cry out, "Lord Kitchener, it's no use; the ship's sinking; but, thank God, I will not be drowned."

In another moment came a shot. I pounded with both fists upon the door until I crashed through an upper panel. I saw to my horror the cabin-boy with a bullet in his brain and a revolver in his hand.

Suddenly there came a gush. I saw water rushing into the passage-way and soon it was filled. I fell back, sliding down to the other side of the room. I pulled myself up, opened a drawer in my desk, and took out my Bible. I opened it to the thirty-first Psalm and glanced down it. I closed the Bible and held it to my heart.

The water was now above my waist. Soon it was to my shoulders. Then the ship gave another lurch and another. The door of the cabin burst in, the

water came rushing in, and the ship went down forever.

The water came and covered me. I held my head above it and the Bible in my hand, as I uttered these words aloud, "Lord God, I trust Thee. Thou knowest best."

I felt a terrible rush of water, a passing moment of unconsciousness; then I heard a terrific roar and felt a queer sensation as if my head were filled with water. As I struggled, I thought of a great many things, mostly of my mission, of things I had done in the past, faces of those I had known and loved. I wondered why death did not come. I fought a dazed, confused condition. I struggled with a peculiar sensation, then felt a choking grip upon my throat. I felt as if I were being turned upside down. I realized to my horror I could not move. I heard voices. I tried to call out, but my benumbed senses realized it was useless. I felt a burning in my open eyes. I strove to close them, but I seemed to have lost all power over myself.

I fought off death with every bit of strength I possessed, but slowly I became numb. My brain refused to work. I fell, it seemed, down—down—into darkness and was lost for a moment with a great pain. Suddenly I felt very light; I felt free from something. I could see myself as I floated. What was the matter with me? I seemed to be so stiff and lifeless. What could be the matter? I tried and yet I could not move—and beside me was a lifeless body—a thing of flesh and bones. It floated about in the dark waters. Then I realized I was dead. Yet could that be possible? There was my body, but where was I?

All was darkness about me. O, for light! I could see that body and nothing else. It was my only light, my hope, and I clung close. No one must take it from me. I needed it to help me, that body which gave me light.

I crouched closer to the body. I could not realize or remember for the moment what had occurred. Time passed and, to my dismay and horror, tiny fishes and large sea-reptiles came and began to feast upon me—or rather, for the time being, the inseparable part of me, my body. With frantic helplessness I watched them devour my body, take away my light. I struggled against them and sometimes seemed to fight them away for a time, but they always came back—the sight became gruesome; it palled upon me. I struggled, I fairly cried out in my agony. I suffered physical pain, for every time a sea-reptile came, I felt the pain as if I were in the body. I endured twice the agony for I suffered from a dazed feeling also.

I watched my light slowly diminish. I turned green, sea-weed surrounded me—no, I mean my body, which at the time seemed to be a part of me. I clung closer, and somehow I realized that I was dead. Yet why did I suffer?—or why did I look dead? You see, I could not see my astral body or my new life as yet.

I cried out for light in that all-surrounding darkness. When the time came that my body was gone, I strove to calm myself; I tried to find light, but all was darkness everywhere. I could not understand this. I suffered physically. Then I was seized with terror. I was not dead but still drowning. I crouched in the cold darkness. I strove to find myself and to realize where I was, and I groaned—in horror. I suffered

pain; I forgot who I was and all about the wreck. I was a soul in bondage, and I was in agony.

I cried for some light in that all-surrounding darkness. Then as time passed I began to see a light and strove to comprehend it. I tried to grasp it and to see more clearly. I battled the darkness and the fleeting forms about me. Suddenly out of nowhere I heard a voice say, softly but so clearly that I understood every word:

"In Thee, Oh Lord, I put my trust. Deliver me from the darkness; deliver me from bondage. Let me be free; save me from the depths of purgatory. Deliver me in Thy Name's sake. Let light fall upon me, and deliver me, lest I be lost. Oh, Lord, my God, I appeal to Thee and, therefore, in Thy light, love, truth, and life do I abide forever and ever. Thy Name be praised. Father-Mother, Light of all the Kingdom of eternity!"

I realized it was my soul that spoke out of the darkness. I was saved and redeemed. A light surrounded me—softly at first. Then I saw a form in that light. I rose, and I took the outstretched hand of my mother. She stood there revealed to me clearly, and I knew she was there to help me win my salvation. I felt free. Gently I was lifted up; all became light. All horror faded, I seemed to have confidence, and I was upheld.

Then like a whisper I heard soft music playing, but, somehow, instead of soothing, it made me somewhat afraid. I clung closer to the light that surrounded my mother, and I cried to her in my distress. "Mother, I am dying."

She turned to me and smiled. I heard her

voice and it sounded far away, "No, there is no death."

I clung closer, for I saw black shadows. I spoke again and in a strange, distant voice, "No, but I am dying. I am dead. O, where am I?" I closed my eyes, but to my dismay found I could see through the lids.

My mother was glowing, yet the light about me seemed to be fainter. I heard her make reply, "No, my son, there is no death, only that life which lasts forever through all stages of development, that life which goes on—on into eternity. Blessed are you, my son, for you are in the Kingdom of God."

I clung closer and said, "But I saw myself dead and destroyed."

She nodded. "Yes, son, perhaps you saw a false vision. You will never be destroyed; you will live on forever! That which you left behind, which you thought was you, was not. It was just a reflection of your soul, a temple built by thought; but no structure can remain always, only the thought of you exists; and God conceived that idea. You are His child. The real thought of you lives on forever, a good thought, for God's works are surrounded by a glow of light. All is within the everlasting circle, which has no beginning and no ending. Thoughts of God—they form the ring of eternity."

All was bright again. "Mother, I am beginning to see the way," I said as I clasped her hands.

Again I began to feel dizzy and as if I were very light. As I strove to keep within my grasp the yellow light, and as I realized I was moving, I felt a change of atmosphere; I felt it difficult to get my breath. There seemed to be water in my nostrils. I struggled

and felt a terrible dull ache in my head, and I seemed to lose the yellow light. Then I shuddered. My mother caught me, saying, "You must overcome these sensations."

"I cannot because I am yet in the ocean—drowning," I cried, choking.

She smiled, as she drew me closer into the light; "No, you have passed that stage. You have risen above the condition of physical water."

Suddenly in the blackness there was a contraction as if two revolving lights came together. I felt the tension and with the greatest of strain; it was as if my nerve centers were whirled about upon two pinacles. To explain in the physical sense of the word is rather difficult; but I felt as one crushed, as if I were a substance. When these two pressures, or lights, came together with me in their center, the sensation was that of a collision in which I was the center of attraction, for although I did not know it then—but learned it later—I had attracted these two forces like a magnet, and the consequence had been a collision similar to an explosion. I felt as if a thousand-million needles had pierced me.

I lost control of my own movements—not that I was controlled by any other force, but utterly benumbed by the terrible contraction. There was first a sensation of utter darkness, then of blinding colors. I seemingly lost myself altogether. I was bewildered and in the turmoil that filled the space about me I heard the words of my mother:

"My son, trust in the All-Divine. This confusion is caused only by an astral storm brought about by the eliminations of the arid pockets, which are the sub-

stratum of the body, life, and spirit, between the brink and undercurrents."

I did not altogether understand this explanation; nevertheless, it comforted me, for the mere sound of her vibrating voice built a barrier around me. Inwardly I felt protected. Slowly the confusing forces cleared away, and gradually the light of protection grew closer about me.

I now seemed to be traveling at a rather rapid rate of speed, and as if floating in mid-air. I felt nothing tangible about me and the light that surrounded me was filled with warmth that stilled the inward terror brought by the blackness. Finally I felt beneath my feet a firm basis. This gave me confidence. I was no longer nervous, and I looked about me with eyes that did not expect things which horrified.

I saw my mother before me; then beside her, as I watched, there grew into form a man, stalwart and tall, but with fine tissues which reflected, as would a wonderful light in a dark room, a glow that seemingly reached within me.

He stood without a motion, until he had formed in every detail; then he held out his hand. At first I was inclined to be skeptical; but, when I saw the face of my mother, I was reassured.

I took his hand. It was like a volt of electricity that filled me with expanded power and strength and built out my astral body. Then I was not afraid. I was willing to go with him and placed all confidence in him.

My mother was very much pleased, although she did not speak; the man began to move, easily at first; and I found I was beginning to be able to use

my own feet that, heretofore, had been quite useless. Without words I understood I was to follow him.

My mother turned; and, as she faded away into space, I heard her say, "My boy, I go to higher planes to teach those in many classes; and if you will do as your teacher and helper requests, it will not be long before you will be advanced and strengthened."

I felt I was helped by some power, strong and protecting; I was no longer uncontrolled, weak, and swaying. I recollect that we went through space for some time; but as my eyes had not received training, I was not able to distinguish any particular outline surrounding me. My whole concentration was upon the man before me, whose light drove out the darkness.

In time I began to realize we were in a long corridor. All was like a misty scene. My guide turned to me and bade me let go of myself. I did, and immediately fell upon something of peculiar softness similar to a mat. I sprawled there and from my body came strange fluids out of all the tissues, and to my sensitive nostrils came a peculiar odor which rather sickened me. I felt so weak I could scarcely move. The atmosphere seemed very heavy and my guide was faintly seen through a hazy mist. This rather alarmed me. I heard him say, "You are all right, brother. The fluid is only the poisonous vapors of the physical contracted by the atmospheric conditions of the astral."

His words soothed me somewhat, although I did not know exactly what he meant.

Shortly he raised me and to my lips held a tumbler. I looked into it; but I saw nothing except slight moisture, arising like steam. I looked at

him wonderingly. He nodded. I pressed the tumbler to my lips. I was surprised to note the contents tasted like coffee.

He spoke, as my eyes filled with question. "What you think you drink therein is only your physical taste."

I nodded, but I thought it was all very strange. I did not feel so badly now, because I was not suffering any particular pain.

He took the tumbler away from me and it seemingly vanished in mid-air; then he said, "Relax the tension of your body. You must have a little rest, for the strong drawing forces of the astral slowly take your strength."

I closed my eyes. When I opened them again I seemed refreshed, my body lighter, and the atmosphere more easy to breathe. I saw my guide standing beside me. I rose with some effort. He spoke, "Follow me."

I did, wondering where he would lead.

I had the sense of walls on each side and felt passersby, as if we were in the corridor of a large building. My guide did not speak but his actions told me he expected me to follow him. He did not need to worry. I intended to, if only out of mere curiosity; but more than curiosity prompted me to keep him within sight. I realized he was light, and I needed and wanted light.

For some time we proceeded thus; then he turned and spoke, "This is the gate. Hold yourself firmly, and we will pass through."

For a moment I was afraid, of what I did not know. As he spoke there came the thought-form of a

huge gate, lined with a golden light. I saw the gate swing open. I saw my guide pass through and I followed. As I passed through the so-called gate I felt a peculiar stinging in my left shoulder.

With a feeling not altogether of confidence I turned toward my guide, but I did not have to speak for he read my thought. He said, "The stinging in your shoulder is but a passing physical sensation. Pay not the least attention to it and it will go."

No sooner had he spoken and explained than I felt relieved. On we proceeded,—in what seemed to me to be barren darkness, when suddenly I heard voices singing softly.

Again my guide spoke, "Those are voices of the astral. They are singing to bring harmony into all vibrations, for the sound of a word, when sung, is like a magnet attracting good. It clears all space of evil and brings harmony.

I did not reply but felt much strengthened and as if I had a basis of understanding dawning in the darkness.

Soon I was conscious of another form, that of a woman, rather tall and stately. I seemed to recall her face but at the moment I did not know who she was. There came the sudden realization that my two friends were conversing. They scarcely moved their lips and I realized that the thoughts passing between them were read mentally.

The man and the woman took my hands and, with me between them, proceeded, where I did not know; but I trusted.

Some time passed and again I began to feel weak. All about me faded and darkness began to come.

Then my guide said, "Relax." I immediately let myself fall limp. I felt his hands pass over my eyes and rest a moment on my temples. This brought a strange quivering over my body. Again he took from the atmosphere a tumbler filled with something which he gave me to drink, and I was strengthened.

I looked about me. I was surprised to realize I was in a room. I looked up at my guide. "How wonderful!" I said.

He nodded and spoke softly, "Yes, the astral is a world of thought. You construct what you have and realize what you possess by your thought. Your thought produces things."

I noticed in one corner of the room a beautiful, tall vase filled with flowers. I glanced up at my guide as he bent over me.

"The vase is formed," he explained carefully, "by the thought of the teachers of the astral. The flowers you see are only your thought brought from the physical, for within you is the instinct that vases are for flowers. That vase is not for flowers. It is similar to a telescope. In it you see things for your benefit. Note the width at the top. That is where your thoughts begin in the material. Below is the sensitive finish of the astral."

I did not understand what he was trying to convey to me; and he, seeing this, said, "Everything you see is a reflection of your thought. Every object is a consequence of your thoughts, made manifest in form; and each means something. You must learn to distinguish what is best to bring out in the objective, for thoughts are things, real,—good or bad,

according to the power you give them. They manifest themselves in many forms."

I rose and gazed about me. The room seemed to take form and in a moment it was completely furnished. I was intensely surprised. My guide said, "Your eyes visualize the furnishings of this room."

I decided the room was to my liking. When I looked at my guide again he was smiling and he said, "You are pleased with the furnishings. Do you know why? Because they are yours."

I was puzzled. "Mine? What do you mean?"

He smiled knowingly but kindly. "They are your thoughts merely expressed in forms. You expected to see a room, and you did. When you thought of the furnishing your thoughts formed the kind of settings you like, furnishings to which you were accustomed in your physical life. Suppose you had been thrust from the physical body of the material into the astral and at the time had been living in cramped circumstances. When you came to the astral, your thought would not have changed; and immediately, when you had overcome darkness and weakness, your mind would reach out and bring forth forms of your earthly existence. You would see again around you the furnishings and thought pictures of your earthly life. I am telling you this to help you, for your advancement depends upon your thought. You have done splendidly about that, more or less through your having been a person of position and understanding when you lived on the earth plane. Think highly; I want you to understand this one thing: people bring from the earth plane, when they come here, their every thought of the material. Some are

so filled with these thoughts that they believe for a long time that they are existing as they did upon the earth plane. Another reason why you have advanced so quickly is that you were in the higher state of thought. You did not have all the earthly depressions to work out. What you have about you and what you see about you is harmony; and the only reason that you suffered is because of the war, which has caused a great turmoil, on the earth and in the astral. You must strive to overcome. You must try to deny your physical senses. Be yourself, not what you have been. You must begin at the bottom of the great understanding and climb to the top. For there are many things you should overcome, around you now, in your thoughts,—vibrations which are of the material and do not belong here. You must concentrate your mind on the vase, with that only in mind and in view, until these material settings fade and only the vase remains, which will terminate in a book of knowledge. When you have come to that point you will graduate into another class. You will begin your real work. It will be hard at first, and you must not be discouraged, for you are a great deal more advanced than many who come here. I will leave you now. Beside you will stay another teacher,—one who has not had a great deal of experience but who is powerful and will fill the space around you with light until you begin to understand and send forth a light of your own."

With a nod and a smile, he left me. I was alone. When I looked up I saw a woman. She stood in an atmosphere flooded with a yellow light. She was very beautiful and brought with her calmness. She

stood a long time. Then she sat down and said, "You must have faith, much of the great faith."

"Yes," I replied.

For a long time neither of us spoke; then she arose and floated across the room. When she returned she held in her hand a plate. It was at this time I realized that my former guide had returned. They bade me sit up. Then they placed upon my head the plate.

The top was a steel and round, like a disk, and there were two ear pockets, made of a steel-like material, which clung to my ears. Coming from each ear pocket was a funnel with a round opening at the end. They fastened this upon me with a strap which clasped very tightly beneath my chin.

My guide said, "Listen."

Some time passed. I heard many voices but caught few words. It sounded as though many people were in conversation. My guide spoke. I heard his voice distinctly above the confusion, but he seemed to be a great distance away, yet the vibration of his voice sent a tingling in my ears.

"Do you hear anything?"

"Yes," I replied, "I hear a great many voices all talking at once, but understanding them is practically impossible."

He smiled and it seemed to me his form stood out more distinctly.

"It may be difficult now but it is not impossible. You have done very well."

I did not reply, for I heard a man say something about his wife passing over and that he intended to meet her. Then I heard another man say something

about hanging being too good for the murderer. This rather upset me. I looked up at my guide and was about to speak when I saw his face light with a smile as he spoke, "You heard what those last two men said?"

"Yes," I replied, "but the last man spoke harshly and—"

My guide spoke again: "The conversation I will explain as an example in your first lesson. You see, I heard every word those men said. I have advanced and do not need to wear any instrument. You heard the first man speak of meeting his wife who had passed over. He will, because he is advanced and understands. But the other man is in darkness; there are many such as he. He is one who lacks understanding and convicts his fellow man without evidence, and in that particular case an entity caused the criminal to commit the murder. The person passed over unprepared and became an entity in darkness and is expressing itself in another personality to gain light and life. It has caused that person to commit a crime; and we need appointed teachers, both on the astral and on the earth, to help these poor beings."

I paid attention to what my guide had to say and it helped me. A burden seemed lifted from my oversensitive astral body by his words.

He smiled kindly. "Our duty is to help struggling humanity. We are guides of light. We merely give light until one shines forth from the individual and then he may go about his own work. Every one has work of his own."

I listened and derived benefit.

He turned to the woman and said, "I will give him the general rules." He turned to me.

"The rules are: First, passing anyone without a helping hand is not permitted. Second, you must steel yourself and cultivate a certain amount of control in preventing influences of the earth-bound to vibrate in your aura. Third, be careful of your thoughts, build artistic things, construct and create, and be a builder. Never permit a destroying thought to exist. Fourth, be careful of your instruction. Never give advice to an earth-bound being unless you know exactly what you are talking about. Fifth, guard your second astral body. It must never be allowed to come in contact with the vibration of space which surrounds your outer aura. Your color is light red or pink. Never allow a dark shadow to lurk within your aura. Sixth, study one particular subject, and, if you go back to the earth plane, try to produce a light from your training here."

I listened carefully and realized there was a great truth in the rules of the astral. I studied them carefully and gained help. A light crept into my aura and settled. I was filled with peace and comfort, with faith, love, and charity. I had a vague understanding of this life and of that beyond, which is higher than the first realms. I realized how much I had to learn. I knew a human being transplanted in the astral could become an angel of light over night. My petty earth lesson served me little, and I knew that here I must begin practically at the bottom of the scale. I pondered thus until my guide spoke softly, "Come. We will take you to the music-hall."

I rose and he took the instrument from my head.

He started away and the woman motioned to me to proceed and she followed behind me. I found out later I was between two forces of absolute protection. We proceeded, as if through the atmosphere for a long time, and I began to feel a sense of fatigue, but I continued after my guide.

Suddenly there loomed out of the surrounding atmosphere a huge building, a beautiful, artistic structure, and into it were flocking many people, all gowned in white robes. At the moment I became aware that my guide and the woman behind me wore these also, and even my own astral body possessed one.

I expressed my surprise. The woman smiled. "You are learning to see in the astral. One must develop sight here just as the mortal when on the earth learns to see the unseen. Sometimes the mortal never sees things of the astral until he is very old. Then there is the one who sees from the first." She paused. "You have seen here quite clearly from the first. You will thus advance quickly."

We entered the building with the others. I heard marvelous singing.

We entered a huge auditorium where many were singing. We sat down near the door. The singing filled me with harmony; I forgot fear. A small group of artists mounted a platform and sang. One, a tall fair young woman, stepped forward and raised her voice. It filled every crevice of the huge building. I was delighted, enthralled.

My guide leaned toward me. "These artists are studying before reincarnation. The girl who is singing now is preparing to return to the earth in a human form, to be born again. She will be the great-

est singer on the earth while she stays." This was all so new to me, but somehow so clear. A young boy sang wonderfully. After him a girl took up a peculiar instrument with something human in its plea, for it seemed to sing.

My guide said: "She will take the memory of that back to earth when she is born again and it will be realized in a new instrument which will thrill the world."

When my guides rose I followed them out into the misty space. We proceeded for a long time and about us there was seemingly darkness. I felt my guides were trustworthy. I studied my position and realized that it was essential to be receptive.

Out of the mists loomed another building. I collected my thoughts. We entered and went down the long corridor.

We stopped before a door, opened it, and entered.

At a long desk sat an old man. He peered at me and then motioned us to be seated. I found I was relieved of a pain in my back when I sat down.

My guide spoke. "Professor, this man was known on earth as Lord Kitchener. He has proved to be a splendid pupil. He is able now to stand your examination."

I wondered what examination he meant and listened eagerly for the reply of the kind, but keen-eyed professor.

"That is very good. He will pass, I am sure," he said as he turned to me. "Are you unafraid or do you need your guides longer?" he asked.

I reflected. "I am more confident than I was. Perhaps I could do without them."

He nodded. "As well first as last."

He pushed a button. My guide rose and I felt a shudder pass through me. Was it fear? I rose. My guide held out his hand. I took it and then the woman followed suite. They turned and left. I stood motionless; then I became aware that the old professor was speaking. "Follow this guide," he said.

I turned. A tall man bowed and then retreated. I walked with him down the corridor, up some stairs, and along another corridor, where he flung open a door. "This will be your room," he said. I entered and he closed the door behind me. I was alone,—actually alone. I surveyed the room. A rather bare place with white walls. There was a straight-backed chair, a small table, a bed, and one window. The floor had no covering except a mat. A blue light gave illumination to the room.

I sat down upon the chair and reflected. It appeared like a hospital room and the idea did not appeal to me. I walked to the bed and felt of it and found it to be rather hard. I stepped to the door, planning to go out and explore my immediate surroundings; but, to my extreme surprise, I found the door locked. I wondered if I were really dead,—that is, passed on for the moment, for I concluded this was not as I had expected to find the astral. I reflected seriously. Should I sit down and wait meekly upon their next move or should I make a commotion? I decided upon the former, so sat down and waited meekly for what would happen next. I had a very long wait and cannot say I particularly enjoyed myself. Nevertheless, it was all right.

Suddenly the door opened. I rose and stood

waiting; two men entered. They caught my arms and without words proceeded to take me out of the room. I protested for a moment; then meekly allowed myself to be led to meet the consequences. I felt a tremor pass through me, but other than that I stood it all very well. They half-dragged me down a long and rather gloomy corridor, then down the stairs, and along another corridor. Presently they stopped before a door which one of them pushed open.

We entered what reminded me of an operating room. There were the table, instruments, etc., and beside the operating table stood the old professor, wearing a white apron. I balked. I decided I did not want anything cut out of me, I felt well enough. I turned and pulled from my captors and started toward the door.

"Wait there." The words came as a command from the old professor. "You do not want to spend your days in a helpless condition, do you?"

I turned. "No, but I do not propose to be operated upon."

He eyed me and a cold smile came to his lips. "You cannot go about half whole."

I looked at him. "Where in the goodness name am I? I thought when I died I would have some peace, but you want to demolish my new anatomy."

He shook his head. "I thought you would consent willingly to this."

I straightened my shoulders. "I will, if you will explain definitely the reason for it."

He looked straight at me for a long time. Then the two men gripped me and forced me onto the table. I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes again,

I saw the old professor standing over me. "You will be all right now," he said.

I became angered and flared up. "I demand the reason for what you did."

He drew a chair beside the bed on which I now lay. "You passed out of the physical through drowning. That benumbed all your senses before you left your body. Therefore, when you came here you felt as if you were lost. Your body was devoured by the serpents of the sea before the soul had actually left it. Therefore your astral body suffered a reaction. Your system received an over-weighing difficulty. Now you need us to help you. After you were strong enough you were brought here. You believed it a hospital and that you were being led to an operation, but your eyes deceived you. The reality was that this is a place for the building up of the astral body in such a condition as yours. We helped you when you lost consciousness. We began to mould out of light your astral body and perfect it. Those lights will be used on earth some time and they will help prepare the astral body for the astral world. You will now be strong and able to accomplish here a greater work than when on the earth. He paused.

Then I asked, "Do you have to do this for every one who comes here?"

"No, only for those who have died suddenly or from unnatural causes. The aged pass on at a time when their astral bodies are prepared. We have very little trouble with them. Dying, my friend, does not end one's troubles or work."

I felt weak and told him so, saying I had felt better before I had had my astral body reconstructed.

His reply was: "You are upset through your physical sense, but you will be better soon. You could not have continued here if your astral body had not been properly constructed. We have sick here. Their minds are yet physical and they cling stubbornly to the earthly fears, despite our pleas to them." He looked at me seriously. "You certainly do not want to be one of them."

I declared ardently I did not!

He rose. "You must rest now." "Be quiet, do not worry. You are all right and soon will be able to go about."

I thanked him and closed my eyes. I had lain there perfectly still for some time when the door opened and I saw, to my great delight, my mother. She held out her arms to me. "My son!" she exclaimed.

I sat up. "Oh, mother, I have been so lonely," I faltered.

She sat down beside me and took my hand and smiled as she said, "You must throw off that earthly sense you hold to and become one of us."

"That is my wish."

She drew near and said, "Try to forget your earth life, if possible, and begin to live here. Later, when you again become interested in the earth and its people, you will do a great good, now it would only lead to harm."

I reflected. "I have no one here to help me.—strong, faithful, and face this new world unafraid."

She smiled again. "It is my duty, my son. I must go back to those whom I teach. You must be. Even you leave me."

I looked at her intently and glimpsed the earnestness of her face. "I will do it, mother," I replied seriously.

She rose. "I will come again soon but now I must go."

I held tightly to her, but her hand seemed to evaporate from mine and I said as I met her eyes, "I will let you go; I will do my part."

She nodded as she said kindly, "That is the way to speak."

After she had gone I left my bed. When I stepped to the floor I saw something which amazed me. I had the appearance of a youth. This I saw in a long mirror on the wall. There was just a faint resemblance to my old self.

As I stood regarding myself the door opened and a man entered.

"Look at me! I am changed;" I exclaimed.

He smiled and spoke kindly. "Come, you must report at the professor's office."

I discovered that I possessed clothes, so without further comment, I followed my guide.

We went down the corridor, and the stairs into the office. The professor rose and faced me.

"Well," he said, "you have turned out better than I expected. Some are so incapable, so childish, fearful, and physical that they take the form of a child and have to begin in the lowest grades of our schools, until they grow. You are a youth, and not so far advanced as you might be; yet that development will lead you into several of our most interesting classes." He pressed a button. "Follow this guide; he will lead you to the class where you begin."

I obeyed, following the guide down to almost the end of the corridor. A door flew open and he hurried in and I followed. I paused. Before me stood erect several dozen youth of almost my own height, size, and appearance. Before them a tall muscular man was doing an athletic stunt. I was scarcely noticed when I was placed in the back row near the end.

Carefully I followed the man's movements and tried to do as he did, but found to my humiliation I was very slow. After what seemed hours he stopped.

The youths formed a line and I joined them. They proceeded to march out of the room, down the corridor, and out into a yard, where they scattered.

I stood alone, undecided as to what to do, when a muscular man caught my shoulder. "I want you," was all he said.

I followed him, with half a dozen other youths, back into the building. We entered a long room with blue walls and a smooth floor.

He commanded us to lie down. We did. "Who are you?" he asked.

One at a time the youths first answered his question and then left the room. I noticed the floor was covered with a peculiar scum, which seemed to come from our astral bodies.

The man pointed to me. "Your name?"

"Kitchener," I exclaimed.

"Right. But call yourself Ketoi XX, for that will vibrate with your next class."

I left the room and soon encountered the professor. He asked me how I liked the place.

"Come, I have something to show you," he said.

I followed him, a trifle curious, I must admit. When we went into the street, he said: "Do not allow anything you may see to alarm you."

The streets were similar to those on the earth. We went up a flight of stairs and, to my surprise, the old professor ran up them like a child; nor did I find much difficulty in mounting them.

At the end of a hall he opened a door and we stepped into a room where waited several people. I was about to sit down, when the door leading to a private office opened.

A tall man entered the room. His eyes lighted when he saw the professor, and he ushered us into the private office.

Everything was businesslike and quickly accomplished. I sat silent, but the two waited for me to speak. I ventured, "Well, I am here; now what?"

They leaned forward.

The bearded man said, "Do you see that colored ball over there? Please, step to it."

I walked across the room to the ball which rested upon a pedestal. It was wonderful and of all colors. When I touched it I felt a current which seemed to fill me with a strange, wonderful force. All petty fears banished. I exclaimed, "I am ready to do whatever you wish." They nodded and smiled. I put down the ball carefully and went back to my seat.

The bearded man spoke. "That is the ball of color, strength, force, health, and vision." He paused. "You held it without a quiver. You now possess all those qualities, for that is a test. You are now ready to be of service here. What do you wish to take up?"

I pondered.

He handed me a long slip of paper. "Choose your own studies: those you would like to teach, and that which you want to take back to earth as your greatest talent." I reflected seriously. There were all kinds of studies to consider. Some of the branches offered interested me greatly: Chemistry, architecture, art, vocal and instrumental music, physiology, surgery, science, hygiene, undiscovered products of the elements, literature, penmanship of the language of the astral, science of the physical body, the study of the products of nature, constructing and accomplishing, true understanding, invention, inspiration.

I decided upon the following: Surgery, architecture, chemistry, penmanship, literature and invention. These I named over to my friends and they smiled with approval. I was given a paper which I signed.

The professor arose and said, "We will be going. I have something else to show you."

I rose and, with a bow to the man, we left.

As we made our way to the street the professor spoke. "Do you know who he was on earth?"

I assured him I had not the slightest idea.

He smiled knowingly. "Sometime you will know."

Then he said, "I was a former King of Greece."

I opened my eyes and, although I do not like to admit it, I must speak the truth, I saw him in a different light. I wondered what he would say next.

He took my arm. "You know I was rather severe with you at first, but to tell you the truth I had to be. I did not desire to see a splendid man like you go to waste, so I just helped you along a bit. You

were rather stubborn about being shown, but much better than the majority."

"My friend," I exclaimed, "I am most willing to be helped, but I must be shown."

His only reply was a laugh. Then he said, "My brother is here, too. He was once a man of distinguished rank." He paused. "Tonight we go to the banquet. Queen Mary of Scots, King Edward VII, and Queen Victoria will be present, also several other notables of the physical world. They are all doing their work here."

I asked, "What are Queen Mary and Queen Victoria doing?"

He smiled. "Queen Mary is teaching young souls who are very tender and spiritual. Each one has a message." He paused. "Queen Victoria is doing some literary, medical and also scientific work. She is a brilliant student. She will teach the higher souls in a class in medical science. Also, through her interest in the earth, she will be the means of inspiring many great souls there."

We had by this time come to a very tall building. As we entered, the professor said, "We will go up now in the lightning elevator."

We stepped into a compartment and shot up to the top floor. He left the elevator and I followed, a bit shaky from the swiftness of our flight. We entered an office and sat down. Glad I was to do so, for my legs were a-tremble from the new vibration.

I asked him directly, "What makes the elevator go like that? It is named rightly—the lightning elevator."

He drew his chair closer to mine as he answered, "We are a little early, so I will explain that to you."

He took from his pocket a piece of paper and a pen and, resting the paper on the arm of the chair, he drew a small square, and explained the mechanism of the elevator in every detail. It was a wonderful invention.

We sat talking in the office for some time when a tall, slim man entered and held out his hand. The professor took it with a smile, saying, "I have another student for you, known on earth as Lord Kitchener."

I bowed and he smiled kindly upon me as he said, "Yours was a good work, Kitchener."

I did not reply but waited upon his next words. He was a kindly intelligent appearing man, and with such a wonderful light in his eyes, it did me good to see it.

"Kitchener, the professor tells me you are to be one of my students. I am delighted to know it." He paused. "I am certain we shall not need to keep you long in classes." A peculiar light came into his eyes. "We need teachers, for there are so many, many souls coming here by means of the war. I know we are doing our best, but for souls who have done and dared so bravely we cannot do enough."

I drew myself erect. "You are right, we cannot do enough," I said. I felt a great force surge within me at my words, almost knowing I could help, then, and there.

He looked over my paper, saying, "I will assign you to your class-rooms and studies."

He pressed a button and there entered a young man to whom he handed a card. "Take this card to

the teacher in class six." He turned to me. "Now, my friend, I shall expect you at the next class period to-morrow." He bowed and left the room quietly and there was peace within my heart.

I left the office with the professor, and, as we made our way down the street, I felt a pang of hunger. I wanted to say so but concluded it would not be best.

Suddenly the professor stopped. "My friend, you are hungry," he said.

I eyed him and asked, "How did you know?"

He laughed. "I read your thought."

I shivered. "Really, do not worry; I can overcome this sense of hunger."

He laughed again. "You will not need to; we eat here in this realm." He talked to me for some time. Then he exclaimed suddenly, "We must hurry for the gathering. The guests will be arriving."

We hurried along swiftly; it almost seemed we flew. We came to a corner where a car waited,—a long car which went like lightning. We got off at a corner where awaited a very peculiar but remarkable and beautiful automobile. It appealed to me greatly. I determined to find out how these different marvels were constructed. I realized that this was a plane of advanced construction. Entering, we sped along at a rapid rate. It grew dark and I saw objects flying by,—forms of things, creations I never knew or believed existed.

Suddenly the machine stopped and we stepped out. I followed the professor up the steps into an illumi-

nated mansion. I heard music and laughter; I was impressed, for it was all so real and yet so unreal.

We entered a long glorious room, swarming with people. I recognized some of their faces from portraits in history. I said to the professor, "They look just as they did on the earth."

He nodded and smiled. "Yes, because that is their last reflection. They look as they did the last time they were upon the earth. The next time they are reborn they will have different forms, and faces, and when they return here, they will resemble those earthly bodies. These they will retain until again they are born and change their appearance. Not until they reach the highest realms do they become their soul visioned selves."

We moved slowly forward. A tall man greeted us. There was a woman beside him.

The professor whispered, "He was King Louis XVI and the lady is no other than the former Duchess of York."

I nodded, my interest growing rapidly. I felt strangely out of place for the time and concluded to stay close beside my friend, the professor. But he had no such idea. He did not intend to have me feel a stranger, so he proceeded to make my presence known.

He stepped forward and clapped his hands. Immediately the sounds of laughter ceased. He began most informally to announce me, as all eyes were turned upon me,—transparent, vivid eyes, in clear, lighted faces.

I drew myself erect as the professor said: "Friends, I hereby announce the arrival of another

friend—Lord Kitchener, who is a student here and will advance among us. We are proud to have him.”

A clapping of hands gave a quick response of welcome. I felt more at ease.

A finely built man stepped forward. He held out his hand. “Why, Lord Kitchener,” he said.

I drew back, awed, for I could not fail to recognize King Edward VII. I shook his hand, feeling humble before him. He seemed to read my thoughts, for with a jovial laugh, he said, “Do not feel I am above you in rank. Blood or ancestry does not give prestige here; it is the class you are in, your progress, and your intelligence.”

We conversed for some time upon subjects that interested us both, among these the progress of the war upon the earth.

A woman came forward, slim, graceful, and dark, with soft eyes which seemed to look far into your very soul. The professor nudged me as he whispered, “Mary, Queen of Scots.”

He introduced us. I took her slim hand, so small and beautiful. Her eyes met mine.

“Lord Kitchener,” she spoke in a soft voice, “I am so interested to hear news from the earth. We worry so over the young souls who come here and stay in darkness for a great length of time. What will the reborn souls be like unless we take them from the darkness before they descend again to the earth. Really I am unhappy over the situation. I cannot find peace.” She paused; her eyes became misty. “We must hasten our movements. We must save them from suffering.” I felt her keen sense of responsibility and honor. Suddenly she smiled. “You will

do a great work here. I can tell you are ready now to help all you can." She paused; then she went on, with a light in her eyes. "You will be a helper and we shall depend upon you."

I bowed and said, "Dear lady, you will find me a willing worker."

She smiled radiantly. A young man came up and with a decided nod he took her arm and led her away into the crowd.

The professor's eyes followed their retreating forms. "That man was Alexander the Great, on earth. Right clever man, but a little too firm and positive; nevertheless, here he fills his place well. He is the head of our schools of penmanship."

As we stood looking over the assemblage I noticed two striking figures and asked, "Isn't that Napoleon Bonaparte—and Josephine?"

The professor looked where I directed and smiled as he replied, "Yes, and he and Josephine are reconciled. Very happily they cling to each other." He paused and his face clouded. "But he is soon leaving us to go back. He is preparing constantly now for his earthly mission. He is to return as a European plowman and will rise to be a great redeemer of his day. He will rescue a country and his new life will end with honor. His soul has been sorely tried by his past incarnation. He wishes for an entirely different test. He was an advanced soul, but even great souls suffer sometimes more than do the less advanced."

I did not reply; after some time I asked, "Do people choose what they will be and do?"

"No," he said, "Fate assigns the tests."

We walked forward and I began to feel more accustomed to my surroundings.

Suddenly I saw before me my father and my two brothers. I uttered a cry of exultation.

"My son!" exclaimed my father, and my brothers called me by name and their voices were filled with emotion. I was almost on the verge of tears, I was so overjoyed. We talked of many, many things.

Then a bell rang and we went into a long room, in which was an oaken table spread with delicious eatables.

After we were seated, a man at the head of the table rose and said, "We are all glad to know we have with us tonight one known as Lord Kitchener." He paused and then he went on, "Lord Kitchener's advancement has been remarkable. Within a month he has advanced to the stage of entering classes, while some take years to advance to that development."

I was shocked, for I had not realized all that time had passed since I had reached the astral.

He seemed to read my thoughts. "That is earth's schedule time, but the time here has been only a day; there is but the one day of eternity."

As the dinner proceeded, a tall, lean man rose and said, "Lord Kitchener, will you speak to us of the actual conditions of the earth and its people?" He looked at me intently. "You know we are all much interested in the progress of the earth school, for that is the test of the first order."

I rose and said, "I am a very poor speaker and I beg of you to excuse me, at least this time." I sat down. Several protested and persisted in urging me.

I rose again. "My friends, I have very little to say; only we must prepare for those souls who are continually coming here through the results of the great war." I sat down and they applauded.

The dinner passed and at the end of the last course, sweet music fell like the soft whispering of angels. I was enthralled and marveled at the tone.

After the dinner we returned to the drawing-room. I sat down with my father and brothers in a secluded corner.

"My boy," my father said, "We are so glad to see you. We wanted to surprise you, so came here tonight. I see very little of your mother. Hers is a great duty. She is working on the reincarnation plane." His face lighted. "I am so fond of your mother; her great work awes me. She is doing such wonderful work here. I will take you to visit her some time. Your brothers have been helping with the war, they are both helpers and away on missions to the earth most of the time."

We talked on until the professor came up. "I am going now," he said.

I rose but my father caught my arm. "No hurry, we will take you to my place of abode."

So I said good-bye to the professor; after bidding several others good-night, we left almost at once. A machine waited for us and we were soon speeding toward my father's home.

As we sped along I asked, "How is it that the astral is so filled with wonders, so filled with every modern convenience? I really do not understand it. I wonder if it will ever be really clear to me."

My father answered. "I have been very slow

in developing here, for I have wondered so much as to the why and wherefore of everything. That holds one back; it keeps him from seeing the reality of this plane. Now, your mother has advanced rapidly, for she takes everything just as it comes." He paused and his eyes turned to me. He drew closer to me. "You know, sometimes I feel that upon this plane I am almost a failure."

I caught his arm. "No, father, I could not believe that of you; you have not, perhaps, realized how much good you have done. You have been a splendid worker," said my brothers.

"I have tried very hard," he said quietly.

"I know; but even in the trying you accomplished," I said.

"You know a great deal about our philosophy already, my son."

By this time the machine had stopped and we bade my brothers farewell, as they had their duties to perform.

We entered a library which was lined with books. I studied them over; then I turned to him and said, "Why, father, I did not know you had astral writers."

He replied, "Writing is one of the most prominent talents here, for as we advance we learn to speak little and read a great deal. The spoken word is not a natural advancement here. Writing is an expression of thought. The greatest writers are inspired. I believe it would do you good to look over some of these books."

I decided it would and thanked him for mentioning it.

We sat down and he said, "I want to be a writer ; that is what I am studying to be." He leaned back in his big, comfortable chair.

"How do you keep up a mansion like this? Are there no poor here?" I asked.

He reflected carefully and he seemed mentally to analyze his next words before he uttered them. "We have poor here, yes, poor in spirit and in thought. When I first came here I was like a beggar. I had to learn a profession, to study, and to raise myself above the physical sense of poverty, to mentally construct a home which would answer all my requirements. I certainly had a very difficult time of it. But I accomplished it—so be it. Thus my mansion." He glanced about thoughtfully.

I was silent for a long time and then said, "I must try to find some way to develop my thoughts."

He caught my hand. "Why, you are a wonder. To believe and to be positive you must understand and be faithful to any duty which is yours. You have all these requirements, perhaps a few faults; nevertheless, you are all right. You are a bit physical yet, but you have accomplished a great deal. When you came into my home you saw my thoughts of it and realized them as being a reality in your own mind." He leaned forward. "My son, your greatest step is to correct your thoughts, clear your brain, and be open to advancement."

I rose. "What classes do you attend?" I asked.

He answered me, "Music, literature, surgery, chemistry, physiology, and art." Then he turned to his books, saying, "Read all you like, my son."

I again thanked him and then he showed me sev-

eral of his favorites. One was Mark Train, and he handed it to me. "He is wonderful," he said. "I know him here. He writes yet and will inspire someone upon the earth to achieve knowledge and recognition. He has just written this book. Stanley, also, is a good friend of mine."

I was intensely interested. I fastened my eyes upon him. Then I asked, "What do you expect to do if you go back to earth—be a writer like the great Mark Twain?"

He reflected seriously for some time; then he said, "Well, I hope to be, but I do not think my work will be recognized as was his, at least not until I am more advanced, for I am not a soul of his type and have much more to learn."

I asked, "Why are some beings more advanced than others?"

He looked straight at me for such a long time without uttering a word, that I felt somewhat uncomfortable. I decided he could not have liked my abrupt question; but when he answered me, he spoke softly and gently.

"My son, I have considered that question many, many times but have not solved the problem. I cannot find the answer; there is an answer; but it takes one of the highest realms to teach it. That is one of the greatest lessons I learned — the understanding of the why and wherefore. I am still in the cradle of infancy. You have not been in our thought long enough to receive the message." His face became tired and drawn. "Come to bed, my son; even here we rest; but in the highest realms they pass that stage of physical sense."

We went up the stairs and along a broad hall. At its farther end he opened a door leading into a bed room. He took my arm and drew me close to his side as he softly said, "Good-night," caressing my cheek as if I were a boy. I entered the room and retired.

The next morning after breakfast, I went into the spacious library with my father. We examined some important books and I enjoyed every minute of the time.

Suddenly a shrill ring sounded; my father stepped to a peculiar instrument and into it he said, "Yes." Another voice spoke through it several words. My father then said, "Yes, I will see that he comes." He hung up the small part he had held to his ear. "Your class meets in a short time and you must go."

I bowed and walked across the room but stopped in the doorway.

"I do not know where to go. Will you come with me?" I asked my father. He merely nodded and stepped across the room, and I followed him out of the house to a wonderful blue machine which had wings on the sides. He entered it, as unseen hands opened the door, and I followed. No sooner were we seated than the machine sprang forward. As we sped along I asked, "Who is driving the machine? I can see no one at the wheel. Who keeps your house and does your work? I did not see a servant."

He smiled faintly. "I have no visible servants—and yet all my work is done, and my machine is driven. I turn not even a finger."

I became a little impatient to know how these things were so nicely accomplished if he had no servants.

He turned his keen eyes upon me. "When you are here long enough, you will have a machine of your own, a home of your own—if you want one; but you will first have to make your mind positive. Your mind is your servant; have it so under your personal control that nothing affects it—have it a servant of your own wishes. You will then visualize your plans and make a real thought home."

We conversed for some time on this interesting subject; at last I asked, "Do you mean that I can have anything I want just for the wishing, and if I have faith it will be mine?"

He nodded. "Yes, that is just what I mean—that is, if the thought is not harmful to anyone else. Make your mind your servant."

I reflected. "But how could I see your home?"

He smiled, a trifle amused, I thought, by my question. "You see my home because my mind is so positive it has made it a reality, not merely a vision. When a thing is a reality, anyone who advances within the light of the astral thought can see it; therefore, it is mine for pleasure and comfort for myself as well as for my friends." He paused; then went on speaking. "We are over-crowded with poor here, poor in mind, who cannot establish a home-thought for themselves, but who beg upon the streets. We try to teach them, although that is sometimes useless; but if they are ready to accept at all, we can help them. Some who come from the earth are very physical and the change here is sometimes unbearable to them. They cannot realize that they have passed on." He looked at me intently. "You are doing splendidly here, my son."

By this time the machine had stopped at a big building which stood in the midst of beautiful green lawns and foliage. We entered the main office where sat several people. The door marked "private" was closed.

We had waited a long time, when the private office door opened and a man appeared. He nodded to my father; then two people entered his office, and after they left, we were allowed entrance.

The man rose as we entered. "I understand your son is here to join his class." My father bowed.

"I am anxious to learn," I ventured.

He smiled at me kindly and pressed a button near his desk. "You were Lord Kitchener, I understand?"

"Yes, but I am greatly changed."

He smiled as he replied, "Yes, but you will look like yourself again."

I sank to a chair as I said, "I hope so; I do not care for the form I have now."

He laughed as he exclaimed, "You do not mean to say you do not admire youth?"

I leaned forward. "Oh, do not misunderstand me."

He smiled kindly as he replied, "Oh, no, I will not."

He pressed the button again. A young man entered the room and closed the door.

"Take this young man to class-room three," he said to the attendant.

I rose and bade my father farewell. He promised to come for me after school which I understood would be a maximum of twelve earthly hours. I followed the youth down a hallway and up one flight of

stairs. Then we entered a room. Upon the door were the words, "Class Number Three," or "It. 376 koi," which was the astral rendering.

I was introduced to the teacher, a short intelligent appearing man. He immediately assigned me a seat near the front and gave me a long piece of paper. I waited, with a pen in hand. The teacher nodded to me. "Put down this as I dictate":

Name—Lord Kitchener.

Date of entry to the class—July 7, 1916.

Time—2:15 P. M.

Class No. 3—It. 376 Koi.

Teacher—Professor Hines.

Rank—No. 1.

Object—To learn to be a teacher.

Time in the realms of thought—One month, two days.

What do you want to be when born to the earth again—Not decided.

How entered the astral—Through a shipwreck—treachery—cruelty.

Could you forgive the man who caused your death?"

I paused—pen in hand—and looked straight at him. There was silence in the large room; all eyes were upon me. I felt a shiver go up my spine. I rose and faced the professor. My body trembled. I moistened my burning lips and straightened my shoulders. I replied clearly, so all might hear my answer: "Professor Hines, I do not want to appear that which I am not. I cannot say, 'Yes, I forgive him,' when in my heart I do not. Perhaps you are disappointed in me? I am painfully frank. I pity

such a man. I do not condemn him and yet I do not forgive." I paused, then went on, "Perhaps some time I will forgive him."

The professor frowned; he said, "Put down—Not forgiven."

I did, without comment.

He spoke clearly, "You did an honest thing, Lord Kitchener, you spoke the truth."

I sat down and he continued, "Do you ever want to meet the man who caused your death?"

I shook my head and wrote the single word, "No."

He paced back and forth upon the small platform upon which stood his desk. Suddenly he stopped and wheeled about, facing me, his keen eyes searching my face. "Lord Kitchener, you cannot take a certain examination I planned to give you, unless you meet the man who caused the sinking of your ship, forgive him, and willingly help him to advance."

I rose. "That I refuse to do at this time," I exclaimed.

He regarded me coldly as he replied, "Very well."

I started toward the door, intending to leave without any more discussion, but he stepped from the platform and stopped me. "Where are you going? I have not given you the permission to leave. After class I wish to speak with you privately."

I went back to my seat and sat down. Frankly I met the eyes of the students, but I was a bit ruffled. The idea of helping the man who was my enemy, the man who had caused my death! I pondered—closely I watched Professor Hines' every move. I had a feeling he was not my friend.

After what seemed an age, a bell rang from somewhere in the large building, the class rose, and filed out of the room. I sat sullen. I felt somehow ashamed and humiliated. The professor sat down at his desk and looked over some papers. I rose and said, "Professor, I am in a hurry."

He glanced up. "Sit down," he said coldly.

I sat down reluctantly, with a snort.

After some time he looked straight down at me.

I did not speak. His face seemed to pale and he went on speaking.

"Do you know the souls who stay in darkness suffer beyond description?"

I did not answer or make a move.

He spoke on, "Suppose some one you loved was in darkness; wouldn't you try to help him?"

I nodded.

He smiled faintly as if satisfied. "Well, forgive the enemy."

I looked straight at him. "You must be one of the enemy," I said. He flushed but did not reply. I went on speaking. "You are not expecting me to give up my opinion. I fought for my country. I loved my country and my king."

He was pale and like a graven image.

I continued, "I am an Englishman." He nodded. I straightened. "My country is my sacrament."

He pondered. "You are patriotic enough."

"That's enough," I replied.

He eyed me critically. "Bitterness of the flesh," he muttered.

"Flesh, yes, flesh!" I cried.

He drew back. "But don't you want to advance?" he asked.

"No, not that way."

He sank to a chair and looked at me seriously. "Why do you allow the flesh to stop your progress?" he asked.

I felt I could shake him. "I will not allow anything to stop my progress."

He shook his head. "Yes, bitterness and hate will do it."

Then it was I saw my father. He stood in the doorway, his face very pale. I did not know how much he had heard. I spoke directly to him. "I want to go home."

He nodded, his eyes upon the professor, who rose and stepped across to him, saying, "Your son will not forgive."

My father drew himself erect as he retorted, "Let his forget first." He turned and strode from the room and I followed.

After leaving the building and entering a waiting machine, I closed my eyes. I felt very tired. My father took my arm. "Do not worry, son," were his comforting words.

I smiled at him. For a long time we rode along silent. Suddenly he said, "I am going to take you up to see your mother."

I opened my eyes. "My mother! Do you mean it?"

He nodded.

I sighed with content. "You are kind, for I need her good vibration. I feel so upset."

He assented. "Yes, she is so very spiritual," he replied quietly.

After riding for a long time we arrived at a small house in the hills. It was quaintly furnished and homelike. I sat down before a huge open fireplace, where burned a cheerful fire. "Well, isn't this a cosy nook?" I ventured.

My father smiled. At that moment the door opened and my dear mother entered. She caught my arm and caressed my cheek as she turned to my father and said, "So glad you brought him. I was lonely tonight."

My father smiled as he said, "We were lonely too."

Well, we will have a bite to eat," she said.

She hustled about and chattered pleasantly all the time. She seemed so changed from what I remembered of the physical part of her. She seemed so kind and more motherly. There was home in her face, her actions, her smile, and her words. I was cheered. I wished we could stay on forever, father and I. It was at this moment I realized how he missed her and longed for her, how lonely he really was; even with his mansion there was an emptiness. I loved her more than ever and, furthermore, I ventured to tell her so. She only laughed softly and glanced at father who reached for her hand as he said seriously, "I love you more, too." He paused as a wistful smile crept over his face. "They say absence makes the heart grow fonder."

She smiled sweetly upon him, a light in her kind eyes. "Yes, dear, we have been parted a good while here; but mine is a great work. Love must not be

shared between two people. It is universal, for mankind, mortal or immortal."

A faint light came into my father's eyes and there came a slight realization of her words. He spoke slowly. "Why, I believe you are as lonely as I am, that is—lonely for me."

She smiled radiantly and then her eyes softened and became misty. She leaned toward him. "I am lonely for you but I must do my part here. I am in honor-bound to help."

He nodded, "I know, dear."

I saw it was time I suggested something cheerful, so I said, "Your house is very cozy, mother; do you like it?"

She turned her gaze upon me as she made reply, "Yes, I do like it," she smiled. "We will go to see my children after dinner."

I drew back. "Your children! Why, what do you mean?"

She patted my arm. "They are my astral children. That is my work here."

I realized that her duty was a great one. After the meal we rose and she quickly cleared the table. We waited for her while she secured her cape; then she opened the door and we stepped out. We went for some way down the mountain side. I asked, "Do they keep the children in the mountains?"

She glanced over her shoulder at me as she replied, "Yes, we keep them here, because it is healthier, a better environment, and the vibrations are higher. They can be kept to themselves much better."

She hurried on and we followed. She was as nimble as a girl. It was not long before we came to a

large building on the side of the mountain. We entered and she was saluted by several women and one man. She took off her cape and we followed her down the hallway and entered a large room. Here were domiciled babies of all sizes. She took us up to one little chap, a child about the age of six months. He raised his dark eyes and smiled. Then in the plainest language he said, "I have been waiting for you. Really I am most uncomfortable. Let me have my violin. It might soothe me."

"Where do you suffer the most?" my mother asked.

He took her hand as he said, "In my back and sides."

Then, turning, she pressed a button. A man entered carrying a small violin. He handed it to the infant.

The child looked up at me and smiled, saying plainly, "I cannot play as well as I used to. You see my hands are now too small." Then he raised that little violin, and such music I never before heard. He made the instrument speak. It was wonderful, uncanny.

I leaned to my mother. "He is not an ordinary child."

She smiled.

I leaned to the child and said, "Will fame come easily?"

He laughed softly and his wonderful eyes became dreamy. "No, I will be born of a gutter family."

I was surprised. "But why such an environment?"

He smiled and said, "For the experience."

When I had heard him play the second time I complimented him.

"Study of inspiration did it, my friend," he merely said.

We went on to another child in a small white bed. He looked to me like a new born infant. I looked at him intently.

My mother asked, "Do you want to hear him sing?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

At my reply a smile broke across the tiny face. He straightened himself up and lifted his voice, a wonderful tenor; he sang and sang marvelously, his eyes shining with the music he expressed.

I was certainly surprised.

My mother took my arm and said, "You see these infants have the intelligence of old persons and yet they force their souls into the little bodies. They prepare for birth for at least nine months. During that time they prepare the small body. When the time comes for birth, they lose consciousness for only a moment; and when they are born they forget physically their accomplishments, although their souls always know."

I glanced at my father. "A wonderful system," I said.

We walked on. My mother went on speaking. "He will be a well-known singer. He will be born to great wealth; he will lose it and meet very hard times. Later he will find his way back to success."

As we passed the row upon row of intelligent, wide-eyed little faces, I noticed in one cradle a child

weeping, not like a baby, but like a grown person. I stopped. "What is the matter?"

He stopped crying and looked up at me and said, "Oh, I am so sad."

"What about?" I asked.

He turned away his little head. "I must be a terrible menace to the world, and I do not want to be, but it was brought upon me by judging too severely. Oh, I will have a cruel end and I am afraid of the darkness that will come afterward, and which I will have to overcome."

I took his little white, blue-veined hand in mine. "Do not worry," I tried to soothe him. My mother patted him. "Do not worry; you will do a good work the next time you are born on earth."

He smiled faintly at her words.

We went on. We talked with many of them of all sizes and heard their stories. I felt the privilege I was afforded was a great opportunity,—to see and know of the lives of others.

We at last left the building. I was silent. We walked along and I reflected. I watched my mother's face and smiled at her often.

We went back to my mother's home and for some time we talked. Suddenly there came a rattle at the door. A shrill little voice was heard, the door suddenly flew wide, and a most beautiful child entered. She was about three and a half feet tall and seemed to be seven years old. Her face was like hewn marble, transparent and white, with scarlet lips and eyes of black, like pools of mystery, clouded and shadowed by lashes, while her long and wavy hair of reddish-gold rippled about her slender shoulders.

She paused, seeing my mother was not alone. The smile left her pretty lips and her eyes seemed to grow darker, if that were possible. A slight flush swept her cheeks but soon was gone. She lowered her eyes and stood so still. I wondered vaguely if she breathed or was a statue.

My mother spoke. "Alice Mill." She looked up, her lips quivering. Her eyes became misty. I felt vaguely uncomfortable and wondered if she was going to cry; instead, she smiled wistfully at my mother.

My mother rose. "Come here, child," she said. The child stepped slowly forward.

"This man is my son," said my mother."

She lifted her eyes and met mine. She held out a small white hand. I took it and held it a moment before it seemed to melt from my grasp. She spoke. "Your mother has been very good to me."

I nodded and smiled at her.

"She has helped me so very much; really I would have been lost without her."

I marveled, for she spoke as would an old person. She sat down and folded her pretty white hands. My father smiled kindly at her. My mother sat down beside her. "Alice," she said, "Were you afraid to be alone this evening."

"No, but I am afraid of what is before me."

My mother took her hand for a moment and held it. Then as she let it fall she said, "You must not be so afraid."

The child shook her head slowly, "I am not afraid of returning to the earth, but I am afraid to face my test. It seems so great for me."

I leaned forward and asked, "What are you to do?"

She turned her eyes upon me and paused a moment. "Well," she said, "I am to be born of a poor family and be very badly treated by my parents,—starved and beaten." She shuddered and her sensitive lips quivered. She went on speaking, very slowly as if analyzing everything she said. "I am to be very beautiful, as you see. I am preparing for that stage of physical beauty now. My great beauty, innocence, and suffering will by chance attract a very wealthy and noted man. He is upon this plane now; we are the very best of friends. He will be big, passionate, dark, and handsome. His fiery love will consume my being with a dread. I shall not love him," she paused, "even though I do now." She paused again. "I am to fear him, but through love of a crippled brother who is my only real friend and whom I want to help, I marry this man. I live in horror of his passionate love. I suffer untold agonies, hate him, and despise him. Even the soul revolts against such hate, but I must learn the lesson of hate before love,—why, I do not know,—that is just the scheme of things. I shall bear a child to him, a son." She lowered her eyes, I thought to hide the mist that crept into their depths. When she raised them they were clear. "My son will love his father." She paused again. "I shall meet another and flee from my misery. I shall go to a foreign land to meet this lover, but a terrible menace will come upon the earth. I shall be stopped in my mad flight. I shall wait upon the sick and dying. I shall fight for life, defy death, and in the blackness I shall meet my husband and love

him and save his life by giving my own." She paused; a shudder passed through her. "By doing this I shall learn my lesson, a lesson I dread, because it is suffering. I shall be great, die great, do my best; yet it is not as I will it." She lowered her eyes again; then in a clear voice she said, "I shall go through it, thank God, with no knowledge of this plane. My physical sense will not know, and the soul is careful not to disclose a great suffering, too great for a body to bear." She smiled wistfully. "I have been to the earth a thousand times, and yet I am only a beginner as yet, a mere student of—" She paused and her eyes met mine,—“Fate.” She smiled faintly. “Fate, which sometimes seems cruel, heartless, and wrong; but which is life and at last everlasting happiness.” She lifted her face and a light came into the shadows. “We are guests of Fate whom no man knoweth.”

I smiled at her. “Yes, you are right.”

She looked at me dreamily. “True are the words, ‘life is a great stage and we are the actors.’” She smiled at me. “I am the lead in my play, you in yours, and so on,” she said.

I nodded. At that moment the door opened. A boy about her own age entered. He caught her hand; his face lighted. She looked at me as she rose.

“This is he,” was all she said, as the handsome boy led her out of the house.

I was silent for many minutes after the door had closed upon them.

Then my father stood. “We must be going, we have stayed a long time.”

I rose, reluctant to go, but did not try to persuade

him to stay longer. After bidding my mother good-bye we departed. We went down the mountain side, entered the machine, and drove away. As we were speeding along I was wondering about many, many things, trying to puzzle them out; but I realized that it was even a greater problem than I had thought. On and on we sped until at last the machine came to a stop and we were at my father's home.

After a good night's rest I went back to school. I was taken into the main office and left by my father. From there I was taken to a class in surgery. A seat was assigned to me and I noticed that there were several women in the class, who appeared intensely interested.

The teacher, a tall and rather dark, heavily built man, stood up before the class and watched the pupils as they held masses of clay in their hands and tried to fashion the human arm. Then it was I noticed that I had a pile of clay before me. I picked it up and moulded it into a ball.

The teacher came down the aisle and said to me, "You seem to like this line of study, for you take up the mass of clay and start to work at once. Do your best to make the human arm. I know you are not used to such work, but do the best you can."

I nodded and knew he was a competent teacher. Something in his manner of speech soothed me. I felt no fear or dread in his company. He watched me for a time, praising my rather clumsy efforts; but as time passed I did better. My hands moved easily and my fingers worked like lightning. After a time I had completed the human arm. I then set it down and waited for the teacher's next instructions.

He rang a bell. The class put down their work at once. He spoke slowly. "For the new lesson, I have drawn upon the board the human anatomy. I want you to study it carefully and tell me which part is the most essential."

After a moment's silence he pulled a curtain aside and disclosed a human-appearing figure. I scanned the details. Several raised their hands. I decided that I was such a new pupil it was not my place to say anything. He asked the ones who first raised their hands. I was rather surprised by the first one's answer,—“The spine.” The second, “The heart.” The third, “The hips.”

Then he asked, “Anything else?” He paused and said, “There is some truth in what each one of you says, but the most important organ is the human brain.” His keen, piercing eyes wandered over the class, and then they fell directly upon me. “You should have raised your hand. You were correct. You thought the brain.”

I nodded, for that had been my thought.

He smiled at me. “You have a very quick astral intellect—you will advance rapidly, but always allow your opinion to be voiced. The reason the brain is the most important is because it is the base of the astral connection. Even the heart might stop; but, if there is a life connection, the man will go on living and the heart will catch the beat.” He pointed to the back of the head. “There is the connection of the spinal cord. It affects the brain and causes nervous troubles. These, in turn, cause so-called death. Some people go on living in the body; but they die inwardly even though the movement and apparent life continue until

the stated time for passing on. Movement then ceases. Life is a peculiar thing. It exists forever, and the tests are many. We must talk with ourselves. When born upon the earth we should persuade the hasty and quick soul to stay with its task of helping the physical body to exist in intelligence. I speak of things I know to be facts. I know it to be true that the soul sometimes leaves the body, when it is in extreme physical weakness or illness, to visit places of its own pleasure. That is why the sick person is sometimes in delirium or an unconscious state. Call to the soul when on earth, for the body cannot work without it in intelligence."

I was interested and carefully considered every word he said, though surprised at his theory. He spoke of the eternal anatomy belonging to man, and of what exists within the soul. I vaguely saw what he meant. With a pointer he described in detail the human anatomy, speaking of laws I never knew, concerned the body of the mortal man.

Suddenly he turned his eyes upon me. "Have you a brain now?" he asked directly. "Not a physical but a mental brain?. To exist we must have a spiritual one."

I fought against the desire to tell him I did not believe I was exactly spiritual. I felt as if I had the same body which I had upon earth.

He stepped to me. "Where is your mental brain?" he asked.

I pointed to my head, feeling a little foolish, but his reply almost stunned me.

"That is not where your brain is. Your brain is in the atmosphere around you, within the magnetic

aura of your vibration. The brain within the head is a mere reflection."

I felt a peculiar sensation. I rose and caught him. "You must not try to break into my vibration," I said. "I do not feel strong enough yet."

He drew back. "You felt my unseen hands press your aura close?"

"I felt something peculiar; I certainly did." I caught his hand and held it tightly. "Friend, we are truly in harmony."

He nodded and I drew back from him. I sat down. He went to the front of the room and said, "Class, I am to operate this afternoon upon a student. Come to class-room seventeen, from eight-thirty to two o'clock, if you want to be present."

The class rose and filed out, I with them. I found myself standing in the hallway. Suddenly a voice cried at my shoulder, "Well, well, if it isn't Kitchener."

I turned and shook the hand of one of my old schoolmates on earth. I explained I did not know to which class I was to go next.

Where is your paper?" he asked.

"What paper?"

"Oh, there it is," he exclaimed, as he pulled something from my right-hand pocket. "Why, you go to the same class I do," he said.

We proceeded to a large class-room. I found it to be the class in invention. After some time there, we went to the one in penmanship. I sat by my friend and for several minutes we made some of the letters of the astral language.

I did not understand these letters, but neverthe-

less I paid attention to them. The teacher, a rather stern looking man with a beard, eyed me as I made them, but I did not worry about him. I asked my friend concerning the idea of making the letters, and the reply was, "We learn a universal language here." He immediately continued with his work and I watched him.

I was aroused to something like interest. I tried to get every word which was uttered, but found it difficult. Then a bell rang and we filed out.

I found my father waiting for me. We drove home and, as we sped along, he said, "We are to have King Edward VII and Queen Victoria to visit us."

We had no more than entered the house when the bell rang. King Edward and Queen Victoria entered. My father shook hands with them. He patted my arm as he said, "My son is working industriously all the time." They complimented me. Then my father opened the huge oak doors leading into the dining-room. At that moment two others arrived and it seemed as if they had come through space. I was surprised at their sudden appearance. They were Queen Mary, and King Louis XVI.

We sat and talked for a time and then returned to the library.

After some time in conversation, Queen Mary went to an instrument, something like a piano, and rendered such music as I never before had heard. She was a marvel. I complimented her and was sincere in my praises. She smiled as she replied, "Study did it. I am preparing now to be a famous pianist when I go back to earth."

I was enthralled. Then I asked her, "Have you forgiven your sister, Queen Elizabeth?"

Her large eyes met mine. She paled and an expression of dismay and surprise crept into their depths. "Forgiven my sister, Queen Elizabeth?" she echoed. A sweet smile curved her lips. "Yes, we were reconciled a long time ago."

I pondered. King Louis leaned forward as he said kindly, "We do not hold grudges here after we pass the necessary tests. In our classes we learn the why and the wherefore of things. That is in the scheme. We never know the real why until we go to the highest realms."

I bowed and asked directly, "What are you to be when you are born again upon the earth?"

He smiled frankly. "I shall not go back yet for some time, for I am not ready. I must prepare, but when I do I shall be an American statesman. You would be surprised how much one has to learn for such a work. That is not saving one's country through power, indulgence, or whole-heartedness, but through mental and physical as well as spiritual intelligence. One must be tuned to every word and deed—tuned to help the people."

I concluded that would be quite a task for King Louis. He read my thoughts as he said, "You may think it is all very easy, but to go into a rank of that kind requires special tests. I worked for this for a long, long time; and even yet I am far from being perfect."

I rose and said, "I certainly meant no offense."

He rose and bowed. Then we sat down again.

Queen Victoria, who had been silent all this

time, spoke. "Lord Kitchener, you must realize these things take study and patience, for the secret of success is just that. To accomplish we must have that quality."

I bowed. "I believe you are right."

Her face lighted. "Oh, Lord Kitchener, you have advanced more rapidly than the average, because you are an old soul. You understand; and, yes, you are qualified to take a mighty position here."

She paused, hesitating a bit over her next words, which rather surprised me when they were uttered.

"Lord Kitchener," she said, "I am afraid you are somewhat disbelieving, a trifle obstinate at times."

I drew myself up and answered, "Most honorable Lady, I am afraid I do not quite understand you."

"Of course you do not, sweet boy," she said.

I felt my face flush,—*"sweet boy,"*—the idea—she was, of course, addressing my reflection which persisted in looking too youthful for my satisfaction.

She went on with a smile, "You know we read your thoughts, because you have not reached the stage where you can prevent us from doing so. When you are grown here and develop, you will be able to close your mind against all vibrations which beset you. You will have to go to a class to learn that."

I was interested, but more interested in having her explain how I was obstinate.

She read my thought again, for she said: "You are obstinate because at times you inwardly revolt against the truth—take it as an unreality. You must arouse yourself to actual action of determined mind and body—and believe."

"But I do believe," I half pleaded.

She nodded her head. "Perhaps you do, but try to possess the great faith."

She smiled frankly, "Lord Kitchener, I am greatly interested in you. Do not take my advice lightly."

I bowed and replied, "I will not, dear Lady."

She went on speaking. "Lord Kitchener, I want you to come to see me."

"I should feel honored."

She smiled. "I do not want you to feel beneath me in rank, come with an open heart to learn what I will teach you."

Then my father spoke. "Queen mother, do not misunderstand. My son believes every word you say, and I wish personally to thank you for your kindly interest in him."

King Edward then spoke. "We will both take an interest in him."

I rose. "I thank you very much; in fact words cannot express my gratitude."

Queen Victoria smiled. "Your thoughts will, then," she said softly.

I sat down. King Edward spoke, "Mother is too unselfish and really I sometimes feel like telling her so." He smiled at her and there certainly was admiration to be seen upon his intelligent face. We were all very much in harmony.

Suddenly Queen Mary exclaimed, "Oh, you should see King Edward's work! He paints marvelously. Queen Victoria helps him in his training and she is very clever in painting the eyes."

I expressed a desire to see the works of art and received a promise that I should see them upon my first visit.

Then Queen Victoria said, "Edward is also a marvelous mechanic," she paused, "and he has invented several things which are wonderful."

I was decidedly interested. "Inventions? How wonderful! What are they?"

He smiled. The construction as yet is a secret, but one is a trans-Atlantic bridge—for the earth plane, and the other is a cure for all disease. The latter is a machine made up of pink, yellow, blue, red, and green lights. I have just about perfected it."

Queen Victoria spoke, "I am so interested. His hands work like lightning—really it is wonderful."

I felt he was doing a very remarkable work; to me it also seemed an essential work and I felt he should continue it. He must have read my thoughts, for he said, "I have no intention of giving up my work."

I should not think you would," said I.

Queen Mary spoke, "Oh, he is interested, and really the invention for the bridge is marvelous."

He smiled at her for her words of praise.

King Louis was very quiet. He did not speak once.

I was on the verge of asking Queen Victoria when I might call upon her, when she said, "We would be glad to have you come to see us sometime." I accepted with thanks. She smiled radiantly at me. "Really, Lord Kitchener, I should like to teach you in private some time." I told her I should be glad to have her do so.

We had quite a long conversation before she rose, saying, "Really, Edward, we must be going." She smiled at me again. "Be sure you come."

I assured her I would; then they took their leave.

After they had gone, Queen Mary said, "Victoria is a wonderful woman. I am very fond of her—we are close friends." She rose. "Louis, do you not think we would better be going now?" He bowed.

My father extended a cordial invitation to them to come again soon. I echoed my hopes that they would. Queen Mary was most gracious in asking me to come to her gatherings at her studio.

When they had taken their departure, my father said he was somewhat tired and thought he would retire; but that I might do as I pleased, for I was now capable of choice in my personal actions. As I felt far from ready for sleep, I sat down; and after he had left me I began to study the rows and rows of books. I could not decide which to read. All appeared so interesting. At last I took up one at random and found that its title was "Astral Bodies and Their Essentials." I sketched it over and the following are some of the ideas I gathered from it:

Astral bodies are colored. There are seven important ones: 1. The intelligence body, which is pink. 2. The mind body, which is blue. 3. The sight body, which is yellow. 4. The bodies of the senses, which are green. 5. The vibrating body, which is purple. 6. The protecting body, which is orange.

These bodies are necessary.

The intelligence body is in the mind body.

The sight body reflects upon the outer aura, seeing all things.

The bodies of the senses are within the intelligence body.

The mind body is the body of the soul.

The intelligence body is the servant and it must be kept beneath the mind body.

The senses are ruled by the intelligence body, which receives its stamina from the mind.

The sight body is a helper of the mind, physically and spiritually.

The essentials of the bodies are: Understanding; Correcting of the mind; Faith; Courage; Soul force, and Spiritual endurance.

I was absorbed. I turned to the cover and I found it to be one of Tolstoi's. I wished I might have a talk with him, and at that very moment a bell rang. I took up the instrument which resembled a telephone. I heard a voice say, "This is Tolstoi. I am coming over to see you. I just received the message that you wanted to see me. I will start at once."

I was so surprised I could not give an answer. I put up the instrument and sank to my chair. Tolstoi coming! Certainly that would be a treat. It seemed scarcely a minute before he entered. I rose and took his outstretched hand. As we sat down, he went directly to the point.

"Lord Kitchener, I wrote that book since I have been here. I am glad you chose to read it. It will teach you much. I now want to give you a short lesson on mind, body, and soul." He paused, then went on: "The mind is like a camera. It photographs the thoughts reflected from the other bodies and especially those of speech. There are two lenses, which are in the center of the mind-body, and every word uttered reflects and is imprinted. Now, this is a very bad speech to make; I have changed my mind, because those words reflect upon the lenses; they cause a con-

fusion and the mind-body has to proceed to change its lenses. This disturbs the working order."

"Some people," I said, "say, 'I was tickled to death.' What effect will that produce?"

He leaned closer to me. "The reason they say that is because it is a lens reflection of a past incarnation. Some say those words many times. That very thing happened to them, for those people have been Chinese ages ago; and, through some wrong doing, they were sentenced to be tickled to death. That terrible phrase was photographed upon the sub-conscious expression of the mind-body, and it caused a double impression like that of a double exposure. When they are born again, that terrible impression of what happened to them comes again and again before the picture of the mind and flashes the memory to the physical brain. It is then spoken often, repeated as a form of speech, and with each utterance is more plainly imprinted upon the brain. 'Oh, I was just tickled to death!' I wish mortals would come to the realization that words are things to be guarded and spoken only after careful thought, for every word counts to make up the vibration surrounding the aura. Then the phrase, 'I almost died,' is another bad impression to put into words. Every expression makes it more plain and gives it more power. Its reflection upon the mental sometimes causes a great confusion—often a terrible sickness. Yet mortals do not trace to that source the trouble which sometimes comes upon them. The phrase, 'I nearly dropped dead,' is another of the same dangerous class and causes heart failure—for the mind controls the heart. The word 'guess' is bad also. It has a decided lack of determination. One

must be positive and say, 'I do not have that idea.'—or 'It is not the most favorable,'—something similar but more positive." He paused. "Lord Kitchener, there is so much to learn—later you will find most of your conversation will be through thought."

As he talked I realized what a truly wonderful man he was—even more wonderful than he was credited to be. I decided he must be a remarkable character.

We were thus busily engaged in conversation when the bell rang again. I rose and answered. A voice which seemed a great distance away asked to speak with Tolstoi.

He knew that the message was for him without my telling him, for he said, "Tell them I will be there in a very short space of time. I am busy now."

I did as he directed and returned to my seat beside him. He turned his eyes directly upon me. "Lord Kitchener, I assume you are a cosmopolitan. Do you believe in the earth people knowing their fate and the source from which they are directed?"

I pondered seriously. It was rather a direct and decided question to ask of me, a mere student as yet of the astral studies.

He noticed my hesitation for he said, "Please express your opinions. I wish to know your personal viewpoint."

I smiled as I answered, "I am certainly grateful. My opinion is—they should to a certain extent—that is, those who are ready, and yet—" I paused.

He smiled as he continued my sentence softly, "and yet—only those who are ready believe, and be-

lieving is knowing. Your opinion is certainly all I could expect. I am profoundly pleased."

He leaned back in the chair. "Men are sometimes very crude and impulsive in their opinions. Keep me from the association of such a man,—and yet—a man must not be judged by that quality, for he is then in the making. The man of knowledge speaks little, for the more he knows the less he thinks he knows,—which is right."

I of course agreed with him.

This also pleased him, for he said, "Lord Kitchener, I believe we will be the very best of friends."

I assured him that it was my desire.

He looked straight at me as he said, "Sometimes I do not want to go back to earth again; I can learn so much here. It is not my will, of course, but that of the great unseen God. I have two classes under my personal instruction—and I attend about fifteen myself—to learn—to learn."

He was now regarding me critically. "You do not relish the appearance of youth—do you?"

I shook my head. "That I do not."

He laughed softly. "Youth is inspiration, so do not be discouraged. You are in the first big step—right you are in wanting progress, but one must work for progress."

I realized that he must know of what he spoke.

He rose and said, "I must be going." Suddenly his face lighted. "Come, go with me to visit my class. You will learn a great deal."

"It would give me great pleasure," I replied.

So we left my father's house. We entered a large,

black machine and raced through the night. It seemed only about a minute's ride, when suddenly the machine stopped. He descended and I followed. I drew back amazed for I saw in a huge space a large airship, shaped like a big torpedo. There were lights streaming through the small windows and men were hustling about preparing for a flight.

I was standing still, my eyes upon the wonderful contrivance, when Tolstoi broke in on my thoughts by saying, "Come, we must be on our way."

I gripped his arm. "Are we going to fly in that?"

He smiled. "Yes. Is it not a marvel. "It certainly is," I replied.

We went forward to the airship; then he stepped onto a small platform and helped me on beside him. In another moment the platform had risen until we were on a level with the entrance to the aircraft. It was well lighted. We entered and went down the long passage.

Soon we came to a compartment where several people were reading and conversing. We sat down in comfortable chairs. Tolstoi leaned back easily, his eyes upon me. "Well, what do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it? Why, it is the creation of a master."

"All things of the astral are," Tolstoi replied. "We have given this invention to a girl upon the earth plane, but it will be some time before she can arrange for its creation on the earth; our plans, however, will be carried out in time. They are in trustworthy hands. She will soon be heard from and her vision will find its expression in a great reality."

"That is interesting." "Will this girl credit the astral?"

"Yes," "to those who believe—to the right souls who correspond with her vibration."

Immediately the big airship shook with movement and almost seemed alive; then it gave a spring and I knew we had started. I could see out of the small windows and we were flying at a rapid rate of speed. As the time passed I realized we must have covered a great distance. Tolstoi was unusually quiet and I did not press him into conversation.

Suddenly he rose. "Come, we shall soon be at our destination."

We went back down the passage and stood at the door, waiting. I felt a tremor pass through the airship and we descended again to a platform.

I noticed the atmosphere seemed thick, like a heavy fog, and I felt a bit chilly. We stepped forward into the dark. I saw the craft rise with an almost human leap and fly up into space. Soon only the faint gleam of the lights told its path.

Tolstoi said, "This is an extremely high atmosphere."

Soon I saw in the distance lights and huge buildings. "This is the invention plane," I was told.

We entered the first building. I had to move quickly to keep up with my guide, he was so swift-footed.

He laughed over his shoulder, "I am quick of step because I live for the air—my work is for the promotion of flying."

He opened a door and we beheld a wonderful sight. About six hundred young men—and a few

women—worked upon large and small models of all kinds. They stopped when he entered and faced toward him.

"I have brought a visitor," he said.

They all smiled at me—all but one—a thin-faced lad with black hair; yet there was a silent welcome in his dark eyes.

Toilstoi took me past the row upon row of students. There were inventions for almost every purpose, but the majority were for the air. He said, "You know, this is the aerial age."

Finally we stopped before a youth who was working on a new kind of airplane. I was greatly interested for it was a marvelous piece of work. I looked at it carefully. It certainly was a new idea and would be a valuable asset to the earth plane.

The next youth was the one with the black hair and dark eyes. His was the invention of an instrument by which the astral could communicate with the earth. The next boy had a rotary flying balloon which could travel at a very fast rate of speed. It was quite an invention—and the model for it was small and compact.

I was interested in seeing the wireless connections. Tolstoi smiled at me and said, "Come, look." He stepped to a steel door and opened it. He beckoned to me and I followed him up several flights of stairs; at the end of the last flight he opened a door and we entered. I stood still for a moment. Here were more rows of men and women. All were sitting before a peculiar board. Each had a metal cap on his head and his hands worked like lightning upon

a small instrument. The room was filled with the din of buzzing and ticks.

I watched the sight, fascinated, until Tolstoi placed his hand upon my arm. "The young men are mostly soldiers," he remarked.

He stepped quickly down the line and I followed. He opened another door. There was another flight of stairs and, at the top, we entered a small elevator. We shot up, up—it seemed miles—through space, so rapid was our ascent.

Leaving the elevator, we entered a dimly lighted passageway. After some time we came to a spacious place. Tolstoi smiled at me. "How are you?" he asked.

I sighed as I half laughed, "Oh, I'm here at least."

He then opened another door and I followed him out upon a platform. We were very high for I could not see anything below—all was space around me. He said, "Look up."

I did. I saw a tall pole and from it came blue streaks and flashes which seemed to dart into unknown fathoms. I asked, "What is that?"

"Those are the wireless flashes."

I was fascinated. Such lights or flashes were a creation in themselves. I stood for a long time looking up; it was a surprise, when I turned, to find Tolstoi gone. Where he had gone and why I did not know. All I knew was that I was standing practically in space beneath a column of flashes, and I realized that I could do nothing. I tried the steel door but could not open it. I cried out twice; my voice was a hollow echo, mocking me in space. I could not understand. Why hadn't he

spoken to me and informed me of his intention? I was becoming rather unnerved when the door opened.

He was beside me in a single step and some one else was with him. He took my arm. "You were so intensely interested I thought it would not be advisable to disturb you. I have a friend with me—" And then he introduced me to a very famed and noted Frenchwoman who was a courageous character when she lived on the earth plane many years ago.

I turned and looked into the radiant young face. I took her hand and said, "I am pleased—really I cannot be grateful enough for the pleasure of meeting you."

She smiled at me. "I consider it as much a pleasure to meet you, Lord Kitchener." She spoke softly as she looked up into space. "That is wonderful. Would that the earth plane might communicate with us."

I bowed. "They would if they could, I am certain."

She nodded and her graceful body swayed. For a moment I felt she would fly away into space and leave us.

I asked her, "You are studying here?"

"I certainly am. I teach three classes and attend fifteen."

I looked at her, amazed. "But—how do you get time to do all that?"

Her sensitive face lighted. "Oh, I have the time—time is eternity here—always—forever."

I looked up again into space above me. "Why do not the earth people realize the astral's signals?"

"Because they have not yet advanced to that point of thought."

I looked up again at the signals. "Is it meant that they should know?"

"Yes, but fear keeps them from knowing the truth."

"But—do people of the earth advance more quickly if they know of the reality of the astral?"

She replied, with a light coming to her eyes, "Yes, life is a test."

She was silent a moment and then continued her answer. "I know—but—what I mean is this—people would advance more rapidly if they knew the astral existed. They would go through their tests and they would do them correctly, because some would have that noble and trained instinct; others would do their lessons because they feared the darkness, for darkness is real death. Some are afraid of death because they fear a judgment follows. If they knew of the astral and that there was no death—only the darkness of space between the astral and the earth planes, in which they would have to stay until they worked out of their degradation, they would strive their best to pass directly through that and into light. Hence they would try to do what is right on the earth. Yes, the earth should be enlightened—there should be knowledge of the astral's existence. It is for the best. If I have not made it clear for you—you will later learn it all in your classes."

I thanked her and believed and had an understanding of everything she had told me.

At this moment a bell sounded. I looked about—Tolstoi spoke in answer to my question. "That is for

changes of shifts on the boards." Suddenly his face lighted. "Come, I have a surprise for you."

We went down in the elevator and waited in the wireless room until all the operators had filed out. Then Tolstoi said, "Come here." I followed him to a booth, just as several hundred more operators came in.

I entered the booth. He put upon my head an instrument like that which the operators wore and he pointed to several small buttons before me.

Now this is what the small board looked like and the way it was manipulated: The white buttons turned on the power and, by pressing any button in the white row, I was connected with an operator. The black buttons shut off the connection when another was desired. There were five more buttons: The 1st was south; 2nd, north; 3rd, east; 4th, west; 5th, earth plane.

"Now get your operator," instructed Tolstoi.

I pressed the white button and he said, "Press the fifth button also."

I did. A voice answered, "Whom do you want on the earth plane?"

"I want the British Parliament."

Immediately the voice asked, "Where?"

"London, England."

Again the voice questioned, "What direction?"

Tolstoi said, "Say London, southwestern part of England, northern part of the earth plane."

I did as he directed and immediately there came a low humming sound with flashes from the little box before me. Tolstoi pressed a button in the side of the booth and pointed directly above the small board.

I looked up and saw what appeared to be a mirror. I watched it. The humming now came like pleasant singing; and, within a few moments, there came the London streets I knew so well, then the Parliament and Court buildings.

I said, "I want the interior."

A slight change of the flashes and the picture altered; in a moment I saw inside the Parliament building and heard all that was said; but that I may not repeat, for it concerned important official affairs. I marveled as I watched and listened. It seemed I was there. I certainly appreciated the opportunity.

I pressed the button, the mirror became hazy, and the humming ceased. I turned to Tolstoi.

He smiled. "That is another invention the earth people have not yet received. They will possess it in time."

I rose, suppressing a desire to be connected with the White House of the United States.

"You see all these booths?" asked Tolstoi.

I rose and looked down a passage I had not noticed. There were many, many booths, all occupied.

"In each, someone is trying to reach the earth plane—each wants to be known—how many, many times they are disappointed," he said, and then he asked me, "Do you want to come to my class?"

"Indeed I do."

The noted Frenchwoman smiled, as she said, "I must be going and, Lord Kitchener, I want you to come to visit me. I have a class in literature."

I promised her I would. She smiled again as she said, "I also have a flying school beneath my super-vision."

She took my hand. "Now, be sure to come soon, if possible, Lord Kitchener."

I promise," I repeated.

She turned; with a smile to Tolstoi, she was gone into the atmosphere.

I followed Tolstoi, reluctant to leave the wireless.

He felt it for he said, "We will visit here again."

After walking some distance, I was ushered into a spacious class-room filled with bright-eyed, intelligent students. He motioned me to a seat. He took his place before the class. For a moment he looked over them and then he said:

"The lesson for this time is the why of the soul, the earth, and its people. Class, a man must believe to have faith and he cannot do his duty without courage. I am sorry to say souls have been temporarily wretched through lack of courage." I believed him. "You must fight against fear. It is the cruel thing which wrecks homes and ruins lives—stops all rightful actions. Fear is the greatest enemy of man. Fear cannot be cast aside easily or quickly, but carefully, slowly, and with determination. Men are their own masters—and they must be that." He paused. "Yes, they must be their own masters."

He looked at me. "Lord Kitchener, I want you to stand before the class."

I rose. He motioned me to the platform upon which he stood.

He faced me. "I intend to send you back to the earth plane out of this body into another."

I felt a peculiar sensation. I drew myself up saying, "You cannot do it—I will not stand for it."

He looked at me keenly and straight for a long

time, then said, "Lord Kitchener, you are fearless. I never intended to do such a thing—and I find you unafraid. I just wanted to see what you would do at my threat."

He turned and spoke to the class. "You see he was fearless, unafraid. Even if I had wanted to do what I said, I could not have done so. He is quite positive. Some would have been unstrung."

He then requested me to leave the platform. I did so and took my seat again. He gave each student a piece of paper, then stepped to the blackboard and wrote the questions for a test.

TEST

1. What are the sustaining elements of man—physically and mentally?
2. What is the most difficult test to pass?
3. What is the greatest asset of the age?
4. What is the silence and space between the astral and the earth plane?
5. Where are the most prominent planets and what is the astral?

ANSWERS

1. The sustaining elements of man—physically—are: Air, food, water. The spinal cord should be perfect—feeling of the body, nerves—eyes possessing double sight, or in other words second sight. Mentally, the elements are: Intelligence, soul love, life thoughts, visions, courage, decided control, the mental balancing with the body. The mental possess twelve brains, because there are over six astral bodies: (1) One physical body; (2) One inner body; (3) One space

body; (4) One decided action body; (5) One mental body; (6) One spiritual body. Each must possess its own brain—a wireless base or station which receives its directions from the main station—the soul.

2. The most difficult test to pass is—trial without bitterness.

3. The greatest asset to the earth age is—the aerial. The reason for this is that the air brings physical men into close contact with the astral, and in time they will reach that destination through many discoveries.

4. The silence between the earth plane and the astral is—the Spirit of God, the Creator. He holds together, with light and might, the earth plane and the astral.

5. The most prominent planets are beyond human sight; the astral is a planetary substance unseen in space. Will man ever reach the astral without passing through the stage called death?

Yes, in time, for the astral consists of a number of planets; the earth plane is only one of the many, many ones, but through past connections became one by itself. Man had to pass out of consciousness for a moment in so-called death before he felt capable of ascending through the great distance and space. As time passed, all traces of the astral vanished and only the belief in it remained to help the struggling souls of the earth. A new system was formed because it became necessary; and birth was conceived,—created. Men went to the earth plane in a false manner. In time the earth grew to believe it was the only planet of consequence—that all the others were nothing. As the ages went by, a climatic condition of the

atmosphere came about, really caused by thought—for thought is atmosphere, and the astral schools and the earth plane school were separated. That is, they were not in relation or contact, and only a vague thought of the astral existed. The earth would perish without the astral, for the astral is the creator of life and eternity, while the earth plane is only a dependent school. Therefore, men, after a certain time upon the earth, must cease their existence upon that planet and ascend to the astral for final tests. Then, if necessary, they will return again to the earth plane. Man is of the Mind, and his thought can travel through all space. That is the secret, but without material aid his physical body cannot. The earth plane must grow back into the circle of astral schools—be one of them—or in time all belief in the astral would be lost, and there would be no thought by which to ascend after passing on. The law of all being, mind, gives only so much time for the lessons to be completed upon the earth plane; therefore, in the scheme of all things, man must return to the astral.

He also spoke on the subject of insanity. He said that it was the duty of all to help the insane, for theirs is a great suffering. I hope to help them all I can.

Then he went to the board. Turning to the class, he said, "Now, class, I wish you to state your desired occupations when you again return to earth, so that Lord Kitchener may have the benefit of hearing."

They rose, one after another, and expressed their desires and each had hopes of reincarnation in useful capacities.

Tolstoi turned to me. "Lord Kitchener, have you any desires?"

"No," I replied, "I am quite satisfied at present."

Suddenly a bell rang and the class left the room.

Tolstoi questioned me. "Now, where would you like to go?"

"I want to go home," I said. I began to feel very tired—everything seemed to lack interest. I cared only about getting home.

He took me down to the torpedo, which came flying up as we reached the landing. I entered, promising to visit him again.

After what seemed a long ride, I found myself again upon my father's plane, with a car and a guide waiting for me. How they came there I did not know. I was driven to my father's house and immediately retired.

When I arose I was completely refreshed. I went down stairs and found my father waiting for me. He took my arm and said, "We are going for a trip."

"What, another trip?"

He smiled. "Yes. Why? Didn't you enjoy your trip with Tolstoi?"

I sank to a chair. "Enjoy it? Never had a more pleasant time."

He nodded with satisfaction. "You must have reaped the benefit of it, then."

I sat up straight. "But where are you going now?"

"To visit the Fields of Destiny."

I thought that sounded interesting. "Where is that?"

"In high realms and schools," he replied.

We left the house, entered the car and drove away down the streets.

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"To visit the Fields of Destiny."

I thought that sounded interesting. "Where is that?"

"In high realms and schools," he replied.

We left the house, entered the car and drove away down the streets.

I watched the scenery fly by, realizing that we were going at a rate of speed not easily computed. I studied the flying scenery, and beautiful it was. I was thus enjoying myself when my father asked, "What do you think of it here?"

"Oh, really, I cannot say enough for the beauties this plane possesses. I am surprised. I never expected the astral to be like this."

He smiled. "Nor did I—and I cannot say that I am disappointed with it here; and one thing is certain, everything you possess and all you are—you have to work for. There is no favoritism here, my son."

"That is splendid. Really working for what you get and accomplish is the making of man and the soul within him."

He smiled again. "Right you are."

As we sped along he told me of matters which concerned me greatly.

Suddenly there loomed before me a powerful airplane. We left the car and entered the airplane which had seats for twenty-four passengers. I found myself seated beside my father. Soon the airplane arose and we were speeding in space.

There were but four other passengers, two men and one woman, and the pilot. We thus had the plane pretty well to ourselves, but this was not for long. After traveling for what the earth people would call thirty-six hours, we ascended to another plane and seven passengers boarded our ship. I counted them—three men, three women, and a little boy. Two more men hustled aboard at the last minute.

After a long trip we landed. My father and I

rose and left the airplane, which ascended again into space and disappeared. My father took my arm.

"Now, son, please do not allow anything to affect you."

I promised I would do my best.

At length we came to a place where we could see many, many small buildings. I was wondering what they were for, when a man with a white beard stepped up to us. I bowed, as did my father.

The man said something to my father, which I did not understand. I was wondering what he had said, when my father replied in the same language, after which he turned to me. "Son, we speak a universal language here. You have been here such a short time you have not been required to learn it. You must now; and you will have to stay upon this plane until you do, leaving only for periodical visits to me."

I was surprised. This was far from what I had expected. "But, father, I do not want you to leave me."

He smiled. "I know, my son, but before you can go into classes, you must know the language, if you wish to advance."

We were now walking up a very long street, on either side of which were little houses. I was decidedly upset at the thought of my father's going. He could not help but notice it. I displayed my feelings because I had not attained the art of calmness.

He took my arm. "Son, please do not take this unkindly; it is for a very necessary advancement. Tolstoi spoke in your language so that you could understand him, as have your helpers and your teachers

here, and others will speak in your tongue until you speak in the universal language; but to advance to higher classes you must be equipped with this essential knowledge."

I had by this time collected myself. "I will do my best."

A smile crossed his face and he looked at me kindly. "Son, you will win for yourself a place of recognition in your classes, because you are willing to do your part and try."

We were by this time nearing a large building. The bearded man stopped and again spoke to my father in that strange speech. My father answered him; then he turned to me, saying "Son, we will go in and see the principal."

We followed our guide into the building, along a hallway, and to a door upon which were written some words in the astral language.

We entered a plain office—there was a great peace—I could feel it everywhere in the room. At the table sat a rather small man with large brown eyes and a kind, sensitive face. His eyes shone as he greeted us. "Well, friends," he said. He shook my father's hand. He motioned us to chairs and the our guide quietly withdrew. I sat, all attention.

My father announced, "My son wishes to learn the language."

"Certainly—certainly," came his brisk reply. He turned his keen but kind eyes upon me. "I am the professor of languages here. I place the students of all nationalities. You see, when you come here, you remain in a certain class, usually your earth state, until you work out of it, which is one of the greatest tasks—

or, in other words, into one nationality. We are all students; we are all in classes; but we need to possess one color—one language—one mind."

He then pressed a button. A boy entered. "Take this student to the professor in class-room I."

We immediately rose and, thanking the principal, we left the room, following the boy. We were led down a long hallway and up two flights of stairs, then down the hall and into a class room. I noticed the students were all of one color and the teacher appeared to be English. He smiled at me when he took my hand. I knew at once we would be friends. My father spoke, "My son is anxious to be a student here. I leave him in your care."

The professor nodded. "You may be assured he shall have attention."

I followed my father into the hall to say good-bye, but he said, "I am not going yet. The next airplane does not come for some time. I will see you again before I go."

So I returned to the class-room. I quietly took my place. The teacher went to the blackboard, wrote down the lesson, and returned to his desk. He asked me several questions and then he said, "You must study this lesson carefully, for it means a great deal; and I will give you a book after class."

I thanked him and went on with my studies. After some time of silence and study, he brought the class to attention by ringing a small bell on his desk. He began to draw upon the board. He was some time at this task and then he drew the positions of the astral schools and the earth plane for us to study.

"The earth has disobeyed its rules; it has been

punished by so-called death; it is a wonderful planet, if properly handled; the astral is the main school and the life center," explained our teacher.

I was certainly very much interested.

From a book he read the following: "There is only one path to truth, no matter how many a man taketh." He paused. "Now, class, I will give you time to learn the letters."

I learned the letters. He knew when I had finished, for he said, "Pronounce them after me."

After we had written for some time and practiced writing sentences, a bell rang and the class was dismissed.

The teacher stepped to me and, as he handed me a book, said, "Study this. It will help you a great deal."

I took the book and thanked him for it. Then he said, "I will take you to your father if you like."

I gratefully accepted his offer and went with him down the hall, down the stairs, and out of the building.

As we walked along the street, he said, "At first it will be easier to write the letters than to pronounce them."

Soon we neared a small house. We entered it and were greeted by my father. We went into a cheerful little room and sat down.

When I glanced around I found my friend gone. My father looked at me a long time and was silent until I said, "I believe I am going to like it here."

He smiled. Suddenly he turned and looked toward the door. "Come in, Major."

There entered a handsome young man. He was very tall, his face was intelligent and lighted with a

wonderful smile, his dark eyes shone. He wore an officer's uniform and upon the left side of his chest were gold wings—the wings of an aviator.

He took my father's hand, smiling kindly at me as I rose. Then we all sat down. My father was the first to speak. "What brings you here, Major?"

He smiled again, that clear, frank smile. "I heard your son was here and I have heard you speak of him so often I could not refrain from coming up for a little chat." He turned to me. "I have been friends with your father ever since I came here."

"That is splendid!" I exclaimed.

He shook his young head. "Splendid?" he laughed. "Why, that is not the word—your father was kindness itself to me. I lived with your father like a son when I first came here. My! what he did for me—and yet he credits himself so little."

I glanced at my father, who sat silent, listening with no comment.

The young Major went on speaking. "I fell while fighting in the air, during the war—for my country—England."

I rose and saluted. "I offer you homage." As I watched his glowing young face—so intelligent and frank—I marveled at my countrymen.

He turned to me again. "You know, the astral is more wonderful than I ever could have believed; I am really quite contented here now. I disliked coming here; but after it was all over, I felt differently." He seemed to look far away as he paused. "I had a sweetheart and that held me to the earth plane for a time, as I did not want to leave her. But—now she is taking up the threads of her life and—I am beginning

here anew, also. I have a new body, new thoughts, and a new work—oh, I am so anxious to do my part! I am learning to be an instructor here in the flying fields." He paused, his face glowing. "I feel so grateful to your father; and, if I can help you in any way, I will gladly do so."

I thanked him. My father leaned forward. "Come to see my son, so he will not be lonely."

The Major assured me he would visit me frequently.

Then he rose. "I must be going." He bowed.

"Would you care to go back with me? I have my plane here," he asked my father.

"Yes, I might as well, thank you."

I wanted him to stay; it hurt me to see him go; but I would not try to detain him longer.

They immediately prepared to depart. I expressed a desire to see them leave.

"You are welcome," said the Major, as he opened the door.

We left the house and walked for some distance until we came to a closed-in area. My father took my arm. "Now, son, do not be surprised." I assured him I would not allow anything to startle me.

The Major opened a gate and we entered the enclosure. In the center stood a huge airplane. In other parts of the closed-in field were others. The Major stepped to the center airplane and, taking up his helmet and coat, he put them on, also giving my father an outfit. They climbed into their seats, and at once the airplane began to tremble and shiver. It was shaped like a bird, having very broad wings which

moved up and down when the machine was in motion. There were two propellers, one in the front and another in the back. The front one was twice as large as the one at the rear.

My father had scarcely time to bid me good-bye or the Major to call out a cheerful word when the airplane left the ground and was flying through the air. The wings were moving rapidly; and as it slowly disappeared into the atmosphere, it looked like a huge bird.

I turned to one of the mechanics. "How is it accomplished? By what is it sustained?"

He smiled and kindly said, "Come; I'll show you."

I followed him across the field. We walked along a little further until we came to another plane which also possessed wings.

"These planes are well constructed and all of them possess wings." He waved across the field. "That one over there carries a number of passengers, and the one far over there is built for great heights—it flies very high." I looked at it, studying it from all angles in view. "These are wonderful contrivances and sometime they will be the main means of travel on the earth plane."

It was at this time I felt a hand fall upon my shoulder and turning I saw the principal. He said, "I realize you are much interested, but it is time for you to come." With a nod to the other man, I followed him from the field.

As we walked along we said little. We were soon in the settlement. We had walked for some distance when we came to a house.

The man said, "This will be your dwelling until further notice."

We entered it and he flashed on a light. I looked about. The rooms were very small, but it was cozy and comfortable. The walls were white and blue.

He did not say anything but started for the door. I stepped after him as I called, "Where shall I take my meals?"

He turned and his eyes looked upon me coldly. "You see, my reader, I was not past the human stage of desire for food and drink. I could not believe at this time I ever would be. I did not know what I would do if I were not to have something of a food substance.

"You will come to the main building when you hear the bell ringing," he said. Then he seemed slowly to disappear from my sight as he started again to the door.

There were two chairs, one little table, one rug which scarcely covered the floor, one small desk close to a bookcase filled with class-books. I found, adjoining this room, another one with a bed, a chair, and a small rug. I went back to the front room and sank down before the little desk. I felt very desolate.

I looked up after some time. Just above me on the clean white wall was a framed picture of the cross with a light which seemed to stream from it upon me, and beneath it were these words: "Comforted is the man who has his faith." I uttered a prayer and silently rose from the chair.

I smiled as the bell for dinner sounded in the distance. I left my house and hurried down the

street toward the school building. On my way I was joined by several others.

We all proceeded together into the building. I followed the others. We went down a hallway to the end of the building, and then into a large room. Every nation was represented. They were placed each at the table of his physical nationality. They stood at their places until another bell rang, and then I was seated at an English table.

We were served by women in white uniforms. There was only one man who assisted them and seemed to be overseeing their work.

I was much interested, later, to watch several foreigners eat. I turned to the youth who sat next to me at the table and asked if all the nations of the earth were assembled at this school.

He nodded "Yes. I was English when on earth, or I would not have known what you said. Those foreigners over there"—he nodded toward a group of men at a table near us.—"Those foreigners over at that table are far advanced in this language of the astral. Soon they will even change their color, for the race of the astral is blue-white." Then he paused as he looked about the room. "Those over there are from a lower class. There is a separate school for every nationality. I have visited several schools—I have watched several nationalities progress, and sometimes it was quite amusing. There are, however, many who are very brilliant."

We waited until every one was finished, and then again the bell rang, and we all rose and filed out. When I found myself alone in the hallway, I felt de-

sented and wondered what I would do—I wanted some one to talk to.

I was standing thus when the professor of the language classes approached me. "I will go home with you and stay a little while," he said. I thanked him and we left the building.

Upon reaching my home we sat down and entered into conversation.

I found him to be an intelligent individual, and soon discovered that our likes and dislikes were much the same. I concluded it would be better if we were confidential with each other.

I asked, "What were you the last time you were on the earth?"

His keen eyes were upon me for some time before he made reply; then he said coldly, "I was last on earth in the city of Pompeii. I have wondered many, many times why I had to suffer so, but now I know—I was really nobody—I had fairly to crawl to become anything at all—." He paused, "Really I would rather not talk about it."

"Just as you think best."

He leaned forward. "You know I have found people are finally made more positive after they have suffered a great deal." He paused again and then went on, "You will learn many things which will astonish you,—things which are amazing."

I assured him I thought I would.

He regarded me a moment seriously and then he said, "My friend, you have quickly gained your knowledge here."

I bowed and thanked him.

He held up a book he had in his hand. "You should read this—it would prove interesting to you."

I took the book from him. I opened it and read quickly a few pages. It did appear to be most interesting. I promised him I would read it without delay.

This seemed to satisfy him. "You will not be wasting your time." Then he rose; and with a promise soon to return, he took his departure.

I sat down and picked up the book. The title appealed to me,—*"The Realms of the Unseen."* I sat still, my eyes upon these words. I wondered what lay in store for me in reading this book; I had received so many surprises.

I was sitting thus when there came a knock upon my door. I rose and opened it. There stood a tall man. "A telegram, Lord Kitchener."

I staggered back. "A telegram!" I echoed amazed. "Why, I never thought they had such things here."

"Why, telegrams were known here before the earth plane received the plan of wireless or telegraphy. Both these inventions were first developed here."

I took the envelope from his hand, tore it open, and read: "Your father has received very bad news. He will not be up to see you for some time but will inform you later."

I stood motionless for a moment and then I cried, "I must go to him."

The man spoke quickly, "No, you cannot, there is no aerial service at present—there will not be an airship by this planet for some time."

I stood wondering what to do. What could be the matter? Why had not father explained more

fully to me? I sank to a chair. "Must I sit here and wait upon an airship—Is there no other way by which I can leave here?"

Wondering why the man did not reply, I looked up and discovered he had gone. I rose and read the telegram. I walked the floor in suspense. Then, suddenly from without, I heard a footfall. The man entered. "Here is another part pertaining to that telegram; we evidently did not receive it all." He handed it to me. "This just came through."

"Will you send an answer for me?" I hesitated. "Or—or is that possible?"

He assured me that it was possible. I opened the telegram and tried my best to be calm. It read:

"Son, do not worry; I am not going to be gone long. I have received bad news concerning one we both love who is on the earth planet and therefore I must go. I want to be as near her as possible.

Father."

I folded the telegram—my thoughts raced—I felt somehow so discouraged, so alone and tired. I stepped to my writing desk and wrote the following: "Dear Father:

"I am depending upon you—I will wait eagerly for your next word."

I rose, folded it, and handed it to the man waiting on the threshold. I paced the floor. For some time I felt most helpless and unstrung; but sitting down at my desk, I calmed myself. I realized that it would do no good for me to be anything else but calm or I would spoil my work and hinder my progress. I sent forth a prayer that my father would find help and

save the dear one, bringing her out of all darkness and trouble.

As I sat there my eyes fell again upon the book which I had laid down when the man had knocked. It lay open now and my eyes caught the following words—it seemed a voice spoke them: "Have faith, cast out fear, do not worry, trust that God is near, and life everywhere and at all times will cease to be a strife." I found a great comfort in these words.

I turned the pages. On the first page was one word in gold letters: "Spirit." I turned the page and read these lines: "A soul to be successful must cast aside human doubts, which are not of the great life." I pondered. I sat thinking and reading for a long time, and then growing tired I concluded I needed some rest. I put the book down and went into my bedroom and retired. When I rose I felt decidedly rested—I worked on my next lesson for the day, before leaving the house.

When I opened my door, I found another telegram. I tore open the envelope and read:

"Dear son:

"Everything all right—will see you in a short time."

I folded it carefully and put it in my book and started out for school. I walked slowly down the street. I was pondering when some one took my arm. I looked up and saw my professor.

He smiled. "Well—so you are ready for school and studies?" I nodded.

We heard the bell ring. We had our breakfast, as you would call it on the earth, and then I went to

my class-room with him. There was another bell ringing when the teacher took his place.

He gave each of us a piece of paper. I wondered why he did not give us any directions—but he just stood there silent and motionless. I saw several pupils around me take up their pencils and I did also. It was then he said, "Class, write, 'I can read'."

I gave this some thought and then wrote the words in the astral language.

The teacher stepped from his desk and looked at my work. He nodded with approval and told me it was correct. This was encouraging. He watched me write it again several times and then he said, "You will soon advance into another class if you keep on that way." I thanked him. Then he gave me a lesson to learn for the next day, which I was to give before the class. I studied this until the bell rang. I put my books away and rose, but found all the others calmly sitting still. I sat down and did not attempt to rise again until the teacher gave the order, and then the whole class rose in a body and filed out.

I did not leave the room but stepped to the teacher who was busy with some papers on his desk.

"You do not mean to say, do you," I asked "that this short time is the class period?"

"Yes, my friend; we do not hold the regular class until a later period—this is a study period. You will now go to the class in numerals. Walk down the hall to the end door on the right."

I thanked him and took my leave. I entered the classroom and took the only empty seat. The professor did not see me enter and continued with his work,

without a pause. He was unmistakably an Englishman. I tried to decide whom he resembled, for his face seemed familiar. Suddenly it came to me and I rose and cried out, "Gladstone!"

He turned with a slight frown. I realized I had done a most improper thing during the class period, but his face lighted as he looked at me keenly and he exclaimed, much to my relief:

"Ah, yes, my countryman, Kitchener." He stepped to me and took my hand with a firm grasp. "I am so glad to see you—I am greatly interested in our country and you see my whole class consists of Englishmen; that is, they represented that nationality while on the earth plane." He paused, then went on speaking, "I wish to see you after class. I shall then have some time to talk with you."

I took my seat and he resumed his duties. Presently he spoke to the class from the front of the room:

"This is a new class and I am your first teacher in this subject so I want you to pay attention, for you must begin right with me."

I was certain I for one in that room would give him every attention.

He stepped to the blackboard, which took up one side of the large room, and we worked upon different problems he wrote upon the board.

I found the class enjoyable. Then a bell rang. The class rose and filed out of the room, all but another young man and myself. He asked Gladstone several questions and then, taking his books, he left. I then took my turn.

Gladstone took my hand as he exclaimed, "I am a good friend of your father." I assured him I was

happy to know it. He then said, "I teach seventeen classes: Literature, politics, chemistry, architecture, science, invention, mind elements, astral bodies, thoughts realized, surgery, penmanship, art, music, science of the physical, aviation, correct flying, Spirit."

We talked of many, many things and finally he took my arm as he said, "Come, visit me."

Together we went out of the building, and into a side street. We entered a house at the end of the street. It was a small house and the walls were lined with books. I felt very much at home in the comfortable surroundings.

I was sitting enjoying the harmony when a bell rang shrilly. Gladstone rose. He took up the receiver of a small instrument which was similar to a telephone. "Yes, this is Gladstone," he said. He smiled as a voice on the wire said something in return. He went on speaking. "Yes, Tolstoi, Kitchener is here—yes, he is doing good work." He glanced at me. "It is Tolstoi and he is coming up here to visit us."

I was much pleased and said, "Ask him to hurry; I am most anxious to see him."

He nodded and delivered my request. It was evidently met with warm approval by Tolstoi, for Gladstone smiled again and nodded. With a few more remarks he hung up the receiver.

We resumed our conversation which had been interrupted. He told me of his astral existence and of his interests in that plane and touched lightly upon his earthly experiences. He spoke of his studies, mentioned his intention to go on with the work, and told

me he was anxious to interest everyone in several new planes which he had discovered. He told me the astral was yet in the making. He spoke of his hopes and aspirations.

He rose and walked across the room and opened a small panel in the wall. Taking out a book, he laid it upon the table. "I have here a complete map of the universe."

I drew my chair closer to the table upon which he had laid the book. He opened it. There was a circle upon the page and within it were the planets.

He waited until I had formed my conclusion upon the drawing and then he said, "Now, I am going to show you something else which is wonderful." He turned the page and this is what I read:

- "1. Inner circle—inner astral is the principle of spirit.
- "2. Conscious astral is mind.
- "3. State of development beyond the physical sense is eternity.
- "4. Harmony of colors is in the artistic circle.
- "5. Conception of the bodies is the eternal vibration
- "6. Science and life's mastery of the soul."

I was intensely interested. Every word he uttered was important to me. Within the huge circle on this page were four numbers—1, 2, 3, 4.

"Circle 1. The base existence is expressed.

"Circle 2. The consciousness of life.

"Circle 3. Spirit in the physical thought.

"Circle 4. The Life and Mind, supreme over all."

Gladstone explained this: "The sun planet gen-

erates vibrations of the mind. It is a planet of sensation, warmth, love, hate, and fire. The manifestations of the planets are decided new. Men are yet in the beginning. Mind is the master. The astral must be realized or all is lost. It must become a fact, not merely a belief. The astral is a world of its own."

At this moment the door opened and Tolstoi entered. I rose and took his hand. He sat down and I told him how glad I was to see him. With his keen eyes upon me, he asked, "Are you satisfied here?"

"Yes, quite satisfied."

Gladstone spoke. "I have been giving him many facts."

"Yes, he has," I said, "and they are marvelous ones." I was anxious to express my appreciation.

After some little time had passed, Gladstone rose and pressed a small button in the side of the wall. Almost immediately a young man entered.

"Prepare a place for Tolstoi; he is staying here to-night."

With a nod the youth left the room. We resumed our talk. I learned a great deal from listening to these two great men. I felt I could listen to them for hours. I thought of nothing now except to learn and learn. There seemed such an endless stream of knowledge. Knowledge here seemed to be the vital means of advancement, which no wealth could buy. Only striving, suffering, giving, trying to help, and wanting to learn could make one the example of a real helper—one who could go without fear or ignorance to help those in need—and be filled with a life which is eternal, and a knowledge which is everlasting.

Suddenly a thought came to me and immediately I put it into question,—“Have I been here before?”

They nodded. “Many times,” replied Tolstoi.

“Why do I not remember it? Why is that previous knowledge of no help to me?”

They smiled kindly, and then Gladstone spoke:

“Well, you remember it in your subconscious mind—, in that mind you know all things, Kitchener, only the test and the life of the physical is so predominant now that the subconscious is in a higher realm of thought and is not impressing you to any great extent. That is why you have to learn and learn, for the physical thought is holding you back—not only your own thought but the thought of millions who believe you still live in the flesh, or that you are dead. By the word, ‘dead,’ I mean they think you are not able to express any longer in ways similar to the earth’s. Those are the people who believe not in the powers of the astral. You have to overcome that thought, know you are here, living a new, eternal life, and that the other was only one page in your book of tests which must become to you like mere trifles to profit by, and yet not become so engrossed that you do not think of the higher life and the eternity which is the expression of the great God.” He turned to Tolstoi. “Is this not so?”

The kindly face of Tolstoi lighted up and he nodded with approval. “The reason you have advanced as rapidly as you have is because you are not as physical as some. You are slightly conscious of the soul within you that already knows these things—you have not forgotten them and it will not be so very long before you will remember every time you were

here. Every time one comes back here, he is filled with a greater knowledge and expresses it. You know things now about the physical and spiritual life you did not know before."

"You are right," I said. I paused a moment gathering words to express myself. "I do not think the astral is unknown to me. I seem to accept almost everything that happens, and somehow it does not seem so very strange to me and you know one has to have great faith and balance to comprehend this—world." I laughed lightly, although more with pleasure surging through me than any other vibration, for I was now thoroughly reconciled to my new existence and was glad to be fitting into it so well.

We chatted for some time and then I rose to go.

"Going?" asked Gladstone softly.

"Yes, I think I will." I added, "For some reason I cannot get over the tired feeling that comes over me ever so often—" I stopped speaking, reluctant to admit any weakness before these two great men.

"Of course you are tired; you must slowly overcome the earthly thought of bodily fatigue—that, too, is not alone your own thought but the physical thought vibration in your outer aura—it will all leave you in time," said Tolstoi.

Gladstone reached out his hand and pressed a button and a young man entered. "Please accompany Lord Kitchener home," requested Gladstone.

I rose to leave. Gladstone said, "I do not suppose you know why I am not asking you also to stay at my house tonight?"

I shook my head slowly. "Well, I thank you,

anyway. I feel more like going home," and then added quickly, "not that I do not like it here."

He smiled. "Well, the reason that you should go is because you are so sensitive and should not change your environment too often at first."

The youth opened the door as Gladstone said, "The lad who will escort you home is a private pupil of mine, and in return he gives service."

I walked close beside the youth as we made our way through the darkness, and I thought of something I would like to know so I asked, "Why is it dark on this particular plane?"

He turned to me and his two large expressive eyes fell upon me. "It is dark here because there are a great many like yourself who need the darkness and quiet of night. The very thought of rest is relaxation to physical senses; it is not dark far up in the higher realms; but one has to work to go there; he must know so much that sometimes—" he glanced around as if he were afraid some one besides myself might hear him—"I wonder if I shall ever learn enough to go there? They tell of the marvels there, and there are some things which are secrets, also, because it is of a high order, one which does good only, protects and helps. There are many circles there with leaders who are far advanced; they have learned lesson after lesson and passed. One must pass to go there. These circles watch over the whole universe. If some time I might go there—" his whole face became illumined and I could see it clearly now, for as he spoke thus his aura turned into a yellow reflection around him and touched me also with a soft warmth and tenderness. I knew then that the light he spoke

of came from the illumined bodies and auras of those great souls who had been tested and not found wanting.

"You will go there some time—" I stopped speaking for the light in his face made me think carefully of my words. He was so tense and ready to believe my words, I wanted to speak only the truth whether it pleased him or not.

"What makes you think I shall go there?" he asked in a low tone.

"Because you are looking upward and not down, because you wish to be one of them, and you look not down to the physical but up to the spiritual, and with that hope in you to be like Him, you will undoubtedly follow in His footsteps."

I wondered where these words I spoke came from, I said them so easily and graciously, but I was to know later that they came from within my soul,—that age-old, eternity-old knowledge which helps and directs from the one great force and source.

We had by this time arrived at my house and I bade him farewell and entered. I had suddenly lost fatigue, but I did not know why; nevertheless, I entered my room and laid my body down and it was not long before I lost consciousness.

When I arose it was some time later,—I had no means to tell me how long, for here we do not have time. I went into my front room and, sitting down by my desk, I took out a book. Opening it I began to read. I liked the opening words, which were as follows:

"Men of the earth are still in the making. They are clay in the hands of their own tests. They are

moulded by the attitude which they take concerning that which they have to do. The great soul takes his task in hand and tries his best to do the right thing and accomplish the lesson with a smile and kind words to others on the way. There are few on the earth who really know when they have passed their tests, but we all know when we come here. There is a time for every one to meet the judges,—then the great Judge, and the knowledge is forthcoming."

The next day at school I was surprised at how much I learned, not boasting of course upon my own personal abilities. I enjoyed myself and liked everything that was assigned to me to do. The lesson this day was not so very long. The class I was in seemed to advance very rapidly. I was given a special book by the teacher. I studied it intently when I reached my home. I read many things, such as this: The astral is created by thought, emotion, and life,—yet is a reality expressed in things unseen and seen by the physical eyes.

"Then I came upon an interesting map and read: We will say there is a circle visible around the whole universe, for the universe is in a circle. There are two sets of planets. They form twelve in a group. One group represents the masculine and the other the feminine. But in reality there is no division; both are in one, because they are within the supreme circle of the universe. The astral is a group of planets astrologers will discover sometime. This might be done if the heavens were investigated in certain directions at different times of the year, month, date, hour, and minute. The astral is in position to be seen once every year; very plainly every two years and would be

quite visible every fourth year, if a more powerful telescope were invented than the largest one now used upon the earth plane. There were several very good dates in the past few years when the astral could have been located if all conditions had been right, such as July 1, 1921; February 22, 1922. The next best date will be during April, 1924. Some of the astral schools or group of planets can be seen. In reality they will some time be seen. First, each would appear like a small silver ball with a gold ring about it. The ball would be so tiny it would be scarcely visible and it would take the most powerful lens in a great telescope yet to be invented to discern it.

"People of the earth are skeptical of the astral; they should not be. It is a world similar to the earth plane. The astral is hoping and striving for recognition, for after the discovery, fear will forever leave man, as long as man does his very best.

"You must realize, though, how far the astral is from the earth plane. When man discovers the reality of the astral, he will never die. He will set about to scientifically communicate with the astral and to bring together the thought of the two planets. Men will then receive ways and means to go there. You might ask, "Why don't the people of the astral come back here in visible physical forms and prove to the world the facts?" The reason for this is that the thoughts of mortals in general are against it. The thoughts of the people rule the earth. Thought is everything. Most of those existing on the earth plane prevent the astral beings from appearing to them, through their physical fears, hate, cruelty, and doubt. All this holds back the great development.

"The earth is considered here as the planet of error, because of the discordant influences which arise constantly. The astral realizes that to try to force the way to the earth or to try to break down the barrier the earth plane has built would be most impossible, for there must be co-operation. For this to occur, the people of the earth plane must, in time, either perish or be helped out of the material state of thought. Hindrance and doubt allow the darkness and space to intervene and destroy. The astral is a great distance from the earth, but more so in thought than in so-called measured mileage.

"Mars is the planet of war implements, and inventions. Many inventions of this war were received from there through the minds of mortals who received them in the thought vibration. Venus is the planet of music and art. There are hundreds of planets that express knowledge, thirty-six important ones, which may be seen through a powerful telescope not yet invented. There are many planets of which the earth people do not know as yet. There are three very large and important movable planets which are not known by the earth people; seven spiritual planets, which cannot be seen at this time; and the main group of high astral planets. The astral must be recognized or all is lost with the earth plane.

"The face of the earth comes from an ancient, earthly origin. It used to be the name of the earth planet. It was so called by the mythologists. It was defined as the origin of God's head and face. The astral was His solar-plexus—or soul. The space about was unseen spirit.

"The earth was one time a planet of great knowl-

edge—it ruled all of God's planets, but at last the head was overpowered by the soul, aided by the Spirit; mind therefore, did not rule, but the soul ruled. The head was then set aside for learning—the soul accomplished the thinking and directed the mind. The real thinking originated in the soul and came into expression through the mind under direction. The lessons which man learns are accomplished in the soul. A man needs knowledge—he is sent to the earth in order to learn his lesson and, later, returns to the astral, or soul, and expresses what he has learned. The spirit rules supreme. He will develop there. Man is an expression of God's soul. Everywhere is God's spirit. He is supreme and everlasting light. The astral is symbolic of God's body and his organs. The human man is like unto God.

"The liver represents the planet of medical and surgical theories.

"The spleen, the planet of chemicalizations.

"The appendix, the planet of intelligent inner sight or psychology.

"The abdomen, or the solar-plexus, life and its elements, its movements and its reality, its success.

"The intestines, the planet of the sub-conscious mind in medical elements.

"The kidneys indicate the planet of invention and action.

"The lungs: The right lung is the seat of origina-tive powers; the left lung, unfoldment of the mechanical fluids of the body.

"The tonsils shape the planet of desire and originality.

"The mouth is the planet of the art of speech,

command of language, and all of the arts and sciences, music, and any kind of harmonious sounds.

"The nose, the planet of the sensitive mechanism of explosives of the mind, body, and space.

"The eyes: The right eye—inner sight, spirituality, literary and musical ability; the left eye is physical knowledge, understanding, and knowledge of the technical arts.

"The forehead is the planet of desire and of the physical, encouraged at times by the spiritual sight of the best of man.

"The top of the head and brain is the wireless planet of the astral.

"The heart is the planet of expression and reflection of all soul arts.

"The sexes: Male—the planet of strength and power. Female—the planet of love and truth.

"The hands: The right hand represents dominion in all arts of expression.

"The left hand—fighting ability and power of the individual.

"The right foot is swift action and movement and ability and quickness of brain; the left foot is scientific ability and mechanical inclination.

"Every part of the body expresses and means something; even the nails upon the hands. They are reflectors of the astral. Some artists gain expression by the quality of the nails. Some like them long, for they reflect a certain phase. The artist is more apt to have his nails long and pointed. The nails of a more practical person are inclined to be square, and shorter and more rounded at the ends. That is the phase of their expression, and it some-

times is found on a capable nurse, mechanic, book-keeper, business man of the practical world, the learned man, the man who is thorough and capable in money lines, or an accountant. Those with the long nails are more apt to be artists, writers, inventors, dancers, humorists, actresses, actors, or wireless operators. The man who is a musician and a critic usually has extremely long hands with tapering fingers and naturally long nails. A man with a long, slim hand who is an artist in soul, should keep his nails long and through them will come unseen knowledge; the man who wants to become very practical, and who has no ability toward art should allow his nails to be more square. Successful co-operation in every detail should be made; and, although this seems unnecessary and a bit unusual, it is the truth and the truth is always the best advice to follow. Try it; keep your nails well shaped if you are in the artistic world—and keep them especially well manicured and always with a good polish and thus aid by the reflection on the physical nail as on the spiritual nail, for the nail strengthens connection and if the physical is as brilliant as the spiritual nail it is bound to be successful in its task to make clear its messages to the sub-conscious mind and, later, to reflect to the conscious mind. The hands are the so-called cords which connect the wires between the astral and the physical world.

“Man was the first creation of God, made like unto Himself.

“The limbs are the creative action. The being of man is a world of its own. Life elements exist in man. We do not realize how each man kept perfect enables us to do our part. Man can not be perfect in body

when he allows some part of his body—his life—to be cut out of him. He must needs suffer through it, for it is not intended by God. What if God should cast aside one of his organs? What would become of the life on that planet? God, Himself, would not be wholly Himself. These operations serve on earth. They are well enough if absolutely necessary, but in the astral the individual has to go to a hospital, to undergo treatments in order to renew the lost organ. Sometimes it takes a long time, and much depends upon the advancement of the mind of the individual. Man has much to learn about himself.

If man learned more about himself, and mind control, and not of wars and creeds, he would be a capable personage, fit to fight the battle of astral psychology and physiology in the change which marks the end of his short life here on earth.

"Some men are sensible in some ways and foolish in others. That is because some brain cells at the base of the mind are developed more than are others.

Man's duty is to correct his own individual mind, habits, and creeds, before interfering with his brother, no matter what color or nationality he is. Physical man has some good points, no matter how base he may be. But great is the man who cleans up his own home (mind) before he condemns his neighbor's. Man has usually a feeling of resentment against all who criticise him and judge him, but did he ever stop to think that perhaps he is as severe on his opponents?

"Man's downfall is his lack of steady progress. In most cases he does not push forward as much as he should. He should learn about himself instead of preaching to make the world a better place to live in.

If every man, everywhere, were to attend strictly to himself and refuse to condemn or criticise his brother, but just close his physical eyes to his brother's faults and think instead how he could correct his own, the physical would be a better place to live in. Everyone would be clean-minded and reflect God's image. If a man's mind is not clean, his body matters not, for soon the cobwebs of sin and hate will show upon the body. Man will learn such lessons harshly. The body of man is, in truth, God's temple. It is the universal foundation of life. Wish your body to be big, strong, and handsome, straight and clean, and filled with physical expression as well as spiritual. The best type of man is the man who sees himself as he really is. When a man sees himself as others see him, he is not on the road to the goal, the higher way. Mind cannot work alone; it takes a body to assist. God without space could not express himself in action or everlasting life. No mind can work without a body. No body can work without a mind. Keep both clean, God's image, and then you hold the secret to success—the key to everlasting life.

"The astral is floating in space and space is life. Life is God and, therefore, space is the body of God; the astral, His soul; the atmosphere, His spirit; the heart, His schools. Everything is after a fashion of its own.

"The world is a reflection of God. Man is a constructor of thought and that thought is of God. God creates man as His idea. Once that idea, man never dies; his reflection is a part of the creator. The astral schools teach, and the lessons are of the Creator's

mind. What a glorious Maker we have—so powerful and so filled with love!

"Man has no conception of the goodness of God. Evil is man created, for God originally created man as Himself, to rule the world he placed him in, the world within Himself; and He gave man individual thought. Man was not satisfied with one world but he attempted to rule more than his own. He was first a mere puppet but he wanted to become like his Creator. God always reflects in man. Everything which is good is directly from God. Man's mind and thought might have some power, but God's has so much more that asking His aid is all that is necessary to restore good.

1. The way to close your mind to evil and be one with God is to say often, "God is good."

2. Manifest God in every way—to achieve anything worth while.

I closed the book as there came a rap at the door. I rose and opened it. There stood Tolstoi. He entered and I asked him to sit down. As he sank back in the chair, he said, "I am certainly glad to see you again—and here."

I told him I was very well satisfied.

"I am so glad,—for I am greatly interested in you."

I was pleased to hear him say this.

He leaned forward. "King Edward VII wishes to see you."

"When does he want to see me?"

"This evening. Will you go with me?"

I told him it would be a pleasure.

"We shall start shortly," he said. Then he leaned

back and looked at me for a long time in silence. After a time he said slowly, "We are much disturbed here over the war, the steady stream of souls departing from earth filled with hatred, malice, cruelty, distress, fear, and despair, and it has been very trying. We find things here are becoming congested."

I was silent as he paused. He went on more slowly, with a shake of his head, "Really this is the worst condition that we have ever tried to meet. We face a mighty proposition." He hesitated. His face paled and he clasped his hands over his knees, leaning forward a trifle. His voice was deep and tense. "So many souls to save and some so fearful of death! Their advancement while in that condition is impossible. Others are so filled with revenge and hate that nothing can be seen through their immortal eyes but dark shadows and fiendish thoughts. Others come here with some religion imprinted upon their soul minds, and they pass on to this plane with confidence in a heaven—a heaven of angels with wings, and golden harps and singing everywhere. Such thoughts are not made manifest here because this is a plane of progression—a plane of steady work, not play. And so they dwell in semi-darkness, their only light a faint gleam of their delusion. I wish I could help them; I am trying my best. Then there are others who come with a thought of uncertainty, of doubt and wonder. Others come with their bodies, as well as their minds, shattered wrecks, their hope gone, fearing everlasting death, fire, and brimstone. There are those of no creed or religious beliefs other than trust in God. The man who is fearless, who does his duty, who is not filled with revenge but with calm submis-

sion, who passes over knowing there is a beyond and wanting to find out what it is, comes open and ready to receive. He is receptive and advancement is quickly gained."

"When do you think the war will end?"

He reflected a moment. "According to the book of the statistics of thought, the war should have come to an end before now, but November, 1918, will see its close with our help.

"But that is some time yet."

"No, not so very long—this is the earthly year 1917. You have been here some time now."

"Have I been here that long?" I sat up straighter, a little amazed. Tolstoi rose with a nod and paced the floor.

"I have taken to live with me a soldier, crippled of mind and body—a Persian."

"A Persian?"

He nodded as he turned and looked down at me. "Yes, he must be helped. Then I have an English lad; he is very young in earthly years, but an old, old soul. His home was in London when on the earth. He fought several years in the war, in some of the biggest battles. He was a member of a famous regiment. He talks continually of his experiences when captured and held in the enemy's camp. I try to help him all I can. He won two medals for his bravery and was decorated by General Foch. His record was a very brilliant one. After being exchanged from the enemy's camps, he returned to England and recovered slowly from a terrible illness. Then he joined his company in battle and fell in the field. He is quite a lad,

just like a son to me. I talk with him continually. I am glad to see he is advancing."

I expressed my desire to meet him and received a promise that I should. He talked on and on of things which interested me. Then for some time he sat thinking. He looked up afterward and his face was brighter. "You will soon be able to help souls."

I rose to my feet. "I will. I am ready at any time."

He faced me. "You speak like the soldier you are, Kitchener." I bowed and thanked him. Then he turned abruptly as he said, "We must be going."

We left the house and made our way hurriedly down the street. When we arrived at the aerial landing, he was silent as we waited. It was not long before I realized he was listening to something, and then he began to speak. Then it was I noticed a round metallic plate which he held to his left ear. I did not ask him any questions, although I wondered what it was.

After some time he turned to me. "That is my private connection on the wireless."

Suddenly, out of the night, loomed the airship. We entered it and I felt the trembling sensation as it rose. We made our way to a large compartment where others were seated, and found chairs. We were talking when we heard a voice cry out, "We'll get them."

I half rose to my feet. Tolstoi rose, and I followed him. We went down a long, narrow passage. We came to a door from whence the cries were coming. Tolstoi opened it, and I saw a man and woman who were trying to hold a youth. He did not seem to see Tolstoi, but he did see me. I found out later

it was because my thoughts were not so far advanced as Tolstoi's at this time. He looked at me and cried pitifully:

"They'll never get me; I'll get them—I am after them—See them coming. Come on, Buddie, go after them." He held up his hand, swayed, and then cried, "My God, they have got me—I am done."

He fell forward with a sob and lay still. After a moment he began to moan, "Oh, it is dark; I am afraid to die—Oh! Oh!—"

I stood motionless, watching him, wondering what I could do to help. With a quick jerk he turned on his side and was silent and still.

Tolstoi took my arm. "Come, we cannot do any good here, and you are not in a condition to stay."

I turned to leave. The woman spoke to Tolstoi. "We just found him; he was in darkness; his suffering was terrible. I am his sister and we are taking him to a hospital for illusions."

Tolstoi reassured her. "He will recover."

I withdrew. Tolstoi looked at me seriously and said, "Stay in the passageway for a moment, Kitchener; I want to talk with the sister."

He joined me in a short time and we went back to our seats.

"He was an American when on earth, in the 363rd Infantry. He left from New York. His bravery is now being recorded on the earth. The imprint of what he has been enduring is so serious he is far from recovery, but his case is not hopeless. This is an illustration of what I was speaking about."

He was silent for a long time. I remained quiet, also. At last he turned to me. "I am help-

less in my pity—I must—I must look on and know God is good and establish it in my consciousness. I sometimes forget to use my little knowledge to advantage.” He paused a moment and continued, “We must not fail to use what little knowledge we have, because if we do not we shall lose it.” He leaned back in his chair and was silent. Suddenly he rose. “Here we are.”

I rose and followed him out of the airship. When we had landed we stepped at once into a waiting machine. We fairly flew along, and on and on into the dark night.

When the machine came to a stop, we stepped out, and, after walking some distance up a pathway, we came in sight of a brilliantly lighted house. He took my arm. “We are at Queen Elizabeth’s. You will find her different from what you expect.”

We went up the steps and entered the house. Queen Elizabeth stepped forward and took my hand. She smiled and her face lighted. She turned to Toilstoi. “I am so glad you brought him.”

We walked across the room. There we met King Edward VII. He and I had a long conversation concerning a matter which interested us both, and we arrived at several satisfying conclusions. Then a stately lady, her face glowing with light, came slowly forward, her eyes lighted. I bowed low. It was Queen Victoria. She smiled upon me. She talked with me a moment and then she walked to a high-backed chair and sat down. I met several others. Then it was my father who came into view. He gripped my hand. We were together a few moments in private conversation when a voice spoke. “Lord Kitchener!”

I turned and found the speaker to be a young captain I had known when on the earth plane, a friend of mine, whose acquaintance I had made while on a special trip on official business in Europe. We shook hands. He met my father, and we all talked on general subjects. Queen Elizabeth spoke, "Come, friends, to a simple meal I have prepared. I want you all to make yourselves at home."

We proceeded into the dining-room and sat down before a long table. The meal over, we went back into the library. I took my father into a corner for a quiet chat. We had been there for about half an hour when Queen Elizabeth stepped up to us.

"You busy men, we need your co-operation to make my little party a success. Do not sit way over here by yourselves and forget the rest of us," she said with a bright smile.

I bowed. "Dear lady, forgive us."

My father echoed my apologies to her. We walked across the room and joined the others. I talked with King Edward and asked him about Queen Mary. He informed me that her class kept her later than usual. I spoke to Queen Victoria again. Then a tall, slim young man rose and sat down before an instrument which reminded me of a piano. He began to play and his fingers fairly flew over the keys. He was indeed a marvelous musician and was requested to play again. He had scarcely finished his second number when Queen Mary entered. Queen Elizabeth stepped forward to meet her. They clasped hands. Queen Mary spoke, "I am late; please forgive me."

Queen Elizabeth nodded. "Most certainly you

are forgiven." She led Queen Mary to my side. I bowed.

"My dear lady, it is a pleasure to meet you again," I said.

She took my hand and smiled graciously. I was about to ask her some questions and tell her about my experiences but refrained, for her face suddenly went pale and her eyes widened. I turned and looked around. The room was in tense silence. What met my eyes caused a little tremor to pass through me. There was a tall being standing in the doorway. Her hair, mixed with gray and gold, straggled about her. Her eyes stared wide. She was uncertain; her hands twitched as they clasped and unclasped. She looked around the room in a shifty, disturbing, and yet pitiful manner. Her gown of faded blue hung in rags and tatters. Her feet were sandaled. Her face was ash-gray; it hurt to look upon it; and yet in her strange wild face was sensitive beauty.

I took a step toward her; pity made me, and I held out my hand to her as she swayed.

But Queen Mary touched my arm. "Wait," she said in a tense, low voice. The woman held out her arms. Queen Mary stepped forward. "What do you want?" she asked clearly.

The woman smiled queerly. "Have you seen my little boy?"

Queen Mary shook her head slowly, "No," she replied.

The woman gave a sob. "I—I have looked everywhere."

Queen Mary stepped nearer. "What did your little boy look like?"

The woman stood still. For some time her face was practically a blank. Then she smiled, a smile which lighted her whole face.

"He was a very pretty little boy with golden hair and blue—blue eyes. I used to tell him they were like the far away skies." She paused, "So loving, too—just a dear little boy—but he is not here?"

She looked about again. Despair came into her piteous face.

Queen Mary stepped forward. "Your little boy is not here, but how did you get in?"

The woman moaned, "Oh, I go everywhere to find my little son—he is all I have—I am so lonely—" She stepped forward.

Queen Mary reached her side. "You poor, lost soul."

The woman sighed. "No, no, I am not lost, just my little boy—and I—cannot find him."

Queen Mary held her close. "We will find him." She drew the woman into her arms. She uttered these words, "Evil one, be cast out!"

The woman uttered a cry at her words. "I am dying—all is dark," she exclaimed.

Queen Mary held the woman. "Yes, you evil one, your wickedness is dead. This soul is free."

The woman became suddenly limp and sank forward. Queen Mary held her up. Two men entered the room and carried the woman out. Queen Mary said, "Take her to my home." She stood a moment silent and motionless; the color left her face, even to her lips. She exclaimed, "Go, you evil one; learn the goodness of God."

I saw a shadowy form slink away from the

woman; the color rushed into her face. Queen Mary turned to me, saying, "Dear friend, a worthy mission takes me away." She spoke to Queen Elizabeth and also said farewell to the others and left the room.

Queen Elizabeth said to me, "The woman was obsessed. Mary ordered the evil one away; now the woman will recover her own mind and her soul will come into her astral body."

The rest of the evening passed quietly. My father informed me I might go home with him to stay for the night.

I bade Queen Elizabeth and her guests farewell, and my father, Tolstoi, and I departed. After we had taken Tolstoi to the airship landing, we made our way to my father's house. I retired immediately. The next morning I entered the library and my father gave me a message. It was from Queen Mary, requesting me to visit her. My father offered to take me there. We entered his machine and it was not long before we arrived at her home.

As soon as we entered she exclaimed, "Oh, I want to talk with you! I am so glad you came."

"My pleasure, dear lady," said I and added, "How is your patient?"

She smiled. "She is herself again. Come."

I followed her down a long hallway to a room which we entered. A woman rose from a chair. Her hair of gray-gold was combed neatly and her face was slightly flushed. Her eyes did not seem dark or tired and she smiled as she said, "This is the woman I brought home. She was a well-known person on the earth, but through the loss of her boy-child, she became weak physically. An earth-bound spirit then

obsessed her until it dwelt within her body, physically and spiritually; but she won. She is free now, and the son she so dearly loves is grown. He is with her again."

"Why was she earth-bound so long?"

Queen Mary replied, "Because she could not resist and the only clear thought was of the son. The earth-bound spirit, through her sensitive advanced mind and body, intended to come among the students of the high realms—pass by in the spiritual body of another and gain advancement which did not belong to it. The poor, lost being fought so terribly the struggle told and the spiritual was wrecked; however, we could see the reality of the truth, and the obsessing earth-bound was revealed. The woman is now free forever."

I bowed. To me the cure was marvelous, something proving the power of faith in a supreme source.

She led me from the room. "Come, I want you to meet the British laddie I have with me. He was a soldier in this great war."

She opened the door to another room. A young man sat with his head bowed, silent and still. Softly she approached him. "Edwin," she said. The head lifted and a pair of gray eyes met mine; sad, pleading, strange, and rather tired eyes.

She said softly, "Lord Kitchener."

A faint smile came to the lips of the lad. He rose, bowed, and then saluted.

"Lord Kitchener, when a small boy you were my knight—my ideal—I am honored."

I returned his salute. A wistful smile lighted his face. Then a darkness crept into his eyes

and a pleading, "I do not seem to become interested here. My being is so tired and in the silence I hear the dull, steady, cruel rumble of the guns. I hear the cries of my comrades. I suffer in living it all over again. I think forgetting the past is the most difficult task we have to accomplish here." He swayed. "My mother—I hear her calling after me just as I heard her when I was hurrying away down the path from our old home when I went to war—'Son, come back again to mother. Oh, son—son—I will be waiting.' I heard those words through it all until the end—and now in the new existence I hear them still." He bowed his head. "I want to go back and caress her white hair—sit by her knee—listen to her voice—I am so lonely here."

He sighed and then he looked up directly at me. I tried to speak but could not, so I turned half away from him.

Queen Mary went to him. "Remember your promise, Edwin. You must keep it. Think of the future; the only death is the past. Life is here in the present and in the future—new and abundant and filled with love and truth."

He nodded and she turned and walked to the door. I followed, and we withdrew from the room.

We walked down the hallway to her library and she said, "Please sit down and make yourself at home. To refresh you, I will send for something to drink which has the taste and quality of tea." I bowed.

I enjoyed this stimulating beverage although she quietly refused to drink any. Then we talked, for I had many things to tell her and she told me of subjects in which I was interested.

When she rose she said, "Would you like to visit an old friend of mine?"

I bowed, assuring her I would.

"Who do you think she was the last time she was on the earth?" she asked me with a smile. "Queen Maria of Spain."

I bowed. "An honor!"

We went out and entered a small car and sped along easily. She did not speak often; she seemed to be in intent thought. I had noticed whenever I was in a machine those in it were thoughtful. It then came to me that their minds must be concentrated on the destination.

Suddenly the machine came to a stop before what seemed to be a castle. Queen Mary stepped to the door and raised the great knocker. Presently the door opened and we entered.

The place was rather dimly lighted and I realized a sense of peace. I followed Queen Mary. At a large door stood a woman with pure white hair and a gown of blue hanging in loose artistic folds. Her shapely hands were clasped and she smiled at me as she drew near; then she held out one of her hands, as Queen Mary said, "This is Lord Kitchener. He is a friend of mine."

I took her hand. She then turned and led us into a small but gorgeous room. She sat down and her gentle eyes fell upon me. She smiled as Queen Mary asked, "Oh, Maria, will you please show Lord Kitchener your garden?"

Queen Maria rose and with a nod she said, "Yes, yes, come and I will show you."

We followed her down the hallway to a door and

then through it and down some stairs and out into a beautiful garden. The flowers were the most beautiful I have ever seen. The colors were unusual. They were brilliant and appealing. I beheld them silently and in awe and wonder. Such flowers never grew in the earth's most beautiful garden. I touched one near me,—it was so soft, so tender. Words could not describe its exquisite perfection.

Queen Maria stooped to pluck a beautiful blossom, saying, "I will show you the correct way to pick a flower here and on the earth-plane as well. Take the tender stem between the thumb and first and second fingers. Press the stem hard and then take the other hand and carefully bend the flower toward you. Hold it tightly with one hand while with the other you break or cut the stem loose about one inch from the branching point, upon taking it into the house dip it in very cold water, shake it twice hard, then twirl it around three times. If an earth plane person who wishes to see a loved one's face is a sensitive and the vibrations are right and he has faith he should place the flower before that loved one's picture.

"The flower colors best for people born in the following months are: January, red rose; February, dark yellow rose; March, a lavender flower; April, pink or yellow flower; May, blue flower; June, red rosebud; July, a very large red rose; August, a cream colored rose; September, a pink rose; October, red and white carnation; November, white camellia; December, pure white full-blown rose.

"The flower-world expresses the colors of the loved ones and in time mortals can see the astral

faces reflected in the blossoms if there is great faith. Turn the flower toward the East in the day and in the evening toward the West. The water should be changed once a day; if possible at the same hour each day and always in the morning." She paused, looking at the beautiful blossom. "Flowers are mirrors of the soul—the reflection to the earth of the astral faces. Flower lovers are usually sensitive, I mean the mortal upon the earth who possesses the flower because he loves it, not because it adds to physical beauty. Those people who really love flowers are sensitive and artistic, as a rule. Come, let me show you my favorite flower—you will see something very wonderful," and she pointed to the right of one of the rows of flowers. "There is my favorite."

I drew back; I was delighted with what I saw. The flower was enormous and of a wonderful color. "I keep the memory of my past reincarnation in that rose." She walked over to it. It was swaying proudly, somewhat like a queen itself, a queen of the flower kingdom. She pointed into its red heart. I thought I saw a face in it, but she turned from it, calling, "Come."

We followed her up the pathway and through a gate. I saw several beautiful children at play. One serious-faced little lad stepped proudly to Queen Maria as he bowed. She introduced him to me and, as his large eyes met mine, he bowed to me and then to Queen Mary.

Queen Maria patted his shoulder. "My wonder-boy!" He smiled. She turned and looked up at me. "He plays the violin wonderfully; you should hear him."

I exclaimed that nothing would please me more.

He stepped back and produced a violin and, as the first note fell upon the air, I knew he was a master musician. I stood enthralled, motionless, marveling.

When he had drawn his bow across the violin for the last note in the melody, she said, "He is my boy while he is here—I shall miss him when he goes to earth. He is to be a world-famous violinist there."

I praised the boy and told him that his life would be inspiring to others. I assured him that I realized the great worth and genius of his art. He listened silently for some time and then he suddenly said, "It is from an inspiration and study combined."

Queen Mary spoke to him gently, "You are inspired."

He smiled wistfully. "All great genius is inspiration," he said softly; then he bowed to us and we followed Queen Maria from the garden of children and back into her home.

We sat down in a small library and conversed. I spent some time there and was most interested in everything said. After some time I rose with a bow, explaining it was time for my classes.

Queen Maria said she was pleased that I had come and that she would like very much to have me visit her again. I promised to return. She bade us both farewell and Queen Mary and I returned to her home where my father's machine was waiting.

I thanked Queen Mary for her interest and promised to visit her again.

"I must be going; I just received a wireless—it is a hurry call—I must go. I am sorry to rush away so,

but you will forgive me, I know, and I will see you again soon," she said.

We bowed and my father thanked her for her kindly interest in me. After she had disappeared my father turned to me, "Son, you have been away from your school long enough; I will take you back."

We went to my father's house; then, after having a short visit, we entered the machine and started on the journey to my school plane. The machine went at a rapid rate and did not stop or slow down until we reached a flying-field. We secured an airship; and after a few arrangements we were flying away in the direction of my school. When we arrived I was satisfied to be back. My father informed me he would return home at once. I bade him farewell and he took his departure.

I watched him leave. I gazed up at the flying ship until it had disappeared in the distance. Then I walked from the field back to my little house. I entered and sat down before my desk and upon it I found a note from my teacher stating he would call to see me upon my return. I had scarcely finished reading the note when there came a knock. The door opened and my teacher, and friend, entered.

He sat down at my request and asked me about my journey, which I told him I had enjoyed. I told him of the people I had met and the things I had seen. He smiled kindly and was most understanding.

"You are learning rapidly the ways of this plane—you are able to see what goes on around you; and as yet you see only the half because your mind-plate is not advanced enough to throw the photographed

light of the picture before your eyes to show you what the thoughts of others have created," he said. "Some time you will learn more of how you are enabled to see what is created around you; you will also develop a technical plate which will be of value."

I listened, in wonderment and interest.

"As you live here longer you will slowly develop all the plates which enable you to do everything by thought—create what you wish to possess about you—but it must be only for your happiness and for the good of those around you—helping all to see the light and to have greater comfort. As soon as a being begins to think of selfishly wanting things he should not possess, to which he has no right, he loses his sense of what he has gained; and he goes back and—well, I will not attempt to tell you now what he has to learn then—where he spends his time—and what suffering he goes through. A being here can possess anything as long as his thought can create it, and it is clean and good and for the betterment of all and is endowed with the truth." He smiled. "You have a great deal to learn yet—so have I. You and I and the others are always learning more. You will find many here who do not advance very quickly even though they have been here for some time. That is because they are not so highly developed and as sensitively attuned to the higher state which we are all striving to reach. There are planes and thoughts—countless in eternity—and we are all striving for the oneness which makes every plane the infinite to us—the everlasting eternity."

"What are these plates like which you mention? Where are they formed, and how many are there?"

He leaned forward and spoke slowly. "I cannot

begin to tell you all, only a small part. There are twelve plates—and they are within the aura—you will go to a school soon where you will learn about these plates, how they are constructed, where they are located, how they operate, and all about them. It would take many lessons for you to learn their importance. I shall not tell you about them until you are ready to receive, until there is the right time, for there is always a right time for everything—here, now, and everywhere.”

He was silent for a long time and then he looked up at me. “You know that nearly every incident in the life on the earth is fated. When the soul leaves here to continue a new life or existence on the earth, the activities which will make up that existence are photographed on the center mind-plate which is the memory; and the soul carries out the exact rules and formations, although when in its earth life it is not conscious of what it will instinctively do. This is because it is reading the fine imprint of its own plate, which never lies. Sometimes it will receive impressions which are false. That is because the plate is overshadowed by some personal thought; or because of some other soul’s plate impressing it with mental pictures. ‘I knew it all the time!’ some say. Certainly, because the plate held it there as a witness. A being cannot change its routine—but can change the attitude of its mind—that is, make its mind strong and positive—kind, willing to stand the test, and able to better its lot by its own thought which it also photographed on the second plate beneath the main one. The plate which is second helps to make up the next existence. Physically, the being does not know this and may be a great man or woman in some exist-

ence—but the imprints of the second plate go to make the future happiness.” He paused, “Perhaps you will not fully understand or realize what value and power these plates have. In everything you look upon try to see the best. Photograph upon your plates the beauty of the truth; and, even if your eyes see it not, make your thoughts express it as it should be—the perfect reality. You are very quick to learn—I am so pleased to have you in at least one of my classes.”

He leaned back in his chair and continued. “You will be in so many classes and have so many teachers that you soon will be busy all the time. I am so glad you are advancing and do not have to stand the torture the darkened soul goes through.” He paused a moment, “You will find some of the studies hard and very much to your bewilderment; to be a success here, you must learn one thing first, and that is this: to try to understand. Do not become tired with the first few lessons. They are the foundations of your ability in the future, your light forever. You will wonder about many things. Never wonder; only try to see from the beginning the real expressions behind the shadow of your doubt; and then and then only will you be a success and advance to the heights which we all want to attain.”

We sat in silence for some time. I was wondering what he was thinking, when he turned upon me suddenly.

“You wonder what I think—I will tell you and also tell you how I knew you were wondering. You were wondering about my thoughts. I knew you were, because your headlights were light red—tinged with orange, and the upper plate in the main section of your

mind was displayed with a question which formed not words but a milky substance of uncertainty which was not your own thought. You were negative. Some time you will know of our system, how to read others' thoughts as soon as they take form on the upper plate which is exposed to the inner-eye. My thoughts will now form on your own plate and the milky substance will disappear. We all have circles which are vibrating our existence; you will in time see those; you will read the symbols within them; you will speak within yourself and receive answers without words, for the language of the astral as soon as it is acquired is like a soundless wireless. There is so much to learn; but, if one takes such interest in it as you have, advancement is certain. You will enjoy the studies and reap the benefit from everything which is told you. You must realize the attitude you are taking is a great help to you. You are so ready to do all that is told you, so seldom do you doubt, so honest are you in your opinions that it is a pleasure and a satisfaction to explain, teach, and know you."

I bowed as I said, "I appreciate your words. I indeed thank you sincerely."

He opened a small book he had in his hand. "Hear this, my friend, 'Thanks are kind words when expressed from the heart, for a man knows his friend here by the heart.' Words are useless things when expressed merely by the tongue. I know your words are not merely from the tongue—I know your heart's gratitude." He rose. "You must be tired now. I say that because you still possess one-half of the physical senses and you really need to relax until you acquire the poise of the tireless system. When you have been here

long enough, you will find gone all desire to rest. There is a small tube still within your astral body which fills with a milky substance that is derived from the air here. When that is full the fluid goes through the system and benumbs the tender nerves and vital parts of the astral body and throws it into a semi-condition of physical sensation; therefore when you grow tired, it is best to relax at once, for you will find the oftener you do the more will the feeling of fatigue lessen. But if you should not relax at this time, you would find that your body would become heavy and physically sensitive to all about you. Please go and rest; do not let me keep you longer."

"Return again, my friend." I requested.

He nodded as he opened the door. "I will come as often as you wish to have me," and with a bow he left me.

I retired and when I arose I felt much refreshed and started for school. I returned home after my classes and my teacher came for another chat but did not remain long.

When he had gone I went to the bookcase and took out a book. I opened it and read the first lines: "Ye who seek once and find not, seek again." I studied the words carefully. I realized they were the truth. I read on:

"The following years will bring fame to people living in different countries." The years and names I have omitted here. Then I read something which interested me. "The earth plane is a planet which recedes from other planets. It is a very heavy substance. The reason the earth proves to be a reac-

tion is because it turns about so rapidly. Earthquakes are really caused by the earth decreasing or suddenly increasing its normal speed, and the change affects only certain localities." I put down the book and thought for a moment. The law of the human race is to live and die and then—? In my youth I had wondered, doubted concerning the matters of life and death; but, by the force of will power, I had conquered my fears of the unknown thing—death. Now it was clear to me, all light, nothing to doubt. How wonderful! If throughout all the strife, people could smile and say, 'Well, I am just working out a problem, a lesson, for there is everlasting life, and no death,' despair would leave and true understanding come.

I sat there smiling, knowing that in time all fear would vanish and be cast out from every mortal man.

A cheerful voice asked, "Is anything troubling you?"

I looked up from my book and rose, taking Gladstone's hand. "Glad to see you. I am not troubled, my friend."

He smiled as he sat down. "You are quick in learning the secret of happiness."

"I hope never more to doubt; I desire perfect faith."

He smiled again. "Well, you have seen a great deal lately. I will show you something of new interest."

I put the book into the bookcase and we left the house. He spoke seldom as we made our way down the street.

"Why is the night dark on this plane?" I asked.

He turned to me and replied, "This one particular plane is not sufficiently advanced to be rid of sleep."

He quickened his pace and I had a difficult time in keeping up with him. We came to a gate which was very high. He pressed a button and, as the gate opened slowly, we stepped through the entrance. I saw we were in another aviation field, one in which I had not been.

"Are we going in an airship?" I asked. He nodded.

A tall, rather dark French youth stepped up to Gladstone.

"We wish to go to the planet seventh angle, north," said Gladstone.

"You will want ship No. 12 then?" asked the youth quickly.

Gladstone shook his head. "No, No. 6 would be much better. I am taking one passenger; I shall take only one mechanic for I shall pilot most of the time."

With a nod the youth turned and ran across the field. There were huge lights and I saw men working with machines. We stood waiting for some time; then Gladstone started forward as we saw a red flag begin to wave in the distance.

"That's a signal for us," he said.

We reached the French youth and Gladstone said, "I wish a wireless connection at once."

The youth nodded and immediately produced a small metal box with three little wires ascending from the center. Gladstone took it from him and also a metal headgear which he placed on his head. He held the box directly in front of him, while at the same

time he pressed on it a small black button. There came several flashes from the box and they shot up into the heavy atmosphere.

The French youth spoke to me quietly; his face lighted, his eyes rested upon me seriously.

"You were in the war, M'sieur?" he asked.

"Yes, I was connected with it."

A pathetic smile crept over his face. "I had to leave so soon, M'sieur. Sometimes I am unhappy—my poor France!" He bowed his head.

"No, my lad," I said, "it is not poor France; it is glorious France with such loyal men and women."

He smiled. "I loved a war-nurse; she held me while I—I passed on—saying 'Vive la France;' and she murmured to me, as her face was drained of all color, 'They shall not pass.' I held her hand and smiled as I replied, 'Ma chérie, only in spirit shall they pass and then it will be in advancement above such a thing as war.' She smiled at me. Her tears fell down her cheeks as she softly said, 'I love mon cher—' and I replied, 'Not any more than I love you.' He sighed. "Ah, M'sieur, it was very difficult to leave one you loved so very, very much."

"What branch of the service were you in?" I asked.

"The aviation, M'sieur; it was my life, my very life—I fell just inside our lines. The aviator with me passed on almost instantly, but I—I, M'sieur, I lived to see her face."

"How long?" I questioned him.

"Two days. My neck was fractured and both legs and several ribs, and there was a terrible wound above the heart—" He sighed. "It took a long time

to heal, when I came here, M'sieur, because it was hurt more ways than one—my heart."

He smiled up at me, his face lighting, and the sadness suddenly leaving. "But—M'sieur, I must not complain—no, no. It is weak, is it not? I must smile and forget sorrow and live—live, M'sieur." And he laughed a merry challenge to the sadness in his soul.

It was then that Gladstone touched my arm. "Come, we must go."

I bowed to the French youth as I took his hand; and turning with a farewell I followed after Gladstone. We walked across the field, and came to a small airship. It possessed two wings, very queer ones.

The airship seemed to be constructed of a very light metal. It was closed in and there were three seats within. We entered it as we would a submarine and then the top closed down. There was one round window in front, two on each side, and a small one in the top. The last seat in the row was mine, then came the mechanic, and then Gladstone sat down in the front one which was for the pilot.

I looked out of my window and saw the glorious night. I investigated the cozy interior of the airship. It was not crowded and my seat was most comfortable. The airship was heated by electricity.

Up and up we went and, in earthly time, it must have been at least three hours before I saw lights below us, shining out of the dark space. The airship alighted rapidly. It seemed the land shot up to meet us. The landing was easily made, and the airship ran along the ground for some distance.

I saw men running after it and as soon as we

stepped out we were met by at least ten men who were chattering in a language which I did not know.

Gladstone walked straight ahead, speaking only once to the men in their language, after which they chattered louder than ever.

The young mechanic brushed past me as he said, "This is the planet of the insane."

I caught his arm; my eyes were upon the queerly acting men. There came a smile to his lips as I whispered in distress, "Let us go." He stepped away from me with a shake of his head. "Please do not subject me to this—" I pleaded to Gladstone.

He stopped and his eyes were upon me. "What?" he asked coldly.

I motioned helplessly about me.

He smiled, "Really, I thought you had more courage than that. Well—we will go back."

I gripped his arm, "No, no, I will play fair. I will stay. I never feared upon the earth and I will not now."

He smiled kindly. "Little good it would do you. Perhaps your work here will be to help upon this plane."

I shuddered, "I have not chosen such a thing."

"Neither did these men and women choose to be insane."

I bowed my head; his argument was too complete. I had not a word to say in my defense; I felt abashed.

He proceeded and I strode by his side. We had walked for some distance when we came in sight of a huge white building; its lights reached out like red tongues of fire. I shuddered as the peculiar men

crowded nearer to me and chattered. Some, as they watched me with their agonized eyes, made me feel uncanny.

"Lord Kitchener," I looked up; Gladstone was speaking, "some of these people are suffering from the effects of the war."

I wondered how they could be insane after death. I stood still a moment. The mechanic beside me pointed to a slim youth with large, dark, wild eyes, who held in his hand a lamp and was looking into the flame, glancing up once in a while to gaze about him.

"He was a great poet long ago; he is possessed by darkness, so he carries a lamp to light his way and to keep away devils, as he calls earth-bound beings—poor fellow, he is suffering mentally."

I felt inclined to speak to him. I stepped up to him. "Well—" I said softly to attract his attention.

He stopped and his tragic face lighted. His wonderful, yet wild eyes, looked into mine. "I have to work always to keep the light—" he smiled wistfully. "You see I am so afraid to—to be in the dark—for I see them—"

I took his arm. "See whom?" I asked gently.

"Why, the evil ones who are trying to take my life—kill me—take my soul—my mind." He laughed with a crying note which hurt me, and caused me to pity him the more.

"They shall not," I assured him.

He smiled. "Where do you come from?" he asked, calming as he looked at me.

I hesitated, wondering. "From everywhere—" I replied as if by inspiration.

He smiled, "You are light then—"

I nodded,—why, I did not know—then.

The planet of the insane did not particularly interest me at this time. I was in awe of it and its strange people who seemed to be of another world than the one from which I had just arrived. I assure the reader I was skeptical of my actual existence at this time. I thought for some time it was but a strange dream, and that I would waken to find myself on the earth with my countrymen.

I was thinking of this when Gladstone took my arm, startling me greatly. "Now, Kitchener," he said, "you must realize that one reason I brought you here was to ascertain if you still possess the least atom of the physical. I find there is a great deal more than I surmised. I am sorry. Have you no faith?" He looked me squarely in the eyes as he spoke, and I was conscious of questioning my inner self. I was speechless, wondering what to do or say. His words brought me out of the semi-state of panic and made me realize everything was far from a dream. It was a grim reality and perhaps a great deal more real than the earth life I had just given up.

I did not reply. He extended his hand to me: "You will learn. I must admit we all fail in some things at first."

I looked at him again. "Gladstone, you seem to know my every thought?"

He nodded. "And you will know mine when you have been here longer. We have no secrets, for every thought must be good, so none should shrink from another knowing it."

I drew back—"Well, well, this is far from what I expected."

He nodded with a slight smile about his rather firm lips. I was thoughtful a moment then I spoke.

"Well, then I shall try to be open—no secrets," I said, with a smile.

He nodded again. "You are right, brother—no secrets—open and above board."

I laughed with him, although I saw his eyes were serious. "I was back-sliding a little," I murmured half apologetically.

He smiled sympathetically. "You are in the astral and you certainly will have to stay for a time, so make up your mind to get used to it. Do not stray back to the physical with any unwonted longings or thoughts for you must learn and learn of this plane—and then, perhaps, you will not know half of the whole of it." He nodded as he seemed to reflect. "Nor do I know the beginning; I'm just learning, just learning."

"I am with you," I replied slowly.

He took my arm and led me on. "Thanks."

We traveled along for some time and then suddenly I stopped. "Look ahead!"

"Nothing to be alarmed about—just a woman out exercising her lungs. I do not mean to be callous, but after they come here earth-bound, they have to get rid of their surplus disarrangement until it passes entirely and they are taken into the supreme circle of adjustment. She is newly arrived here and will soon pass that stage; it is none too good for her now, but later she will come out all right. We are doing our best for such cases. Come, I will show you some of the things we do."

We walked for some distance until we came to a large house. He stopped; and, turning to me, he said

in a low tone of voice, "Do not become alarmed at anything which might come under your observation. I am here and at any rate you must know it is unreal and cannot last. They seem to suffer—they do—but it is their test. They have to come out of it some time, although we have to help some of them."

I followed him into the house. There was first of all a long, dark hallway. I caught his arm, anxious lest I lose sight of him.

He sensed my troubled thought and, turning, he said, "No need to worry; I will not go far from you. Upon this plane, you will have many experiences which will seem strange and perhaps quite trying. When we enter this house you will have several reasons to believe I have proven unfaithful to you, but upon my word of honor, Kitchener, I assure you I will not."

Suddenly there came a scream that sent me stumbling quickly after him and I stifled a groan. I took hold of his arm. I even then wondered at myself. On the earth I had myself under control and here I was acting almost like a child in a dark haunted house. I stepped from him. He turned. I could not see him but I knew he was smiling with relief as he said, "That is better. You are not so strong as you will be later—but stand up—remember I am here—and so is," he paused—"the real you."

He continued, I following him into the unknown darkness. I was wondering why there was no light and he answered softly, "The light here is not bright, for there are so many clouded thoughts—and empty channels of thought. These are dark, burdened beings fighting the physical sense and trying to find the light which the teachers cannot entirely establish."

"But why am I in the dark when I am not of this plane?"

"The reason there is darkness for you is because you are still in the outer orbit of earthly thought, of physical craving and vibration. Your body is filled with the thoughts you held close to you while on the earth plane."

I did not understand what he meant entirely, but I went forward into the house of strange noises which chilled me. Suddenly I felt hands upon me—cold hands which touched my sensitive body—and then, as a hand touched my face, I stifled a groan.

"Why did you bring me here? Why must I suffer so? Have I not suffered enough? Not enough? Answer me, wherever you are—Gladstone!"

No answer came. I reached out. I felt something clammy. A chill went through me. I felt as if I were falling.

"Why, in the name of the truth, did you bring me here? I cannot stand it—I cannot stand it, I tell you. Answer me, wherever you are, answer me, Gladstone!"

Then, as if from a voice, and yet with no audible words, I heard:

"You are still learning. You have no place other than here if you cannot rise above all this confusion and face the darkness and dispel it. Then, and then only, will you be a help and not a subject; then only will you have light; if you cannot stand it here, this is where you belong until you can—until you overcome; that is the law of the astral."

At first I felt filled with a panic—I wanted to forget existence—just to be free from darkness and hor-

ror—just to forget myself—to be nothing—perhaps it was unconsciousness I longed for—and then I began to feel strangely—I was sinking slowly into an unconscious state. I cried, “No! No! I want to stand this test—I will stand it—for I am strong—nothing can harm me. I will have the light—nothing but the light and the truth. I am free. I want to be one of the great universal helpers.”

Slowly, into the space before me, which had been darkness, there came a great light. It shone yellow and gold and seemed to penetrate my soul. The darkness was gone. I was free from that test. I knew I was free to leave the plane whenever it was the right time to go. I had a sense of happiness. Looking around I saw Gladstone gazing pensively at me. But his serious face brightened. “You came through the test, Kitchener.”

We proceeded in silence for sometime until I asked, “Does every one have the same tests to pass?”

He stopped and faced me. “Does every one on the earth plane have the same tests and lives to live? No, never just the same; there is individuality in spirit. This is just the continuation of the great school which leads to knowledge.”

We resumed our way. No one was in sight down the passage. I was wondering how much longer it would be before we made some change in our destination, when a voice said at my elbow, “Oh, here you are!”

I turned. A man stood looking at me and his face was white and his eyes hinted he was struggling inwardly against a burdensome force.

He turned to Gladstone, “So you brought him? I

have been waiting for some time," he paused and with a glance at me he continued in a low tone of voice, "for him."

I did not exactly like the way he looked at me and the manner in which he spoke. I turned from him and glanced at Gladstone, and to my alarm he seemed to be disappearing from my sight. I held out my hand, "Please do not go."

He did not reply but turned and looked at the other man. I was at a loss as to what to do. Could I leave? Where would I go? Again darkness seemed to settle about me. With a light touch upon my shoulder, the man turned and opened a small door. "Come, I am waiting for you."

I glanced at Gladstone. "Are you coming also? I do not want to go in without you."

He slowly disappeared; and I was alone with the man, who seemed to be smiling although his eyes were dark and serious and his lips were rather firm.

I turned slowly after him as I spoke clearly, "I will come—but let me inform you of one thing—you shall not do anything with me which is not for the best."

He nodded and smiled—it seemed he laughed, for his lips parted. But his smile was not exactly pleasing. I did not like it. I followed him, nevertheless.

The room we entered was fairly large. I stood with my hands behind me, watching him closely. He had stepped to a large cabinet and was standing with his back to me. I wondered what he intended to do. He did not move or speak, and as time passed nothing occurred. He stood motionless and silent.

I stepped slowly toward him and touched him

gently upon the shoulder. "Pardon—" the rest of my sentence froze within my very mouth.

He turned; his eyes met mine; but I managed to back away from him. He appeared to have aged fifty years. His hair was white and his face lined, his eyes heavy, cold, tired, and cruel. I muttered something and waited.

He did not speak or move, so I spoke as casually as I could, "Well, what now?" I felt resentment rise in me; and, angered, I cried, "What is your idea? What are you planning to do to me? You are powerless to effect me, you can do absolutely nothing to bring about a distressing trial for me to go through. I do not like, nor do I understand it. What is the reason for all this?" I turned from him." Gladstone, where are you? Answer me at once! I demand it." All was silent. I quieted. "Please, Gladstone—please—I beg of you!" No sound.

I turned again to the man. I almost lost my balance. He had changed again. His eyes and hair was black, his face almost of bronze, and his body lean and quite straight, although the shoulders drooped. I turned to leave but something held me. I could not move. I looked again—into those black, terrible, distressed eyes—wonderful eyes—expressing feeling beyond words. "Answer me this—why do you change your face every time I turn around? I would appreciate an explanation from you."

I waited in silence for quite a length of time. I thought he was not going to answer me but presently he spoke—in a soft, pitiful voice. "Can I help you?" was my thought as he said, "I am afraid—I seem to be so many men—You see me now—presently I will

be some one else—I am myself now—Oh, to be that self.”

I took his hand. I felt it lie quivering like a living bird caught in the hollow of my hands. “You have nothing to be afraid of.” I stopped—what was I telling this youth before me—nothing to be afraid of in this terrible place of shadows and darkness, of voices, faces, and cries.

I noticed his face had brightened. He smiled wistfully. “Perhaps, if we stay together we can manage to get out of this—this awful place,” and his black eyes filled with horror.

“Where shall we go?” I asked of myself more than of him.

He shook his head. “There seems to be nothing but darkness everywhere—only, when I can feel the great space about me and not walls—staring walls which have hands—and cruel forms, I am better—I am myself.”

I noticed that his hand was not quivering now, that he was standing straighter, and that there was a flash of fight in his eyes. I took his other hand; it quivered for a moment and then lay still. I looked down at it—thinking for the time of the prisoned bird—lying still and dead—but the hand that met my eyes led me to think in different channels. It was a marvelous hand—not a hand a man would be ashamed of for being slim, long, and smooth. It was strong and powerful in line; yet I wondered why it lay there like the helpless hand of a child—soft and quiet—pale and shapely; and at the same time, one could sense the bound strength within it. Physically it was a masterpiece in human form; spiritually it was like the

hand of a child which must learn to do things—learn to grow—to be what it is and what it really is to be. I held both hands tightly—

“What hands—what hands!” I murmured admiringly.

“They used to be worth something. Great wealth passed through them; words written by those fingers are read in the earth’s history; but here—here, wherever I am in this apparently mad dream, they are nothing. They are helpless; I hate them in their powerlessness to save me, to fight, to win as they always have.”

He looked at his hands and they began to quiver again like trapped living things in my clutches, to quiver with the very living terror of the helpless—trapped—dying in the struggle; for his body, though straining, seemed to be not the least part of those superb hands. I did not hold them tightly, yet they lay struggling against a force that I knew was something without my own self. I realized he was bound. I freed his hands; they fell to his sides and were as motionless and magnificent as carved stones. His head fell forward.

“There, all hope is gone. Whoever came could win. I could not use my hands; you saw that. Why is it they are so helpless here, when they were so powerful not long ago?” He looked up at me. “I took pride in them, not the pride of possession—but the human instinct for the perfect.” I nodded silently.

He continued to speak. “You must know I am big enough to battle a dozen men, but those hands—I wish they were off—and out of my sight. I have always hated the weak—always—and here I am one

of the weakest." He bowed his head. "I wonder if I am in the great beyond—I was told I had arrived—but surely this terrible dream is not the beautiful place I have pictured so many years when on the earth—the place of peace—of good will and power—with troubles ended—though mine never were so many.

"But here I am, the one person who despised any type of weakness in men, now weakest of them all—so weak that darkness possesses me—and I stand and give in to a million men who take my personality from me and possess me and I cannot fight—I am bound." His face grew pensive. "Bound—earth-bound." He smiled queerly. "Perhaps this is a lesson for judging the weak. Oh, if this dream would leave me, never again would I judge—never would I hate the weak. I would help them,—help them as I need help now."

I did not answer him. What could I say? Suddenly I remembered I was in a house where it was my one wish to gain a passage out. "I want to get out of here, also. Look; I have hands—I can use them. We will go and I will fight for us. You come with me; those men cannot possess you. We will fight them or any other force which may try to prevent us from leaving."

I turned; he followed. I could hear him. He walked with the soft tread of a tiger—and his stealthy steps behind me made me think again of the trapped hands and of the man himself, who appeared like a frightened animal—crafty, deadly, cruel, pitiful, in the clutches of a trap—earth-bound, he had called it—but it meant being trapped—helpless—subject to the whim of anyone.

We left the room and entered the hall. I won-

dered how I would find the entrance, but it was not long before we came to three doors. I was the least bit skeptical about opening any one of them. What did I know of what lay behind them? The man touched my shoulder. "Which door—use your hands—open them—let us hasten—I sense some one coming."

I turned and listened. He was right; I could hear hurrying footsteps far away, though I could not tell from what direction.

I opened the middle door first. I could see it was not the way out but I could not help but enter. He followed me; I think he was afraid to stay alone without. I saw the room was strewn with broken furniture. I saw a woman in the corner of the room; she was on her knees. She looked up at me and then she cried out, "Go! Go away! Go away! You cannot frighten me again."

I stepped forward slowly. "I have not been here before, madam. What I may do for you will be for your own good. Come, allow me."

I helped her from the floor and took her hands. She was old in face and youthful in body—that is, her face was so white, wrinkled, and ugly that she appeared a thousand; and her body might have belonged to a young girl of fifteen.

"I suppose you wish to leave this house?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she cried desperately. "I do! I do!"

I slowly drew her from the room.

"I thought you were one of them," she panted, with terror in her faded eyes.

"Who?"

She drew away from me and then took a step toward me. "Those evil men—those who are after me—and that old woman—she is here yet—but I do not mind her as I do the men—they will kill me—they have said so—I know they will."

"No, they shall not, and besides you will leave with us and be safe."

She moaned and fell against me—"I cannot—I am weak—I cannot walk—I am dying—I am—" her words ended in a groan.

"I will carry you." However, I knew it would be difficult and I needed my hands when my friend's were helpless.

Suddenly a voice cried out, "I will carry her—let me take her."

I stepped back in astonishment and, to my utter amazement, I saw my friend take the woman into his arms. I saw his hands grow tense and the stone-whiteness of them change into a light bronze. He held her tightly as he said evenly, "Let us proceed without wasting time—this poor little woman needs us to help her—she is still weak and we are strong."

I nodded and—I did not mention his hands—I turned and left the room and he followed, but his tiger-like tread was gone. He walked with a heavy, firm step, and I knew a man and not a trapped animal followed me.

I entered the hall and looked around. I opened the other door—I entered. My friends waited without. I saw two small boys sitting side by side. They did not look at me—nor seem to see me. I touched one of them gently. He did not move. I touched the other and then I gripped them both. They looked up

at me slowly with tired, sad eyes; and one said in a wan voice, "Have you come for us after all—well, we are tired—we will not fight any longer—you have—our souls—we are—"

"Stop!" the word flew out of my mouth with force and unlike a personal thing. I helped them both to their feet. "You will give up nothing which belongs to you. What are you thinking of?"

One of them replied, "Nothing"; the other, "Death."

I held them to me. "Well, think of something and think of life." They looked up at me. "Come, do you not want to see the light—to be with other children?"

Their little faces lighted—they held up their hands—"Please, please, we do," they replied—and one of them said, "Some of our people called us idiots and others insane, but we were only afraid. And they tried to hurt and beat us, and we were only that much more afraid." One of them started to cry, while the one speaking lifted his head a trifle bravely and put his arm about his little brother. "We were not on earth long." He stopped a moment; distress filled his face. "We are afraid of the dark—and before we came here—there was darkness too—our mamma put out the light in our room every night and left us and we were afraid of the darkness."

"One night brother had a fever—they came, those men and—they took him—I heard him cry and—I cried to him—I saw him go and I did not want to stay behind where—I would be alone—and be called an idiot—I wanted to be with him if the men who took him hurt him and were horrid—so—" he paused.

His eyes filled with great sadness. "I try to keep them away—I am afraid of them, too—but brother—he is—is strange—he cannot talk much now—only utter cries. Sometimes I have cried when all was dark, but I stay because I—love him so—I love him—love him more than I do myself."

I took the sobbing one into my arms, comforting him; and, taking the hand of the other boy I went into the hall and joined the others.

The man smiled. "Here, give me the boy." He took him from me and, with two powerful arms and two wonderful hands, he held the woman and the child, his face lighted by a glow which I knew was freedom and truth. And with the other little lad clinging to me, I proceeded down the hall, which seemed to be lighted, and opened the third door.

There stood Gladstone and my father. "You stood the test—" said Gladstone.

"My son," said my father, "you are a true helper."

Two powerful men came forward and met me. One took the old woman and the other the limp form of the child, who seemed to be in a stupor, but there was a smile upon his little face and he seemed quiet and at peace. The young man followed them; taking the hand of the other boy. I started after them but Gladstone took my arm. "You shall see them again, sometime." He looked sincerely at me. "Just a moment; we want to speak with you."

I walked across the room and stood before my father and Gladstone. I did not speak; I waited upon them. Gladstone held out his hand. "Lord Kitchener, I want to say to you that we appreciate

a man here as well as upon the earth plane. We are proud of you."

I did not reply, although happiness surged within me as I shook his hand.

"Please, sit down." He pushed a chair forward. When we were seated he spoke. "How did you feel when you were alone? Well, I can imagine." He nodded as he glanced at my father. "I know you were somewhat disturbed at first—undoubtedly you were annoyed." He glanced at me with a slight smile. "I know you were."

"Yes, to be frank, I was. I did not at all appreciate that little canter at first—but afterward—"

He nodded and I knew that words were not necessary. He went on speaking, "The people you saved were in an earth-bound state. Perhaps you realized that? The first young man was indeed a great man when last upon the earth, but you would be greatly surprised, I know, to hear that he has been in that state for some earthly years—perhaps a thousand." He seemed to be thinking, as he ceased suddenly to speak.

Abruptly he continued, "He was a king of great power—one whose word meant life or death when he lived upon the earth. He could rule the whole world with a slight wave of his hands. I suppose you saw his hands. They were helpless here, yet upon the earth a quiver of them filled many hearts with terror. He was so proud of them, so exalted in his supreme power, that he did not consider the weak, the suffering. He scoffed at anything unable to stand alone. He often put to death men who were physically unable to go to battle. He had no pity. His only

thought was of selfishness. He hated women who were weak and who did not do their share in the world. Women who feared him he dominated and yet secretly hated them for their weakness. When he came here, what happened?"

He paused. "You see he had developed his physical sense of hands, never thinking of the spiritual. He did not care for spiritual power; he thought only of the physical. And even if a man were lacking in spiritual thought but could use his hands, his body, to protect himself or defy and ruin something weaker, that was the ideal on which he placed his eyes and which he worshiped. He would have no one around him who was spiritual or physically weak. When he came here, he was helpless. His physical hands were gone. He had no power in his spiritual ones, for he had dwelt too much upon the physical. He thought only of physical strength in hands even after he came here. His helplessness did not improve his manner of thought. He hated his quiet, helpless, spiritual hands the more, and that made them weak like a mist without a purpose. He was indeed helpless and held earth-bound by his own weakness which he had so despised in others."

He stopped speaking. I looked at my father expecting him to say something but he did not. He waited for Gladstone who presently continued the story.

"When you came to him he could see you because you were still between two forces, the physical and the spiritual. You have within you the spiritual understanding of which you are not quite aware; but, clinging to you, are still the predominating forces

of the earth. Now, I do not mean to infer that there are not many who come here with the earthly thoughts. Indeed, few advance as quickly as you have, for in the beginning many lack knowledge."

He looked at me intently. "He saw you because you were visible to him. He is a great soul who has had to face this test. It was a difficult one; and, when he saw you, he recognized the two forces you have now in your possession. Soon you will possess only one. The earthly force will leave you. You forgot yourself in your pity and desire to help him, in your unselfishness, and then, and then only, you accomplished something which is a credit to you here. You brought him out of his state of thought. You led him forth with the promise of help, and you banished fear from his distorted brain. When you entered the room and found the woman, you were fearless. She is obsessed—or was, I should say. Do you have any idea why she has the body of a young woman and the face of an old one?"

I did not answer, only shook my head as I leaned forward, interested.

"When she was on the earth she was a very sensitive girl—high strung, artistic, and brilliant. She possessed a wonderful talent for music, but her people tried to force her into something they considered more practical. They were crude, unrefined, not advanced, and they attempted to destroy the great gift she possessed. She was taken sick and had a nervous breakdown. They scolded her and were unsympathetic. An elderly widower, who had money and a large home, asked to marry her. Her parents, wishing to rid them-

selves of her, forced her to accept. She was ill and did not resist.

After settling in her new home she began to have what her neighbors called fits. Of course they did not know what was the matter. Her husband was much more sympathetic with her than her parents had been; nevertheless, being penurious, he allowed her to overwork and kept no one to help her in the struggle of keeping up a big house.

"Her husband's first wife had died two years before in that house. She had been a hard-hearted, cruel woman, narrow and wicked minded. She believed herself to be religious, but the tongue within her mouth did not cease in its ruthless criticisms. Her death was sudden. She died, in a fit of anger, of heart trouble; and, through her lack of understanding—and her longing to stay upon the earth, her whole being was out of tune; she was earth-bound. Consequently she did not leave the surroundings of her home. When the frail young wife came she jealously fastened herself upon her, for she was by this time coming to the point of fear, which all earth-bound suffer. The longer she stayed in the orbit of the earth, the greater became the darkness.

"One night, late, the young wife was taken sick. The husband went for the doctor, leaving her alone in the big house. While she lay tossing on the bed in the room where the former wife had died, she felt herself becoming unconscious. Looking up she saw the first wife—heard her speak—then came blackness. When the husband returned with the doctor, he found a raving mad-woman. She did not know him and she lay crying out until the doctor gave her something to

quiet her, and she lay for several days in a stupor. At last the neighbors began to talk. The husband knew his wife was insane. Her face grew old—her tongue crude—and she would lie locked in her room, weeping and crying all day and all night, scarcely eating enough to sustain her body.

"After three years, the husband sent for the authorities to take her to the insane asylum. Somehow, when the men came to take her away, the real being fighting for the right, knew the terrible truth and, in a fit of madness and terror, she died, just as they were tying her hands to carry her away. Of course every one said, 'Poor little soul; she is going to the rest she has long needed. Peace be with her.' But they did not know that then and there the really great fight had begun.

"She knew when she passed into space. Her soul, waiting, barred even from her astral body, fought as it had done upon the earth to win against the clinging evil—the possessed earth-bound wife, who now was conscious that she had gained a body—and could have light through it, for her own astral body, which she also possessed, was sadly lacking in the spiritual qualities.

"When you found the second wife fighting, the soul had partly won; but the old woman still stayed and attempted to keep possession, afraid to let go, for, through the spiritual body and sense of the girl, she was gaining light—she was free from complete darkness. The face showed all this, and the youthful body of the rightful owner—the spiritual—clung to the beautiful young body—possessing only a true reflection of the perfect.

"Now the girl is free. When the young man lost fear—forgot the weakness of his hands in a thought of helping one who was weak, he was immediately free. She will also gain her rights—she is within her body now and will quickly advance."

He stopped speaking, his eyes upon me with a glow in their depths.

"And the little boys?" I asked.

"One was born an idiot—the other somewhat lacking. Of course that was their test to pass and everyone made it worse by affirming the supposed reality about their affliction. Then, when sickness came—earth-bound entities seized the weakest and through love and helplessness the other followed. They passed on from the earth and entered the astral in the possession of a band of earth-bounds who do not wish to advance and who were trying to gain light from the spiritual astral bodies of the boys who were advanced—pure in physical thoughts and high in spiritual attainment—and so the wicked gained from them and kept them bound. You opened the door to their freedom and now they will advance and accomplish."

I nodded as I leaned back in my chair. So he was proud of me and I had done what was right—accomplished! It was wonderful. I had always striven to do things when upon the earth and it only seemed right that I should now. I was happy; I had done something for the suffering. How easily it had been accomplished and without any thought upon my part. I had accomplished it in a forgetfulness of self.

I asked him, "Will those people learn and advance quickly?"

He looked at me and his eyes were kind and quiet. "What do you think?"

"Well, I suppose that they will—they were advanced souls, you said, learning lessons."

"Exactly, but they are still in a minor development. They have much to learn. They are struggling to attain higher advancement, to see always the great light. "You will be interested to know that the ways of development do not come about through the mere chance of the senses being overly intelligent or sensitive or that the person has had some wonderful experience. Sometimes it is the lowest physically which is the highest spiritually. Some of the greatest souls who have certain lessons to learn have to gain their advancement through some grievous suffering without lament."

I listened intently; his words were of great interest to me.

Then he rose, and my father said, "We will take you around, for it soon will be time for your return to school."

I followed them out of the room and through a larger room and then we were out. Walking some distance, we came to a long, narrow street with row upon row of houses, the low roofs being brightly colored. They were cheerful houses and I saw many people who had every appearance of happiness. I was very much surprised to see one woman sitting upon a porch, rocking a child. The little one was playing with a large doll.

Gladstone spoke. "The woman is taking care of the child. Of course she is not a child. That is just the test she has to overcome. She passed out in a

convulsion and not overcoming the thought, when she came here she was a being in darkness, filled with fear and helplessness. She has suffered greatly. She thought she was still a little child and this added greater helplessness to her situation. The woman taking care of her is a helper. Do you see her light of distinction? Look, it is around her head and shoulders"

I saw it,—a glorious light, yellow, with a tinge of orange and blue. She appeared to have a quiet, cold face, but within the soft eyes were kindness and understanding. She was one of those who understand. I passed on with a sigh. I knew that in such careful, kind hands the being would advance from the child state to that of full development.

I saw all the houses were neat and had many comforts. I saw many happy faces within and sometimes heard the sound of laughter. Yes,—reader, they laugh here, and it is usually the laughter of the soul, not of the heart hiding a wound.

I turned to Gladstone. "They seem to be quite happy here?"

"Yes, they are happy, although there are a great many here in the big house." His face darkened and the light left his radiant eyes.

"The big house?"

"Yes, the house similar to the one you just left, filled with souls who are fighting and are scarcely conscious of anything that happens."

He stopped speaking as he turned and looked into one of the houses. A tall, slim boy came to the door. His face was olive and his eyes a light brown. His

hair was black and curly and his smile brilliant as he greeted Gladstone.

"I am much better. I talk and walk and do things—actually do things. I am myself again. I cannot express the joy I feel, Gladstone."

He held out his hand as he seemed to float through the atmosphere to Gladstone, who took his hand, spoke a few kind words, and introduced him to my father and to me. As we continued on our way Gladstone told us the lad's story.

"That boy was a great sensitive when upon the earth—but when he lived there people thought those who could see visions were obsessed by evil spirits and could bring harm upon those whom they chose to injure. He told of things he saw, and his people, afraid of public opinion and of those that might put him to death, locked him in an attic. There he was forced to spend his youth. A fever came and quick consumption and he passed away, never having left the attic for a day. And his people praised God for taking him; they were glad to be rid of him.

"When he entered the astral, naturally he was earth-bound, for while locked up with the terrible claim laid upon him, he acquired earth-bound spirits who fought for his body. When he passed on he struggled against them. An uncle came to him and brought him here where he has been cared for and where he has slowly recovered. He is a wonderful boy and will some time make a great helper. He understands the test of that phase and he can advance now to something different.

"Now, understand this—when one is insane upon earth, it does not forever stamp him here in that light.

We of understanding know that is their test. Some have to be insane upon the earth to learn the lesson of suffering from that point. Others are placed in that condition to overcome and it is a severe test for them. If they do not, they will be earth-bound for a long time, until they overcome, for we all have to pass our tests alone. If they do not pass, they will not be weak or called insane, for there are no real afflictions on the astral planets; only the earth vibrations are aware of such. We would but realize that they were back-sliding in not passing the test, and that they must meet several very difficult tests to make themselves fit to enter the schools of development.

It was not long before we came to a small house with a green roof. I stopped before it and, turning to Gladstone, I asked, "Why is it I want to enter this house?" Smiling, he drew near to me. "Perhaps within that house you may do some good. Sometimes when we feel drawn to do a thing, it is for the good of some one and we should always try to help."

He stepped forward and I followed. I wondered what I would find within the house. At the door he stepped aside for me to enter. I did so and what I saw made me stop in my tracks. For a moment I gazed without moving upon the person who sat crouched in a chair beside the window. There was the form of a woman and the face of a man. I stepped slowly forward and held out my hand. "Perhaps I can help you."

The form stirred and a pair of brown eyes looked into mine, a slightly tired smile curving the strong, firm lips. "I am two people and we cannot get separated, although we are both willing."

I sat down beside the form and took one of the

hands. It was a soft little hand with pink nails, and did not belong to the stern, manly face.

"We were born thus and all through life we were together. Our flesh was attached and we seemed one—that is the trouble. Long ago we traveled over the earth on exhibition. From birth the thought of our oneness was so great that it was impossible for one to exist without the other. When my sister left the earth I had to go, as we existed in the same form.

"When we came here, we were thrown into darkness. Our minds had been proclaimed unsound, by people who were ignorant, but, nevertheless, the thought of these people brought evil-possessing spirits around us and we were somewhat tormented by wicked voices which I fought. I tried to comfort my sister, who feared them. But I was not powerful enough to break the human thought around us and when we came to the astral, we were earth-bound and had to be brought to this planet first to work out of the thought of the unsound mind. Now we are trying to make two individual bodies out of one. We have four legs—one masculine pair and one feminine, and one feminine hand and one masculine," and he held out a large, heavy hand, which I had not noticed.

I was surprised. "Well, this is an oddity—but you must break free from it. Does your sister understand very much?"

"Yes, that is the peculiar part; we talk of it. She talked through my mouth when upon the earth and I would answer back. She talks to me now and we pray daily to be freed. She has feelings and sometimes I suffer when she wants to cry, for I feel, as a man, I cannot do so."

I held the two hands tightly. "You must know there is a way to freedom and it will be accomplished. Come, you will have to know this—stand up."

He rose, his face a blank.

"You want to be free?"

"I do."

When he said those words, there came a mist from his body and a light formed around him. Slowly another form disentangled itself from the hazy vapor. The body changed and he stood, tall and manly, and close beside him stood a slim little girl, with a wistful white face and large blue eyes. She became distinct and soon she appeared in an astral body.

She opened her lips and said, "Free—free," and she held out her hands. "Oh, brother, how you have suffered for me! I have suffered terribly, for I could not see. I was in the darkness."

He took her hands. "Yes, I possessed the eyes."

Then they turned to me and spoke in unison. "We are thankful. You brought a great understanding with you."

I took their hands in mine. I was filled with emotion. "It is not I who has done this thing. It is a greater power within me, that has come as a gift from the great Healer of all."

The girl smiled wistfully, "We shall not for a long time gain what you possess. I am afraid we—"

I held up my hand and smiled back at her. "There is nothing to be afraid of—do not say the word. It means more than you think. You must believe nothing which is an element of fear. Face the situation, and you will find that things will straighten out for you in time. Trust; never lose perfect faith.

You are a reflection of the great Mind and you are fearless and free."

I saw Gladstone standing in the doorway, so I bade them farewell and left.

I was silent as we walked along. There seemed in that silence words expressing things to me I had never thought of, but I could not talk. In fact I did not want to; I was content.

My father took my arm and said in his quiet, gentle way, "Son, what are you pondering—shutting yourself from us? You are indeed expanding—for I cannot tell what you are thinking."

"Thinking," I said, "thinking of the things I have to learn, that I am learning, and of those I know." I smiled at him tenderly, for I was very fond of him and always had admired him. My father had meant much in shaping my earthly life with his kind, quiet, reticent manner. I shared some of the admiration for him held by a great many people who knew him upon the earth.

As we made our way silently for some time I was so engrossed in thought that, when I realized where I was, I was standing and ready to enter the air-torpedo. "Oh, are we leaving here so soon?"

"Soon?" Gladstone laughed. "In earthly time we have been here nearly a month."

"A month! I thought it only one day."

He nodded with a whimsical smile. "A day here is all there is, the everlasting day, never beginning, never ending. Some time there will be no more night for you; always the greater day."

"But I do not feel exhausted after such a long time?"

He took my arm in a comfortable, friendly fashion. "That is just it. You forgot yourself and that is why you were not tired, why there was only the one long day, because you forgot the physical sense of day and night and rest." He turned to my father. "Some of them are a long time in realizing the one day. Your son has advanced quickly."

I stepped onto the air-torpedo plank and it was no time before I had fairly melted into the interior, and by no strenuous method of climbing. I looked up at Gladstone as he stood over me, pulling on a heavy coat which looked like rubber.

"I entered without any trouble," I said.

"You will learn to go everywhere without trouble."

I saw my father talking with a man who was preparing to pilot the machine. I settled myself back and looked up a bit lazily from my corner.

"Where do we go?"

He sat down beside me. "We will stop for a short time at the planet of your present abode and later we are going to a Convention."

"A Convention?" I asked.

"Yes. It is to be a large one. Half of the astral will be present. It is the preparation to help end the war and to arrange for the reincarnation of the many souls who passed out in the war and who want to return to earth or must do so because of lessons to learn, tests to complete, or new tests to meet. You will see many faces, so many you will have to learn the power of self-control. You will need it in the mighty assembly, when thought is so powerful; you must be strong and shut out the thoughts of others from your aura."

"I will not be sent back now?" I looked up at him as he sat leaning against the wall of the torpedo. "I want to help the world from this plane, the astral. I do not want to go back to earth—yet, anyway."

He put his hand upon my shoulder. "No, you are not going back yet, but you are to help in the Convention."

There came a buzzing sound and I felt the torpedo lift and knew we had started. I sighed; the trip had been an ordeal for me. I noticed Gladstone had a smile of amusement upon his face.

"I suppose you think this is a lark?" I said. His eyes twinkled. "Well, I am glad to be going—going home," I said meekly.

He spoke slowly as he took my arm, "You did such a splendid work. I know all about it. You are not the only one who has had to do similar things to pass a test."

I was thoughtful for sometime before I asked, "Do you never suffer now?"

He shook his head slowly, "Well, no, not exactly in terms of suffering would I express my feelings. I do have many, many things to overcome."

"Is this world all suffering? Is there no peace here?" I asked.

He put his arm about me in a brotherly manner as he looked into my eyes. "There is no suffering: only thinking it makes it so. You know we would never have anything to suffer if we feared nothing and always did our duty."

I turned to my father. "What are you thinking about?"

He leaned toward me. "I do not like the man

[illegible]

spiritual strength possible to get out of their clutches. Why I did not take notice of him before is more than I can understand."

He was disturbed and fastened his eyes upon the back of the pilot, who grew tense, his face becoming white. I did not move until I heard Gladstone say under his breath to my father, "He is thought-proof; never came across one of the members of the Black Circle just like him."

Gladstone's face was darkened. He clasped his hands tightly and leaned forward. I could see his eyes were straining as he concentrated upon a certain spot in the back of the pilot's neck.

I noticed the spot quiver, and quite suddenly and unexpectedly, the pilot turned and met Gladstone's eyes.

"Lay off there," he said roughly.

Gladstone rose. My father gripped his arm. "Do not antagonize him any more; I feel it is not the best method."

Gladstone sank into his seat and his face seemed strained and tired.

"He is trying to work into my aura now; I feel his thought," he said as he closed his eyes and sat still.

I began to feel quite uncomfortable—it became very close in the torpedo. My breath came in gasps. I rose and stumbled forward. I fell at the pilot's feet and he gripped my shoulder with a large, powerful hand. I was too weak to move; his eyes were fastened upon me.

My father rose and came forward, but the pilot lifted his hand and spoke. "You had better take care,

piloting us. I—" he looked at Gladstone. "Do you know who he is, from what class and plane he comes?"

Gladstone shook his head slowly as he turned to look at the pilot; then facing my father he answered in a low voice, "Never saw him before. Wonder I did not notice that—I should have when I allowed him to pilot us. I will speak with him."

He rose and stepped through a small passage which led to the pilot's seat. I could see a portion of the pilot's face as he looked up at Gladstone and I must say I did not like his appearance. He spoke and I could see by the motion of his lips he did not speak politely. I saw Gladstone lean more closely to him, his face darkening and his aura flaming a reddish orange, while the pilot's turned to a dark red as his face became sullen and he closed his thick lips.

Gladstone came back and sat down beside me. "I certainly do not like his appearance and I could not get a thing out of him. I could not read his thoughts. He had them shut within himself. I was quite powerless to discern his intentions." He faced me. "The trouble is he may be from one of the lower planes which are inhabited by demons, earth-bounds who are always trying to penetrate our planets of goodness and advancement. I think he is. This often happens when we visit the insane planet, for there are so many obsessions being cast out, a member of the Black Circle may come here in disguise and—" He looked at the back of the pilot who appeared to be motionless and indifferent, though I could see his muscles were tense. "Sometimes they take us out of our course and we shall then have trouble, for if we should be taken into their realms, it would not be good for us. It takes all the

spiritual strength possible to get out of their clutches. Why I did not take notice of him before is more than I can understand."

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My father rose and came forward, but the pilot lifted his hand and spoke. "You had better take care,

I have a legion working with me. I am very powerful."

By this time my father had reached us and the pilot rose, his body swelling and his aura seeming to burst into a flame which filled the whole torpedo.

I felt I would die of the heat, of the intense air which seemed to choke me. I was so dizzy that I saw my father's face in a haze. His eyes pierced me as he glanced down where I lay. I struggled and managed to regain my feet.

My father and Gladstone were beside the pilot. I rose and, with strength coming into my body, I pushed him back when he held out a restraining hand. Suddenly the torpedo gave a great lurch and down it fell through space. I crashed against the side of the torpedo; stunned by the sudden impact, I lay still and lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes, I saw the walls about me were red and they hurt my eyes, stunning my senses with a peculiar sensation which I had never before experienced.

I rose, stumbling to the floor, with a buzzing in my head. I could see my own aura stand out around me. It was a peculiar light green which conflicted with the red, and severe nervous chills went through my body.

There was no visible door and I tried to realize where I was; I pounded upon the walls. Suddenly men gathered all around me,—tall, powerfully built men in black cloaks, and with their heads wrapped in black. They stood with fingers pointing at me, their eyes fastened upon me, and the flames that came from

their auras were brighter and more terrible than the staring red walls.

I did not speak or move until they slowly came close to me, and I thought I could never endure the painful burning of their touch. I revolted and flung out my arms as I cried, "Be-gone!" As suddenly as they had appeared, they disappeared.

I sank to the couch and was silent and still, my whole being suffering with pains like the pricking of needles.

Presently a tall, huge man appeared. He gripped my arms and, before I could prevent him, he had bent me almost double. With a hoarse laugh he pulled me toward one of the walls; and, through the thought of evil surrounding me, I lost consciousness.

When I came to I was standing in the center of a great long room. Around me stood men cloaked in black,—thousands of them, it seemed. Most of them stood pointing to me, although some folded their arms. I noticed, at the extreme end of the room, a man who sat upon a structure like a throne. He was gazing at me with black, shining eyes and I could see his cloak was red. The lower part of his face was covered with a mask; only his eyes were revealed.

I stepped forward to have a closer view of him and he rose and waved his hand over me, while a laugh broke from his lips.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

I flung back my head and my eyes met his clearly as I replied so that all could hear my words, "No, I am not afraid."

He looked at me intently; then his laugh rang

out and it was disagreeable to hear. "Not afraid—so, what have we here—a man who thinks he can defy me?"

"Who are you?"

"I—" and his eyes swept the room. I saw all the black cloaked men sink to their knees, each holding out one hand to him while the other fell upon the left side of the chest and the first finger touched the spot where the heart is in the human anatomy.

"I am master," he said.

I stepped nearer to him and, folding my arms and without a quiver in my voice, answered, "I do not believe you are master. There is one greater than you—the Divine Master, God. You are nothing."

He took one step down and toward me. I saw him shudder at the mention of God. I knew that one word was the key to freedom from his realm, if spoken with faith and without fear.

He folded his arms. "You know I could bring great distress upon you if I wished to." He laughed loudly as he said this. He sat down. "I like your spunk. You are a novelty. How did you get here?"

I shook my head. "Perhaps you know more about that than I do. All that interests me now is how to get out of here."

"Get out of here?" and again he laughed shrilly. "My subjects could put you through a torture which would make you willing to crawl at my feet."

"Not I," came my words from the depths of my soul. I was as free from dread as if I had been in the most peaceful realms. "I will never crawl at your feet."

He rose and stormed at me, calling me unmen-

tionable names. I only smiled, amused at his raging and crying.

"They told me you were weak, that you had recently arrived; but I see you are not so weak as they thought you—" He stopped speaking,—“Cannot help but admire you for it,” he blurted out.

I looked about again. All eyes were upon me, and I knew then that, at a single lift of his eye-lids, those thousands of black-cloaked men would spring upon me, and then what? I knew not. What manner of torture they would put me through I would not allow myself to consider.

"Where am I?" I turned as I asked him.

"In the realms of the mighty master of the Black Circle."

I smiled with mockery at him, as I said, "Do you think a mere man like you, who challenges all that is good and the truth, can be the greatest master?"

He jumped to his feet and, jerking back his head, he roared, "I am master!"

I flung up my head, squaring my shoulders and I defied him as a soldier of God should, "No, you are not; there is but one Master, and you are not He."

His eyes half closed, he shuddered as he descended a little nearer to me.

"So, Lord Kitchener, you think I will give up your soul?"

"You have not my soul, never did have it, and never will."

"I will."

"You shall not."

"Come here," he said in command.

I moved forward.

"Sit down!"

With a smile, I did.

Perhaps you think, reader, it did not take considerable courage and faith to sit beside this man who claimed the power to control my soul, who claimed he was the Master, while far as the eye could see were those tall subjects with their white faces and black cloaks, ready to do his bidding, no matter what it might be.

"Now watch and you will see my power; you will know who I am."

"I know who you are now," I calmly replied.

"Who?" came his eager voice.

"A devil," I replied.

I saw him flinch, but when he turned his eyes on me, they were shining and peculiar. A large green light came from his aura, but immediately turned to black as it circled around him. The room grew slowly darker. I felt the first pang of unrest, but strove to conceal it and actually laughed outright.

He glanced at me as he said under his breath, "That's right; laugh while you are able."

This rather quieted me, for I did not like the tone of his voice nor the steadily-growing darkness in the room, and I noticed the black figures were drawing nearer.

A tall form came before the Devil, and bowed.

"Bring her forth," cried the Devil with a wave of his long hand. I noticed the nails were sharply pointed, and his fingers had a greenish appearance, his veins showing black through his drawn skin.

The form disappeared and the room became

darker. I prayed. I wondered if he knew I was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

When the room was practically in darkness there flared up from the floor a flaming red light. I saw the subjects standing in a circle around it and then quite suddenly there broke out a great cry of, "Kloto." I turned to the Devil. He glanced at me. "That means master." I gazed at him with contempt. Another cry was heard, but this one was filled with horrible distress and it seemed to be the dying cry of the living, the ending of the soul, if such a thing could be.

I saw a form in the center of the circle, a woman. Her hair fell to her feet in showers and her face was white. She clasped her hands before her and swayed to and fro, uttering such cries as I believed were not possible. I saw smoke coming from about her feet which were black and shriveled. She waved her arms about, and it was at this time her eyes fell upon me as I sat far in the shadows, realizing instinctively my horror and compassion. She held out her bleeding hands to me, her face filled with hope.

"Will you save me?" she cried.

I tried, but before I could say a word all became blackness and she cried out terribly. There came fire where she had stood. I saw those men in black waving their hands, and it seemed that from their fingers came darting flames.

I heard the Devil ask above the roar, "Will you give up your soul now and be a willing subject or will you perish?"

She moaned until it seemed I could not endure

it but somehow I could not move; there seemed to be chains upon me.

"No, no, you cannot have my soul for it does not belong to you." She cried again, and then all went black.

I rose with a mighty effort. I saw those black-robed men pulling her arms off, it seemed. I thought of myself. I must be in a bad dream. I struggled and, with a mighty effort, I moved toward her as she cried out again. I saw her body being bent and twisted and her face grow suddenly old and lined. Her hair fell white. "My eyes! my eyes! They are gone! All is blackness—Oh, give me back my sight. Oh, my eyes!" she cried.

I saw where her eyes had been were sightless blanks. I was nearing her, pushing the black forms aside, trying to beat through them to her, but before another moment she lifted up her hands, her voice rang out, "Oh, I am in darkness—of hell—where am I—Oh, give me back my eyes—Yes, yes, take my soul, but give me my eyes, and take off these burning hands."

Several thrust me back and I saw others lead her away, her head bent and her face covered by her hair. I stumbled back to the Devil and shook my fist at him.

"Coward! Coward!"

He laughed. "Another soul! Yours next."

"Never! never!" I cried.

He rose and spread out his hands. "Take him."

I knew then I was to suffer, that it would take every bit of faith, courage, and truth I possessed to win against this evil force, but through despair that settled upon me I heard a voice:

"One man's faith in the great God is more powerful than countless devils."

The demons came and crushed in upon me. I felt quite helpless against their force, but I did not waver or cry out. I listened for the voice of the great order to which I belonged, and I felt to cry out would be a traitor's plea.

I was half dragged to the center of the room and thrust into the fire bowl, as I discovered it to be. It was not filled with fire in the physical sense of the word, but with a number of auras of the most powerful evil ones. These formed a heat and a terrible sensation, causing greater agony than could be expressed in words, for it strikes at the sensitive, pure spiritual aura like a reptile which stings and thrusts in its poison. If a being is not strong and the faith is not the greatest, the pain causes such weakness that the sufferer might give up control of his soul and become a subject.

I felt this terrible agony, but I closed my lips to any cries. I cannot tell you how I suffered; the pain was indescribable. You may not believe it, but the most extreme physical pain is not to be compared with it. I do not know how I endured it. I will be frank and tell you I cannot explain how I kept my lips from uttering the sounds a man might make when in dreadful distress. I knew that to be a soldier on earth was to prepare to be one here.

I looked into the terrible white faces and I cried unto them, "Aren't you ashamed to torture me so? Why are you afraid of him? He is no stronger than any one of you?"

I knew they feared his mind. He held them com-

pletely under his control and I knew they never thought of combatting him. Mercy to them was a thing unthought of. I felt my eyes fairly burning out of my pain-racked head. I knew in a few moments I might not see and so I steeled myself for the ordeal. I prayed as I had never prayed before, and over and over again, as the pains fairly drove me to a state of madness, I cried, "I trust in God. I trust in God."

Instead of my eye-sight leaving me I felt lighter and at first I thought I was becoming unconscious. Soon, realizing that the pain was going, I took courage, and, looking into the Devil's eyes, I cried, "God has won. You have lost."

As I felt myself ascending, there came a cry which was wrung from the fiend's whole being, in agony and wrath, "Lost! Lost!"

I found myself on the threshold of the door. The black-robed men looking after me did not attempt to prevent me from leaving. I turned to walk out and there came to my side several beings clothed in white. They took my arms and spoke, "Come, come," and I went with them. All became misty and I was told to relax, which I did.

It seemed as we floated along that the cooling air soothed the burning of my astral body, and looking up into a kindly face I recognized Tolstoi. In a light coming to me I saw my father's form, and the man at my other side proved to be none other than King Edward VII and, at his side, appeared the form of Gladstone.

I thanked them, and they told me that they were with me because of duty as well as friendship.

It seemed no time at all before we came to a place where there were streets, where every one moved about, and there were many people. I felt my feet again upon solid substance and I was grateful.

Gladstone said, "We will take him to my home; he needs to rest."

It was not long before we came to a small house with a lovely garden. It all had a restful appearance. We entered and I sank to a chair. I wanted to ask questions, but I was speechless.

Gladstone leaned toward me as he said, "You are all right now, and you certainly did put up a glorious struggle."

Tolstoi nodded with kind approval as he said, "You deserve to be one of us and belong to our order."

My father was beside me. His voice trembled as he put his hand upon my arm. "My soldier! My brave soldier!"

"What happened?" I managed to ask.

My father answered me. "When you lost consciousness we had a difficult time, for we had to protect and handle you as well as ourselves. The enclosure was very small; and, as we were nearing the realms of the Black Circle, we had to struggle with all the power we possessed. The torpedo struck an air pocket and fell into an electric current which caused an explosion. You happened to fall into their hands, as they were concentrating upon you. We were unconscious for a brief moment, and during that time they took you away. We immediately started out to help you. We had quite a struggle getting into the lower realms but found we were helped by your faith in God, which opened a path for us to you. You helped your-

self more than anyone helped you, for you believed God to be all power."

"I did have faith in God."

They were silent, for they knew of what I was thinking and what I was about to ask them.

When I did speak I said, "I trusted, and who or what is—God?"

They were speechless; not one of them offered to speak in answer.

"What is the matter?" I asked them at length. "Who or what is God?"

My father took my arm as his eyes met mine. "My son, keep your faith in the great God, and let that serve you as sufficient at this time. Later, perhaps," and a light filled his eyes, "you will know, if you still desire, but now—no!"

I leaned back in the chair and rested my head. I was so tired.

"Come, Lord Kitchener, and lie down."

With a bow to the others, I rose and went with Gladstone. I threw myself down upon the couch and closed my eyes as he turned and left the room. I do not know how long I was there, but when I rose I felt utterly free from exhaustion or pain.

I opened the door and entered the front room but found it empty. I looked around and, seeing a bookcase filled with books, I walked to it. I sat down near it and read some of the titles. Then, noticing a book upon the table, I opened it and read. The title was, "THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE." I read so many wonderful things I cannot tell them all here, but the book did me a great deal of good. It broadened my knowledge and viewpoints, and helped me in many ways.

I was thus engaged when Gladstone entered.

"Reading? Well, I am glad you have made yourself at home."

I stood up and put down the book. "Yes, one could not feel a pang of fear here."

He sat down and motioned me to do the same.

"Kitchener, you can face almost anything. You have no fear to overcome. Anyone who can go through what you did is fearless." He paused as he looked at me intently and sincerely. "You passed the supreme test of fear."

I listened and was filled with the glorious knowledge that I was one of the great White Circle.

"I could tell you so much about England, of difficulties which will come up in the political world and which may be mitigated." He spoke with feeling. "Even after my time here I am very much interested in England. I have fond hopes for her." He bowed his head a moment. "I would like to tell you of things concerning that country, but they should not be disclosed at the present." He rose. "Come, we must go to a meeting. You belong to this world and you should take part in all of its interests."

I rose and followed him to the door, where we found a machine waiting for us. I sank back against its cushions. I felt tired again. Out of the corner of my eye I watched Gladstone's expression. He appeared to be in intense thought. I saw he was studying some question from all angles.

"You were not informed, but I am to take you to join an order," he said, "You have passed the tests required to become a member. I know you will meet with approval." He put his hand upon my arm. We

were going rather slowly. I felt the movement of the machine as it seemed to labor.

"Why is there such a strain upon the machine?"

"The conditions of the astral at this point," he replied, "are not so good, and I have to keep my mind concentrated upon the movements we make. All is the power of mind expressed through us, who are reflections of God."

"I would like to have a home of my own. Do you think I will ever advance enough to have one? I am anxious and willing to do all that is necessary to fulfill the requirements."

He smiled and nodded his head thoughtfully. "You shall have one; it will not be long—all you have to do is to know you possess it and you will," he replied.

"What are the principles of possessing a home?"

"You have to learn all the principles and methods of construction. You must know how to form your ideas and plans into a home; and, no matter what disturbance may come up, you must not change that thought or allow anything else to do so. The home is thought focused in the mental and spiritual brain. I could not tell you all the things you have to learn, but right thinking is one of the principles. You must know how to focus your mind upon the thing wished for and keep the thought placed. Do not lose the right conception of it."

"I would like to learn at once just what to do."

"Yes, you would get a great deal of good out of learning the mental methods of home constructing."

"I would," I replied. "Is there a way for me to

join a class at this time? How shall I go about it and what shall I do?"

He was thoughtful. "Before you may be admitted as a member, you must first pass tests to assure the construction organization of your ability."

"Where shall I take the tests?"

"I will make arrangements for you."

"My thanks cannot be expressed in words."

"Look over there." With an inclination of the head he indicated the side of the street. "Do you see the tallest building to the right?"

"Yes."

"Such a masterpiece as that takes powerful concentration. Minds must be as powerful as is the great machinery for the construction of the tall buildings upon the earth. We have a circle of the most advanced to concentrate upon the construction of such buildings. They are powerful in concentration, having passed the highest lessons in mind power. They meet and sit in a room flooded with light, and each has a pencil and slowly draws plans for some particular part of the building. After each has completed his work in the drawing, the group studies each separately and concentrates upon them all. No one moves or speaks. They sit for a long time, and then in the atmosphere around them comes a misty picture resembling their concentrated thought. As they sit, silent and powerful in their concentration, the building is made complete.

"They meet often, concentrating against the general majority overshadowing their thought and causing the building to appear not a reality as it should, and after a great deal of such practice they are able to

develop the thought so firmly in the atmosphere of the astral world that the building is permanent and useful to everyone. That is really all I can make clear to you now, but you will learn more. You may sometime become one of that powerful Circle called the Constructors."

"I will make that one of my ambitions. I would like to be one of the Constructors."

He seemed much pleased. "You are a help now, for every thought of the good is a worthy construction."

We rode for a distance in silence. When we arrived at a small house, the machine stopped. We left it and entered a long hallway and I accompanied him to a door at the end. He knocked twice. Slowly the door opened and a man clad in a white robe bowed to Gladstone and beckoned us to enter.

The beings who sat around the table were clothed in white and their faces were concealed by masks. They rose as Gladstone stepped to the table, which was round and very large; each bowed and held his hand to his temple. Gladstone returned the salute. He sat down, requesting me to stand. One man sat with a pen in hand and a book before him. He looked at Gladstone, who spoke not a word, but lifted his hand holding up two fingers, then one, then three. The man at the book nodded slowly, held up one finger, and turning his head he looked around the circle of forms. Each raised a hand with one finger extended. When Gladstone held up both hands just above the table and raised two fingers of each hand, then extended all fingers, the others each lifted one hand and held up one finger. The man with the book nodded and looked

at Gladstone a moment; then carefully he wrote something on the page before him.

Gladstone rose, took my arm, and drew me to the table, as all those seated around it rose also. The one with the book wrote again and turned the writing toward me. I read the following:

"Do you hereby swear to enter this organization of the Free Souls; to keep your pledge; to perform every duty assigned to you; never to fail to keep your trust; and keep your thoughts clean, pure, and kind; always to know the truth; never to repeat the secrets of the order; and to do your part in every way?"

I nodded—I felt no word was to be spoken, for all was silence. A chair was drawn up and the pen handed to me. I signed below the writing. The scribe scanned it a moment, then nodded with quiet approval. Pushing the book toward me he pointed to an open page and again handed me the pen. There was a space for my name and when I had written it, there appeared on the other side of the paper the name, "Quato." I felt it had something to do with me. Another document was given into my hands to sign. It read as follows:

"I, formerly Lord Kitchener, take as my name within this circle of Free Souls the name of Quato, which is my symbol. I will be addressed by that name only when in this room during a meeting."

I signed the paper. He handed me another. It read as follows:

"The following rules must be learned before the new member may be permitted to sit before the round table in any conference: 1. The language of the

hands. 2. No word to be spoken by the tongue while a meeting is in session. 3. No member may be excused from any meeting, for any cause whatsoever. 4. The mind, which is reflection of God, must be the master over the personal desires. 5. The circle of 'Free Souls' is organized to help and not hinder the world toward progress. 6. Kindness is our motto. 7. Duty is our purpose. 8. Life is our teacher and guide. 9. Willingness to do the bidding of our Master is essential. 10. No member may show partiality to any member of his earth plane family or close associate from personal feeling, for all are to be included in the good given from this organization. 11. The truth must always be told, for the member who repeats or speaks a falsehood will be thrust in disgrace from us and made to repent and learn over again the lessons which the order endeavors to teach. The accused shall not be allowed to become a member of any other organization until he overcomes and is taken back into the circle from which he was barred. 12. No matter what one's earthly creed has been, when he joins this organization he becomes a free lance and not of any thought other than the knowledge of the one Master. In His footsteps let us follow!"

I was ready to do what they wished and signed this document, also. He handed me a piece of paper upon which was the meaning of the finger language. The following is a short lesson in their language which I am permitted to give here:

One finger: Approval of anything or any being.

Two fingers on one hand: A proposal which is to be voted upon.

Three fingers on one hand: The said proposal has not been found wanting.

Two fingers on each hand: Let action on the matter be taken at once.

Both hands held up with fingers extended: The proposal is vouched for by the one who suggested it.

One finger on one hand and two fingers on the other hand: There is a discussion upon the earth plane and the members are allowed to make suggestions concerning the subject.

The symbol of the organization is: The right hand placed upon the left temple, in line with the eye, and a slight salutation with a bow.

The discussions are written out and handed to the chief of the order and he is allowed to discriminate on them. He hands them around the circle until each has read carefully the other members' view points. The eternal crystal is brought forth and set in the center of the circle, and the members gaze into it. There is produced therein the object of their thought and, expressed through the Master of Intelligence the right thing for them to do. A vote is taken and the approvals are written in the book. A member is chosen to perform a task and it must be accomplished; the chosen one must not return until ready to report the word that "all is well."

No member is allowed to visit the earth unless it be for a specially assigned mission, which is given in detail and is transcribed as the work for the member to carry out.

I studied the rules and the language of the hands and I had attained a general idea when the light in the room faded slowly, the forms folded their hands

upon the top of the table, and their heads were slightly bowed. An attendant entered, holding a huge crystal twice the size of a man's head. He set this carefully in the center of the table. A light came from within it, which sent warm rays through it; it clouded and appeared misty, and I thought I saw forms moving within it.

I folded my hands and leaned forward, gazing upon the crystal and watching in tense silence. I saw a slow reddish orange flame settle about the center. It twined itself into a whirling circle. A thought came to me that it represented the earth. I knew I was right, for I felt some one sent me the thought and looking up from the crystal, I met the eyes of the Chief. The flame slowly diminished and there came in its place a blue light which flashed white at times like a streak of lightning.

In the crystal appeared a man. He seemed to stand in the center of the flame. His eyes were open and he was staring at something in the palm of his hand. I leaned forward, tense, to catch a gleam of the object at which he was gazing. I saw it was a revolver. He lifted it to his heart and smiled. He did not shoot, and there came to me the realization he was planning something perhaps more terrible. I wondered what would happen next. I did not have to wait long. There appeared opposite him a woman. She was tall and elegantly gowned in purple. Her hair was black; her eyes dark. She seemed distressed as she clasped her long, slender hands. The man offered the revolver to her and she turned from him with tears in her eyes. Quite suddenly he turned and caught her arm. His hands were rough. She opened

her mouth and must have cried out. He struck her across the face with the revolver and she sank at his feet.

The vision disappeared in a cloudy light and I saw one seated in a great chair, his face troubled. I knew him to be an emperor because I had seen him on the earth. He suddenly threw up his hands and then sank forward, covering his face with them. Utter despondency seemed to be his. He appeared doomed with hopelessness. Then a woman entered and a little boy clung closely to her side. The emperor looked up, his eyes met hers, and he rose and caught the woman and the child to him in a tight embrace which seemed a symbol of his helplessness. There came fire into the ball and I saw black clouds. I saw the little boy lie dead—and the vision left the crystal.

Silently one of the white forms rose and each of the others held up one finger. I found myself doing likewise. The first bowed, with his right hand touching his left temple, and then he left the room in the midst of a yellow vapor.

The others turned their eyes upon the crystal. I saw it flame up again and turn purple. A woman stood therein, her face filled with sorrow. She was standing with her hands outstretched; her face was wrinkled and her eyes staring; she stood bowed. At her feet was a war grave. She suddenly cried out, as she fell upon it, weeping. Another of the white-robed forms rose and went away in much the same manner as did the first.

Then there appeared in the crystal another vision. It was a youth, a boy with a sunny face, a wonderful personality felt through the round walls of the crystal.

He wore a uniform; and he stood erect, with pride in his expression. Suddenly I knew who he was. His face clouded quickly and he sank down and then there came blackness. Before I realized what I was doing, I was upon my feet. I raised my right hand to my left temple and bowed. The forms around the table rose. The chief held up one finger and the others followed his gesture. I felt a quick sensation as if I should fly, and soon I was enveloped in a yellow light. I was drifting slowly through the atmosphere. I knew I was going to perform my duty, and would be guided; nothing could turn me from my mission.

I did not have the impression I was going in any particular direction. It seemed only a moment before I came upon the youth I had seen in the crystal. He stood still, his hands held up. I reached him, clutched him, and held him to me.

"This is Lord Kitchener," I said.

He nodded, his face lighted. He did not speak. I supposed he felt the same sensations I had when I first arrived, although I did not know how long he had been in the astral.

"Come with me; you will be safe. Nothing will harm you."

He did not answer me. I felt myself moving and he was beside me. I did not fear. I trusted in the eternal Guide and knew that the right place to take my charge would be opened. I found that such a place was waiting. He was received by one closely related to him while upon the earth and I immediately left, promising to return to him again. I knew he would be watched over and led into paths of right knowledge.

I did not then go back to the meeting of the Free Souls but found my way to my father's house. I felt I had done my part. I did not know whether I had helped the lad a great deal, but I was positive he would advance quickly.

My father was not at home and I went into the library and sat down. I was so exhausted I leaned back and thought of nothing in particular. I hoped no one would disturb me until I felt rested, and my wish was granted. I was completely refreshed when Gladstone and Tolstoi entered.

"Just the ones I want to see," I said.

They sat down. "You are now growing capable of accomplishing without any assistance," said Gladstone. "How do you like being independent again?"

I waited some moments before replying; then I said, "Independent? Yes, I am to a certain extent, but outside of that I am dependent upon—" I paused. They waited for me to continue and then Gladstone asked, "Whom?"

I lifted my head. "You know, but you want to hear me express it. I have perfect trust and I am dependent upon the one great Guide who is our Leader, our God."

They nodded with approval.

"Oh, by the way, Kitchener," said Tolstoi, "you are looking more your old self than you were for a while."

"What do you mean?"

He grinned at Gladstone. "You are getting over the faculty of blushing at every word spoken to you."

I clasped my hands over my knee. "Well, now to be candid, I have not noticed. I forgot about my

appearance; there were so many other things which were more essential. I am not worrying over the mere contour of my face."

They glanced at each other with amusement in their eyes.

"You made a very charming boy," said Tolstoi.

I tolerated the remark, which was intended to tease me, and smiled good-naturedly. They saw that their joking remarks could not affect me, and Gladstone said, "Now, Kitchener, do not think we are trying to make you a source of amusement." He paused and glanced at Tolstoi.

"You are both a little teasing," I said.

Tolstoi shrugged his shoulders. "Teasing, or no, we are frank speakers. You were charming with your pretty face."

"Pretty face!" I sniffed with disdain. "Give me a rough, beaten, good face, filled with knowledge, in preference to any pretty face in the world." They nodded. "Pretty faces are not always pretty souls. You know I have seen some men with good looks who were not worth a—a—" I choked.

They were amused at my vehemence. Tolstoi seemed to send wireless messages in his glances to Gladstone, who chuckled as he nodded in response.

"When is the Convention to be?" I asked, breaking in upon their mirth.

"The Convention is not to take place immediately, but is being organized and those who are to help are being prepared," replied Gladstone.

"Am I to be one?"

He pulled out a paper from his pocket and handed

it to me. "Here, read this; perhaps you will think you are."

I read the paper through three times, but all I really noticed were the following lines:

"Lord Kitchener will speak at the Convention, using the discrimination, given him from the one Mind, and he will be one of those who will enter into concentration, for the ending of the war. We of the spirit must do all in our power to help those on the earth who are fighting for the right."

I groaned softly to myself. "A speaker! I had not planned upon this."

Tolstoi laughed. His reply was far from reassuring.

"See what you get for being a figure at the time of the war. You might even be called upon to give information, which would help open a way to arrange certain conditions now somewhat troublesome."

"What shall I say?"

"You will know what to say when the time comes. 'Do not cross the bridge until you come to it'." Then he became serious and, leaning forward, he pointed his finger at me. "Lord Kitchener, you are fortunate in being chosen for such a mission. Think of it in that light,—you, who have but shortly arrived here, taking part in the Convention in which only those who have been here a long time are allowed to participate. Others who have been here as long as you often are still in the resting planes, not capable of joining classes. Be thankful."

"I am," I replied.

He held his hand out to me. "My words may sound a bit uncivil in praise of you. I know you are

grateful, but you do not really know how much you have to be thankful for."

"I knew perfectly what you meant."

He smiled with gratification. "You have a wonderful understanding, Lord Kitchener."

Gladstone, leaning forward, asked, "How were you impressed with the organization of The Free Souls?"

It is a wonderful order."

"Do you have an idea who is the chief?"

I pondered, then, like a flash, I knew. "King Edward VII." He folded his hands and relaxed.

"Is that so?" I asked, impatient to know if I were right.

"What does silence denote?" he asked, with his eyes half closed and a smile touching his firm lips.

"Silence? In most cases it means the topic touched upon needs no further words concerning the absolute fact of the case. I then assume that it was he."

"He is a man who deserves to be on a high plane, for he has been faithful, and to learn of the astral has been one of his greatest desires," said Gladstone.

"Why is there no word spoken while the meeting is in session?"

"Because," he said, "the higher the orders, the fewer the spoken words and motions. The highest orders do not use the written word nor do they have the language of the hands. Every soul who comes here and who advances at all is placed in an order according to his spiritual understanding. You were splendid to recognize your duty and perform it without a word of protest or fear. Your task was complete and well

done within a short time after you left us." He turned to Tolstoi, "Well, I must be going; are you coming?"

"No, there is no reason for me to leave at present. I shall stay."

Gladstone rose. "I will see you again." And with a bow he turned and walked toward the door, seeming to vanish into space.

Thoughtfully Tolstoi looked at me for a long time and then he said, "Kitchener, would you like to visit the wireless again?"

I leaped to my feet. "Nothing would give me so much pleasure."

He did not attempt to rise.

"Are we to leave at once?" I asked.

"No, not yet; there is a certain time when we allow visitors."

I sat down, scarcely able to contain myself, I was so anxious to go.

"The Circle of the Free Souls is an order to help those who are coming into the astral or who are in great danger. The visions which appeared in the crystal were of beings upon the earth, who were in need of assistance, or who were passing over." He spoke also of other subjects, and I wondered if I should ever know as much as he did. After a time he rose and said, "Come, we will be starting now."

I walked beside him to the door and we entered his machine. It was not long before we came to the torpedo station and, while waiting, we saw a young man standing nearby.

"You are a new comer?" Tolstoi asked.

"Yes, I am."

"I hope you will like my class on the invention plane."

The young man appeared astonished. "How did you know that I was to be in your class?"

"I knew by reading your thought. It is as if you had spoken to me, for that thought was foremost in your mind."

"How did you come here?" I asked.

"Through an explosion. It was very hard at first for me to overcome the memory. I have been on the rest plane for a long time."

"What was the nature of the explosion?"

He drew a sigh. A shadow of pain crossed his face and he held his side. "The old pain simply will stick. You see my side was ripped open, and my arms and one leg were blown off. I had to acquire new thoughts of them when I came here, to overcome the physical thought that I had lost them forever. I was an English ambulance driver, blown up while driving from the fields." He looked at me with renewed interest; then a smile, frank and boyish, broke over his face. "I have seen your face somewhere—Oh, I have it, you reviewed my company once. You are Lord Kitchener." He saluted me.

Tolstoi said, "You must get over that army tradition of saluting. You should forget the past in the present, or you never will advance. Do not be alarmed. It is a kindly remark for your own good."

He flashed a smile at Tolstoi. "True, but when one meets such a man as Lord Kitchener, well—" He paused as he glanced at me, "Well, he does not wish to miss the opportunity of receiving his salute."

I felt happy to have one of my own country-

men speak thus of me and I felt a lump in my throat. With a sob he stepped to me and I to him. I clasped him close in a brotherly embrace which the words of Tolstoi could not break. When the young man had drawn from me he turned to Tolstoi:

"We realize your words were meant in kindness, but—but—one's country-man one cannot forget—soon, no, not very soon."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"They have given me a name by which I must go—it is Litosovi."

"Litosovi, come to see me some time. I cannot tell you where now, for I am a bit on the move all the time."

The boy smiled as he held out his hand. "I will find a way."

The torpedo arrived. We waited until the passengers came out. There stepped toward me a Frenchman. I recognized him as a famous officer I had known, who died for his country. He clasped me closely to him.

"Ah, it is ze Lord Kitchener. Very often have I thought of you—" And he kissed me on either cheek. He backed away, abashed. "Oh, my, zat is one of ze things I cannot forget—ze kissing—really, often I forget; it seems to be me—just me, M'sieur."

I laughed good naturedly and he joined me. "Well, I do not think I would have known you if you had not been affectionate. That is not the first time you have kissed me."

Tolstoi touched me upon the shoulder. "We must be going."

The Frenchman turned to him. "Ah, really, not

any offense, eh, M'sieur Tolstoi? Zat is ze French which is so much me—I will not do it again."

Tolstoi laughed. "You promise me that every time I see you—"

"Ah, yes, M'sieur, but I still feel ze heart I had before is in zat place." He pounded his chest. "She is quick, M'sieur, to say, 'kiss ze brother'; you see, M'sieur, so what am I to do, M'sieur? I do not like to tell zat heart to stop ze beat. Ah, we all have ze same heart we had before—zat is, for a time—I would not feel myself if I had to give it up for another."

I said as we parted, "I hope to see you again."

He bowed. "Ah, M'sieur, I will look upon the lists where to find you."

Litosovi came with us into the torpedo. During the journey he told us of his life in the astral,—how he was struggling to overcome and how he had succeeded well for some time. I, in turn, revealed some of my experiences. It seemed no time before Tolstoi rose, saying, "We have arrived."

We left the torpedo together but at the landing Litosovi bade us farewell, promising to see me again. Tolstoi and I proceeded toward the large wireless building. Upon entering we went to the second floor and the wireless room and I saw again the row upon row of operators. We went down a passage and came to a booth which I was told I could enter. I did, and pressed the buttons.

"What connection do you wish?" asked the operator.

I thought a moment, then said, "The Capitol of the United States, City of Washington, the United States of America."

There came a buzzing upon the wires, the mirror became milky and hazy, and then clearly I saw the Capitol building. I saw people going about attending to affairs, and the many busy war workers who were doing their part. I asked to view the Statue of Liberty; immediately the scene changed and I saw the great symbol which means so much to the new-comer into that land.

I decided I would like to see Australia, in which I had always been interested, so voiced my desire to the operator, and before me appeared scenes of that wonderful country. I felt for the moment as if I were really there. It seemed I stood among people, and heard them talking.

Then there appeared upon the mirror a figure I recognized. The sight of Australia vanished, and there stood before my vision Lloyd George. I heard him speak. He addressed an assembly. I cannot repeat the words he said. I do not feel it is my place to speak of a matter concerning a nation. For the moment, I had the impression I was there. I heard my name mentioned and felt a sensation of pleasure. I was about to speak but, like a flash, I realized, to my disappointment, that they could not hear my words.

I asked the operator for a sight of my home. Tolstoi saw the picture upset me. "Lord Kitchener," he said, "you had better wait for those visions until you know you can look upon them without sentiment or remorse. I know it is difficult now to do so, and so you had better look upon scenes which do not bring such tender remembrances."

"I must overcome that, I know. It should do me good to look upon places I love," I replied.

"Yes, it is all right if you make up your mind that you are satisfied here but to feel inward longings to leave here and return to the earth would only hinder your progress." He patted my shoulder in a brotherly way, and I turned again to the wireless.

"Kindly give me France."

"What part?" asked the operator.

"Paris, if you please."

In a moment I looked upon the city of Paris. There was more or less turmoil, for, reader, this was still war time. I saw hospitals and people praying in churches. I saw many, many, soldiers going about, some with quick, alert steps; others upon crutches. There were also the busy war workers, and such a hurry and flurry. It seemed that everywhere people were doing something to help make it easier for those who were in the conflict.

I turned from the scene; then, again pressing the button for England, I was immediately connected and saw once more my beloved city of London. I saw there the busy ones doing their duty to help the brave soldiers and sailors. I asked for the Parliament Buildings and again seemed to be within those walls. I heard speakers who did their part in helping with the great plans. I heard many things of interest which I would like to repeat here but cannot."

Turning from the wireless, I said to Tolstoi, "I would like to revisit the invention classes. Is that possible?"

"Of course it is. You may come with me; I have a class soon."

When we reached the class-room there seemed to be hundreds of new pupils. I spoke of this. Tolstoi

replied, "Do not forget the war casualties. These are some who have arrived since your former visit."

I took a seat in the rear of the room and he stepped to his desk and, facing the pupils, he asked, "Any new pupils to enroll at the present? If so, step to the desk, and I will place you upon my list."

Two stepped forward and a third rose slowly. Haltingly he stepped into line with the others. Tolstoi turned to the first.

"Your name, grade, qualifications, your age in earthly years, and from what plane you come?"

The youth looked up with a half smile. "My name here is Hilmetton. I am in class number one. I have qualified to enter your class. My age was twenty-three. I come from the rest plane."

Tolstoi wrote this down in a book and then motioned him to a seat in the front row. He sat down and folded his hands. His dark eyes gazed up at Tolstoi with rapture. The next young man straightened his shoulders.

"Will you kindly answer the same questions?"

He nodded with a boyish smile. "My name here is Letiona, age twenty. I have qualified; my grade is first class; I come from the rest plane."

Tolstoi pointed to a seat and wrote in his book. Turning to the third one he asked, "Will you answer the question?"

He stepped back, his eyes shifty. He glanced around. "Are you all advanced here?"

Tolstoi glanced up sharply from his book. "Why do you ask that? We are all advanced according to our state of thought."

"No—" came the slowly drawn-out reply.

"Well? I am waiting."

He shifted from one foot to the other before he replied, "My name here is Vane Belto. I—think I have qualified. My grade is second class. I have just risen from an earth-bound state."

"Be seated. We will help you if you are willing to learn."

Tolstoi now noticed a small form sitting almost hidden in a seat near me.

"Stand up. You have not enrolled. You are a new student?"

The face clouded. "I suppose I am."

"Well, step to the front of the room." Tolstoi paused, waiting for some action. The form did not move. "You do not belong here, or you would obey orders. You had better go back to the registration desk."

The form rose. Tolstoi glanced at a youth in the front row. "See that he is safely on his way."

The youth rose, with a nod, and took the shrinking being's arm. They left the room.

Tolstoi continued his class. But he had scarcely spoken half a dozen words, when a man entered. "Pardon. Is Lord Kitchener here?"

I rose. Tolstoi replied, "He is; what is wanted of him?"

The man glanced at me. "A conference has been arranged for him with Dr. Closs. It is necessary to make some adjustments for him."

Tolstoi turned to me. "Go with him; you will be all right."

I walked to the man. "I am ready to go where you lead," I told him.

We left the wireless building and walked for some distance without words passing between us. After we had continued for what seemed an hour, he turned his head slightly as he said, "You are to go to the laboratory and see Dr. Closs. He is to make the arrangements for your treatments."

I did not understand the plan; nevertheless I put myself in his hands and accompanied him, for I did not forget the words of Tolstoi.

It was not long before we entered a small building. I went with him down a passageway which was rather dimly lighted. When we came to a door at the end he rapped. It was not long before we heard a stir within, but it was some time before the door opened.

"Come in, come right in!" said a pleasant-faced man, and I was somewhat relieved.

We entered the room and my guide spoke to him in a low tone of voice, in the language which I was beginning to learn, but of which I could understand only a few words; still I gathered he was telling the man, who proved to be Dr. Closs, who I was and all that was necessary concerning me.

"Well, well, so this is Lord Kitchener!" I bowed. "I had expected to see a much heavier man than you

"I was heavier; but since I have been here, I do not appear exactly the same in age and weight."

He held out his hand and I took it. The guide took his departure.

"Please sit down," requested Dr. Closs.

When we were seated I waited for him to begin the subject of my visit to him.

"As you know, Lord Kitchener, only the ones who are far advanced and have been here some time are requested to speak at the Convention. Your case has been an exception. You are to have some rather strenuous training and treatments to prepare you for what is before you. The Convention is now postponed and will not take place for some time, but during the interim you will be busy. It will seem a very short time to you; there is so much before you: visits to other planes, one visit to the earth, and learning the universal language. It will be the only language of the Convention. The treatments will be to overcome the physical thought of atmosphere affecting the general health. You will find the first treatments trying, but you will be greatly helped by them."

He paused. "I am the one to instruct you and watch out for your general welfare during the time you are preparing for your mission. You will be with me most of the time. I have many classes to teach, and I am very busy, but I shall give you as much of my time as possible. You must help yourself all you can." He smiled at me. "Much depends upon you, Lord Kitchener."

"I will do all in my power to help you," I promised.

"Come this way; I will show you one of the first things you have to do."

I rose and went with him into another room. It was a wonderful sight to anyone interested in scientific instruments. Of course the things I saw were now used only in the astral, but some time they will

be conceived upon the earth, and then greater things will be accomplished by man to help establish the facts about this wonderful world, the astral. He stepped to a booth which stood in one corner. There was glass on the sides and in front.

"You will sit in there; I will send in the different grades of atmosphere which you will sense, and you will frequently be subjected to the ones which affect you the most, until you can stand them without any feeling. You will not need to tell me which ones affect you, for this will show."

He motioned to a small glass bulb on the side of the booth. In the bottom was a red fluid. The upper part had nothing in it. There was a little wire running from its base into the center of a booth and down through an instrument which hung suspended over the person being treated.

He opened the door. "We might as well begin the treatments now."

I assured him he knew best; that I was ready any time he was. I stepped into the booth and sat down. He entered and showed me the instrument, which was similar to an aviator's helmet, but much heavier. Little hard spikes protruded from two spots upon the head and on either side at the temples. Wires ran down from the spikes, and upon the top was a tube connecting with the bulb without. I felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"I am not the first upon whom you have tried this?"

He shook his head. "Indeed, no. I have tried this on so many I have ceased to count them."

He fastened the helmet upon my head and before

he left he leaned closely to me and I faintly heard his words. "You will soon feel a buzzing sensation and sharp pains, like electric needles, but they will not last long."

He shut the door and I felt a tension creep over me. I wondered if it were inward alarm. I turned my eyes upon the bulb outside. For some time nothing occurred; then, quite suddenly, the red fluid in the bottom of the bulb shot up to the top. At the same moment a strange stinging sensation went through me. I felt myself losing breath; I seemed to choke; but I sat still and held tightly to the chair, straining every nerve to keep my self-control. This I found to be difficult; but, nevertheless, I am glad to say I accomplished it. The only thing which worried me was the losing of my sight. The hazy mist that came before my eyes was most annoying. I blinked several times. I shook my head, but I found this caused the stinging to renew its force. I shut my eyes for a moment and then quickly opened them. The hazy, misty atmosphere seemed to have gone, for, through the glass, I could see the doctor and he nodded and smiled encouragingly. I tried to smile back but it seemed the muscles around my mouth were helpless and a twisting pain came through my effort.

I saw the red fluid suddenly drop and the sensations I had undergone left me; I felt a little weak, but was none the worse for the experience. I relaxed a moment from the strained position. Again the red fluid began to climb,—slowly this time, and I felt the maddening sensation of a million needles beginning to prick me. I wriggled and twisted quite a bit but this only made matters worse. They gouged

me then, so I tried to sit still and control all my movements and muscles. But I found my body still jumped and twisted with the pricking of the needles. I clasped my hands but this only sent a pain through my whole body, so I unclasped them and let them lie upon my knees. For some time this lasted; then to my relief the pricking sensation lessened and I saw the red in the bulb once more slowly move toward the bottom. When it had settled, I was free from every trying sensation, and I relaxed my tension.

In a moment I noticed the red in the bulb making its way to the top. I felt alarmed, for I could not seem to get my breath. I struggled and coughed; putting my hands to my throat, I tried to assist in some way, but could not. I was fearful that I would lose consciousness, but I did not. Within another moment my head whirled and I fell half forward. I saw the red reach the top. The bulb seemed to swell. I could see the face of the doctor. I wanted to ask him to assist me; but, although I opened my mouth, no sound came. I saw myself beating the sides of the booth and then, quite suddenly, I became calmer and the red slowly edged its way down to the bottom. My breath came back and I breathed in gulps, with glad relief.

I relaxed again; but, before I had regained my poise, the red in the bottom began to climb like a long snake toward the top. I felt a terrible pain in my forehead and I lost my sight. The atmosphere seemed to crush me. It was not long, however, until I could see again, but I could not make a move. Suddenly the booth filled with a dense atmosphere similar to fog, and with a loud bang the bulb burst and the red fluid splashed over the floor.

In a moment the door was open and the doctor had unfastened the helmet and had me out of the booth, helping me to a chair. He opened a bottle and inserted a long tube. When he withdrew it, the end was wet. This he passed quickly across my eyelids and forehead, stopping a moment to pick up a sponge from the table. Dipping it into some fluid, he bathed my temples for a long time. I felt the energy coming back which I had lost and my vision cleared. He assisted me to a couch; and, when I had stretched out at full length, he turned on a blue light directly above me. This penetrated my whole being. I closed my eyes, he touched my temples again with the sponge, and I lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. I could hear him moving about near me, but he seemed a long distance away. When I opened my eyes and looked up at him, he was standing near me.

"Do not rise yet. You need rest after that treatment." He sat down beside me. "You stood the tests better than I expected."

He opened a book slowly, turned the pages, and read the following:

"The first test tries the subject in the third degree atmosphere which is ten planes higher than the present one." He looked up. "This is the highest plane you have visited." He continued to read. "The second trial is 'Longiture,' which is to test the subject's ability to observe surroundings in an atmosphere to which he is not accustomed, and twenty-five planes above the former one. The third test is one which consists of mixed atmospheric thoughts and the subject has to learn to stand these conflicting forces without

feeling them greatly. In this test the vibration, or atmosphere, is thick with forces strangling to the new subject and sometimes causing temporary disability. The fourth is a test to strengthen the resistance of your aura against outside forces."

He closed the book. "You passed all the tests but the last one. Of course the others will be repeated until you cease to feel the annoying sensations. The last test may have to be repeated many times before you are able to stand it." He rose and, walking across the room, he opened a door. "Look."

I turned my head and saw a room filled with a cloudy atmosphere and I could vaguely make out many forms therein.

"Sometimes a patient must remain there while he slowly adapts himself, but I do not believe you will have to do so. I think in a short time you will be able to stand the test, and then it will not take long to feel as normal in that atmosphere as you are in this one." He closed the door. "You did not gaze upon the actual room. You gazed through a crystalized vapor reflecting the hospital, which is some distance from here."

"How long have you been here?"

"If you mean by earthly time, I have been here a little over two hundred years."

"Why is it you have not been back to the earth plane during that time?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "One does not reincarnate unless it is to learn a lesson or it is to enter a personality fitted for and in harmony with his soul. That is why so many great souls do not accomplish. They want to return to the earth before their time.

You see, the book of life has written out the fates of each country. There are not many openings which are suited for advanced souls; but those who do not want to wait their turn, and who are willing to take anything which opens a chance to return to the physical pleasures, retard their advancement. You would not believe how many want to return for the pleasures of the flesh. We have not time for such things here, so some are glad to have fate assign them inferior positions and personalities just to gain that sensation which gives fleshly pleasures. Perhaps they do not get all they planned; they were so intent upon getting back to earth they did not wait to see the real outline of their existence, and sometimes their suffering is great. Man is not apt to advance by doing such a foolish thing. He will have to redeem himself by overcoming."

"Why is one allowed to go when it is not for his own good?"

"Because there are so many lives to live; and if the soul is so wrapped up in the physical, he will become earth-bound in any event. Many who have passed their previous tests are allowed to go back into an existence which is not worthy of them just because they prefer not to wait until the chosen time comes for them to take a fitting role and become a helper and not a hindrance to the earth. Of course the inferior personalities and lives upon the earth plane are not lived by advanced souls. But it takes a student of philosophy to know who is who. Often the souls who have taken lower physical lives without waiting for their real mission, are put back so far when they return here that, in understanding, they are like mere

infants; and it takes a long, long time for them to advance. That you have become advanced is no sign that you can throw aside rules and still realize that mind which is of the highest."

"I wonder if there will be a time when all will see things rightly," I pondered.

He nodded his head several times, slowly.

"Do these beings who return into the physical in such a state often redeem themselves before they return here?"

He smiled. "Indeed they do, and sometimes they will develop an understanding physically and spiritually which will help others; sometimes in their hard lives and physical trials of the flesh, they will become greater—sometimes not."

I gained a great deal from his conversation.

He stepped to a cabinet and got a glass containing a fluid which he requested me to drink.

I got to my feet, and for a moment I felt somewhat dizzy, but gradually my balance was restored.

"By the way," I asked, "why am I going back to the earth plane?"

"I cannot tell you now, but you will know shortly. You will make the trip directly before the Convention."

He started toward a door at the left and said, "Come, I think I will give you another test now. It is very necessary also."

We entered a small, dimly lighted room. He motioned me to sit down in a chair which stood almost in the center of the room. It was a peculiar chair and when I sank into it the seat seemed to give way, although my feet were upon the floor in a normal position. He took my wrists. He stood a moment

looking down at me; then he walked to a cupboard and brought out a small instrument which reminded me of a ring. This he placed upon my head and fastened there. He placed my hands on the arms of the chair and rang a bell. A large man entered; I think he was the biggest man I had ever seen. Dr. Closs did not speak to him, merely indicated me with a nod of his head, saying to me, "I shall leave you in his care. He will help you and I assure you he is trustworthy."

I rather disliked having the doctor leave me; but, with a friendly attitude toward my new helper, I turned and looked up at him as he stood beside me.

"Relax your body,—your whole being,—you will not be injured."

I did as he requested. He stood before me and gripped my arms. A moment he looked down at them and then he said, "You will kindly have faith in everything I do. If I am a bit rough, pardon, sir."

I saw that my body was practically nude. He brought a small table and put it down beside me. Upon this he placed a round object which reminded me of a rubber sponge, a brush with bone-like bristles, a small jar with one letter upon the outside in red, and a huge bowl containing a fluid which looked like water. He produced also a bottle which appeared to be filled with a thick and extremely black fluid; near me he placed two knives which were pointed at both ends, one being slightly curved. The next thing he did was to strap my feet to the floor. Carefully he removed his outer robe and I saw his powerful arms,—such arms human beings do not possess. He turned to a cabinet; and, taking from a shelf a large bowl of a pink fluid, he washed his hands. Then he stepped to me.

"Now, you will not have much sensation. You will expect a great deal, but that will be the physical part of you, and so I am going to deaden that with this," and he held up an instrument which I had not noticed, but which reminded me of a small pump. This he set into a small dish filled with blue fluid, and placed the pump against my forehead. The only sensation I had then was a drawing, a slight, sharp pain; then I felt quite numb all over. He held this to my forehead until I saw my whole body turn a light blue. He took up the sponge; dipping it into the big bowl with the pink fluid. He rubbed me with it. I felt a cooling sensation.

"If you did not have your physical senses benumbed," he said, "this would burn so you could not stand it. It has the effect on the physical of an acid."

He rubbed my feet with it several times and gave particular attention to the palms of my hands. He also passed it across my eyes and I felt a slight stinging. He dripped it upon each temple for a long time, holding it steady and telling me not to move. Then, taking up the curved knife, he slit both of my wrists.

"Why have you made incisions in my wrists? That seems to me a very physical treatment."

He laughed softly, his mellow voice reminding me of an Italian's. "Ah, my friend and brother, really beneficial treatments of the earth plane are sent to chosen ones from the astral. Usually it is but a human instinct which prompts men to experiment upon mortals, but real cures are from here. Radium is one of our aids, as are lights similar to the violet ray. We frequently use colors in our treatments. There are acids which have effects simi-

lar to the ones used upon the earth plane; but the idea of poison placed upon each one is merely human thought brought to the surface from some unknown source, or perhaps something which may be traced back to some individual who first conceived the mortal idea of poison in its connection."

"But why," I asked, is there no blood coming from the incisions you have made?"

He smiled as he began to run a tube up my arm through one incision. "Because you are beyond the physical sense of blood," he replied.

"Is there no blood in the astral?"

"Yes, but not of the type mortals term blood. One can exist without it here. Astral blood is a very light blue—the spiritual color—and it is much thinner than mortal blood. The reason a mortal's is red is because the color stands for physical strength. I am now testing your spiritual blood to see if you have enough to give you vitality for the mission which you are to perform, as you will need as great deal to pass your test."

"And if I have not enough blood," I asked, "what will you do then?"

He smiled at me as he glanced up for a second from his work. "Send you to the hospital where blood is injected or where you will go through a course of treatments which will furnish you the amount you need."

"Do you think I will have to go?"

"I do not know yet."

He bent to his task and it was not long before he withdrew the instrument and placed it in the bowl filled with the lightest blue fluid. He stood looking

down at it for some moments. "Do you see the white specks in it?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well, that shows you will need to be furnished with blood."

I sighed with disappointment.

"I cannot do anything for you," he said. "It is too bad, for I think you will have to take the treatments, the injection and also the blood restoring test."

He unstrapped my feet; then he dipped the sponge into the white fluid and rubbed my temples. I rose and thanked him for his time and attention.

"Wait here a moment and I will see about your arrangements with the nutrition and blood hospital." He bowed as he turned and left me alone in the room.

I stood looking about until he returned with Dr. Closs.

"Well?" I asked.

Dr. Closs said, "You will go to the hospital now; I will accompany you. If you wish you may talk with your father before you go, for there are no close relatives allowed to see the patients while undergoing the treatments. The re-union is apt to bring physical thought vibrations."

He conducted me out of the room and back into his office.

He pulled out an instrument similar to the one I had seen in my father's house. I held it to my ear and asked the operator for my father.

"I will try to locate him at once," came her reply.

I waited some time before my father spoke.

"Father," I said, "they have found me lacking in

the proper amount of blood with which to carry out my mission; therefore I have to take treatments."

He replied, "I will come to you before you go, if you wish."

I glanced at Dr. Closs. He nodded his willingness.

"Yes, do come, father," I said."

He told me he would arrive as soon as possible and for me to wait for him. I hung up and turned to Dr. Closs. "He would like to have me wait for him here."

He nodded with a smile. "Come, Kitchener," he said, "I am going to prepare you for your journey."

We entered another building; and I carried out the doctor's instruction, to lie down upon a couch. He pressed a button. The huge man entered.

"Give him a hypodermic."

He stooped over me; and taking from his robes a long needle with a bulb at the end, he stuck this into my arms, and into my forehead.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"You will need a great deal of strength to make the journey. It is into a higher atmosphere than this one, where you will take treatments to acquire blood enough to sustain you in any atmosphere. At the present you have just enough to keep you strengthened while on this level, or on a lower plane." He folded his hands as he sat down near me. "You know, it is not the planes which are high, but the thoughts; and, as you are still inwardly struggling with your physical conception of things, you believe in somewhat lower vibrations, such as emotion and sensation. The thoughts of the higher planes are filled with

powerful lights streaming forth continually into space. They cause different atmospheric conditions, for, as you already know, atmosphere is caused from thoughts. Now these thoughts are powerful and smite the physical thought with a tremendous force, because they are reflections of the auras of very advanced souls. They throw out lights that are almost beyond conception; and, if the being who comes within their rays is not advanced above every physical thought or lingering desire of the earth, these lights penetrate his aura and draw upon it with a terrific force. But if you have enough energy and faith, you will be able to go into the high realms."

He talked of the atmospheres for some time; then he said, "When your father comes, take leave of him with as little emotion as possible, for emotion, outwardly expressed, is of the physical, and that is just what you are trying to get away from."

My father soon arrived and, smiling, he clasped my hand. "Son, I wish you a good journey. I am not allowed to go with you or I would. You see the idea is that one so near in the physical sense of the word hinders the progress of the treatments, for the physical is what we are trying to overcome."

We talked for a little while and then he rose to leave.

"I will be the first to see you when you return."

I told him that was my desire.

After he had gone, Dr. Closs disappeared for a moment within another room. When he returned he had on a white robe and a cover of white over his head. I found I was similarly clad.

"How is it I am clothed while a short time ago I was practically nude?" I asked him.

"You will some time be able to change your own attire; but, while you are under my care, I do that concentrating for you. My mind first pictures what you need, then you possess it, for the mind clothes the body."

He took my arm as I rose. We left his rooms and went out of the building. It was not long before we came to a long object which reminded me of a torpedo. It had only two small round holes for windows. We entered and he bade me lie down, stretch out, and relax completely, which I did.

I fell into a doze, as it would be termed. I was conscious of all that went on around me, and yet I rested with ease and was refreshed.

When Dr. Closs came to me later and told me we had arrived, I rose and it seemed I was lighter than the atmosphere. I spoke of this sensation.

"That is your belief in the human action of the heart."

I reached for his arm for support. We left the enclosure and we proceeded. Before I had gone a distance of more than fifty feet, I felt a terrible drawing sensation. I sank down, but immediately I was lifted by Dr. Closs and two attendants who had arrived. They placed me upon a contrivance somewhat like a stretcher and carried me the rest of the way.

We entered a large building and they took me up to the second floor. They carried me into a room and laid me upon a couch. I was motionless for some

time, for it seemed I had lost control over my body's actions.

Dr. Closs sat down beside me and took my hand. He stuck a needle-like instrument into my arm which he bound with a yellow scarf, seemingly of silk. At least it felt soft and sleek. Presently a man and woman entered, and Dr. Closs said:

"These will be your constant personal attendants to assist you. At intervals I will come and take you to the treatment rooms. You should remain relaxed most of the time you are here. Do not get up. They will attend to your wants." He motioned them to my side. "Kelo, this is Lord Kitchener, your latest patient. He is here to gain the energy necessary for a mission." He was addressing the man. "Olci," he turned to the woman, "you will establish peace in his consciousness and answer any question he may ask, which you are capable of answering." He looked down at me. "Each has a different work and it leads to a purpose." Dr. Closs took his leave.

The woman sat down near me and the man turned to his work of mixing fluids which I judged were for me.

I looked up at the woman. She had a fair skin and light eyes. She had rather a sad face,—one, however, which showed great knowledge.

I said, "Do you mind if I begin so soon asking you questions? I am always trying to gain knowledge, and there is so much to learn."

She turned her large eyes upon me and smiled wistfully. "Your wishing to learn is a good quality; besides, there is plenty to learn. What is it you would like to ask me?"

I noticed her hands were slim and shapely, and you could see the blue blood coursing through them. This did not detract from their attractiveness. In fact, the blue tinge added a strange charm.

"Do you know what the blood is made from?"

She lifted her eyes as if she would look afar, perhaps into some other realms.

"No, I do not exactly. It is produced upon higher planes. You have to belong to the plane, or at least have a special permission to visit there, before you know." She lowered her eye to her hands and smiled.

"Please, who were you the last time you were upon earth?" I asked.

She seemed a little startled and hesitated a moment and then with a soft accent she murmured, "I was Helen of Troy." She looked down at me "I sometimes forget who I was, I am so busy here, and the past life is slowly being placed in the book of memory which is opened only when necessary. Of course when anyone asks me I tell them."

I glanced across the room at the man. "And who was 'Kelo'?"

She did not reply, for the man turned and strode toward me. "I?" he laughed. "I was Mark Antony, and I tell you I have had to earn my way back to respect."

And then some curiosity prompted me to ask, "Where is Cleopatra now?"

He turned; his face was livid. "She is tame now," he retorted.

I wondered what made Antony so snappy. "Come, come, surely you have no grudge?"

His eyes flashed. "Grudge? No! No! That is the trouble. I have been all this time trying to overcome my physical love for her."

"How long have you been an attendant here?"

He looked away. "I was not always an attendant. I was something higher, much higher." He almost glared at me.

"You must conquer your spirit of resentment or you will be something lower," I said.

He sat down. "Well, I was much higher and then I met her again. Strange how flesh sentiment will cling to you here, torment you, and cause you general discomfort of mind. She just smiled at me, that was all,—just a smile and I went down. At last I was pitied and helped up and given a chance to be an attendant." He smiled sadly. "Sometimes, Kitchener, people whom you physically loved or hated can almost wreck you here if you meet them." He bowed his head. "Do you know, once I almost gave my soul over to the Black Circle, I wanted her so badly. You see, in so doing I could have had her, if she had been willing to come with me; and we would have loved as we did on earth. But she would not come, and I—I conquered after a fight."

"Suppose you had gone?" I asked. "What would have happened then,—that is, after a time?"

He looked at me intently for some time without answering. He seemed to be thinking. "We would have had each other; but, of course, we would have paid through ages of darkness and torture. At the time, however, I was willing to go through anything to have her." He leaned toward me. "I should not repeat all this to you. I may have to go somewhat

lower by doing it, as they want to have you advanced for your mission."

"I am not worrying; it will not hurt me. I have learned much from hearing what you have to say. Are there others here who experience the same physical passions of which you speak?"

"*Others?* Why, the astral is filled with them. They are fighting passion, which is one of the hardest things to overcome." He paused. "The passion of one being for another is the most physical thing there is to combat. All the senses of the physical are expressed in passion, love, hate, sex-sensation, selfishness, sacrifice, craving physical gain by wealth and by garments which make the human form more alluring. He paused. "I do not mean to infer there is no good love between man and woman. There is the spiritual love, but the physical often holds sway against the spiritual, and if the sense of passion is not conquered, its vibration shuts out the spiritual. It is not the spiritual love we fight, but the physical. There cannot be any physical love or passion here,—only spiritual love, which is of the true spirit."

He bowed his head. "Oh, I have been ashamed of myself. Another reason for my difficulty in conquering this passionate love is the thought of the earth, continually pointing out my faults and my love for Cleopatra. It echoes within my outer aura which soemtimes vibrates to the physical and so I am drawn more and more to the thoughts of her, of our past lives, and—Oh, I have to fight and fight. I am fighting now to get away from the world's thought of me. They place me in the ranks of the passionate lover; they talk of me, the people who are on the earth

today; they sing of our love, of the life we led; they write stories about it; children know of it when they learn history." He covered his face with his hands. "Oh, mercy be upon me!"

He looked up. "Will I ever overcome?" He sank to his knees beside me. "All great men in history have the struggle of overcoming the earth's thought of them. It makes it very hard for the so-called sinners, for they have their own thoughts of the physical to overcome, as well as a crushing amount of thoughts of the earth." He leaned closer to me. "They will be coming for me to take me away from you, but I hope when you can you will come to me and—help me; yes, I feel you could help me. Oh, am I always to be a fallen being?" He caught my hand. "I want to tell you. Somehow I know you will pity, or at least understand me. The Black Circle sent one to me only a short time ago, telling me of the wonderful life I could have with her,—no work, no study, just for being willing to give up my soul." He clung to me. "What's a soul to this suffering? My soul is tortured now as much as it ever will be," he moaned.

"Is Cleopatra near here?" I asked.

"She is not far from here. She is on a plane where they teach many subjects. It is called 'the plane of Advancement,' but she is not advancing. She is wanting me as badly as I want her. What is it all coming to?"

He sank to his knees beside the bed as two huge men entered. They caught him up and dragged him from the room as he wailed out to me, "I need help! Oh, I need help."

I lay disturbed, for I was then helpless to assist him.

"I knew you would help him if you could," came the soft voice of the woman, "but only those assigned to that type of work are allowed to assist in such cases. He has tried; I have seen him doing his best; and now they have taken him away," she half sobbed.

"Where will they take him?"

"They will shut him up in a room with a teacher and try to help him to overcome, but sometimes the teachers do not do just—that is—" she hesitated. "He might not get a teacher who is in tune with him and that is essential."

Then she asked me if I would try to relax, for my good, as I would have a treatment soon.

I wanted to help Antony. I pitied him, I felt his trouble needed a great deal of consideration, and I was willing to help him all I could. The necessary thing was to become strong enough to accomplish the task.

I closed my eyes but found I could see through the lids. This annoyed me slightly. I wondered how I would rest with my eyes practically open.

I heard a soft footfall and I saw Olci.

"You must think of nothing unpleasant now, for you will open your whole being to every thought. The reason you cannot rest and that your eyes appear open is that you are upset. Confusion upon your part will not help him, and will hinder you."

She sat down near my couch and, lifting a sponge out of a bowl of white fluid upon the table, gently bathed my temples. I was presently relaxing

with normal ease. In a moment Dr. Closs entered with two attendants.

"I am sorry you were troubled with Antony and his affairs," he said. "You will not have such an unpleasant experience again while you are here."

"I am glad to have met him and thankful I had the experience." I felt he did not display enough sympathy for Antony. "You are not sympathetic with him. How can you be so cold and yet claim to be a helper?" I asked.

He stood looking down upon me a long time before he replied and when he did his voice was firm and low. "Kitchener, I admire your nerve,—flat upon your back, and yet you voice your opinion." He paused. "Your thought upon the subject, however, is quite uncalled-for. I am in sympathy with him. I do want to help him. But pity, my friend, is an earthly quality. You must know he is the expression of the high Spirit and not of the low physical. He is suffering seemingly, but you will find out later it will make him a strong man. Of course he has been a long time in overcoming because there was so much physical thought which held him back."

He sat down beside me and, taking my wrist between his hands, held it tightly. "You will have to brace up for the treatment. It will be difficult for you the first time as it is something you have never experienced, and the physical will be quite alarmed at the methods."

I assured him that to the best of my ability I would try to help him.

He was pleased. He motioned to the two attendants who were standing near by. "These are Wilst

and Frodo; they will attend you during the first treatment." He turned to Olci. "Please bring me bottle No. 57 and the one marked Lto. VI. which are over there upon the top shelf."

She nodded and turned to her task. The two attendants lifted me. I found I possessed no strength and I do not believe I could have walked a step. They carried me down a passageway leading directly from my room.

"While you are here you will have your own treatment room, for we do not mix forces," said Dr. Closs.

I was placed upon a long, high table and given a small cushion for my head to rest upon. My hands were placed at my sides and my feet spread at least three inches apart. My head was in a direct line with the space between my feet, and held securely in place by a band. I was now practically nude. I noticed I was thinner than I had been. I asked the reason for this and Dr. Closs looked down at me with a smile.

"Your physical thought has been at work. You see, you have not been eating much; and, although you have not thought seriously of it, the physical thought is that without proper nutrition one will lose weight. You will overcome that thought but it takes a little time."

He turned from me to rinse his hands in a large bowl of pink fluid.

"What effect will the fluid have?" I asked him.

He shook his hands several times over the bowl. "It is a fluid which is similar to an antiseptic. The blood fluid we shall inject into your body must be kept free from any other substance or fluid, or it will

fail to have the necessary strength. Of course it would possess some power but not as much as it should. Our hands are constantly drawing from space like magnets. Upon the earth, one person who massages another, draws to himself the condition of the other and must learn to throw it off, for the hands are very sensitive."

He placed several things upon the table; a huge crystal bowl containing a blue fluid; a long, thin knife which had the appearance of a fine tube; one large needle with a bulb at the end; and a small instrument with two needles with openings connecting with a round glass top.

The attendants stepped to the head of the table where I lay, and held over me lights, the rays of which touched my body with a soothing effect. The colors were blue and yellow.

The door opened and a man entered.

"Just in time, Dr. Kitao," said Dr. Closs; then he turned to me. "We give the treatment together."

As he came forward, I wondered who he had been upon the earth. I felt impressed that he was an individual who had accomplished much that was worth while upon the earth plane.

"He was Robert Louis Stevenson when upon the earth the last time," said Dr. Closs, reading my thoughts.

"We had better begin at once," said Dr. Kitao.

He took up the knife and quickly, with experienced hands, he slit my forearms up to the elbow. With great care he opened the arteries in each incision and allowed a fluid to come forth. He covered the openings with a substance which appeared very

much like wax. With the greatest care he made incisions in each temple. I was somewhat troubled over this as I still clung to the earthly tradition. Believing the temples unequal to such treatment, I expected fatal results. Dr. Closs sponged the incisions with a yellow fluid and in a moment I was completely numb to any sensation. Dr. Kitao picked up the instrument with the two needles and carefully dipped it into the bowl of bluish fluid. With the utmost care he removed the wax at the base of the arteries and inserted the needles some distance into the veins. With the greatest caution he next removed the needles and Dr. Closs handed him another piece of wax. This he placed directly over the opening in the arteries. He stepped to my head and took a moment to sponge my eyes and forehead with the yellow fluid. He then selected the instrument with the one needle and carefully dipped it into the blue fluid. Pushing on the bulb at the top, he shoved the needle far into the incisions in the temples.

I was beginning to feel a lifting sensation as if I could leap upward and perhaps fly. I felt so light I wondered why I did not rise into the air. I felt new life-energy going into my astral body.

Dr. Closs took up the long, thin knife and Dr. Kitao stepped aside. Dr. Closs placed his hand upon the left side of my chest and held it there for some moments. With a slow movement he cut into my body. I closed my eyes; I could not look. He said, "There is nothing to alarm you." I opened my eyes. He had taken from my body what mortals call the heart and was holding it on a thin crystal salver. He

turned to Dr. Kitao. "The bowl upon the right shelf in the second row, please."

When Dr. Kitao returned with the bowl, Dr. Closs dipped my heart into a darker blue substance tinged with purple. This I soon discovered-crystalized my heart and I could see through it.

"Your heart was heavy; it was too physical. The astral heart is like crystal and is weightless. Its actions are soundless."

The heart which had been red took on the purplish blue tinge and with a slight quiver it expanded.

"The astral heart is also larger," explained the doctor. Food when consumed goes through the system and is adjusted in due time. The lungs are lower, for there are no intestines. The passing of waste is not as in the physical, but it is thrown off by the tissues ever so often. There are no sexual organs."

He picked up a crystalized round ring which he held to his eye, and looked through it at my heart.

"The kidneys are at the lower end of the spine. They are used in throwing off the waste and are not formed as are the physical, because the action is different. All the organs, when completely formed here, are as light as air, clear as crystal, and transparent to spiritual eyes."

He took my heart out of the fluid, plunged it for a brief moment in another bowl, and with deft fingers placed it back in its rightful place. I saw it quiver a moment and then settle down to slow, even beats.

The two attendants stepped away and presently returned with a large blue light which they suspended by wires directly over my body. This light seemed to

draw upon me and the incisions in my body slowly came together. Dr. Closs dipped the sponge into a white fluid flecked with blue. This he rubbed lightly over the places which had been open and they closed absolutely leaving scarcely a mark to show where they had been. He then sponged me all over with the yellow fluid. Presently I noticed the blue fluid which had been injected into me, moving up and down in my veins. I could see its movements through the light texture of my astral skin. It settled and my body immediately turned quite blue.

"That will be about your normal color, although you will lighten a little after the blood becomes more settled in its course," said Dr. Closs.

You should be quiet for some time," advised Dr. Kitao.

With great care I was lifted to a stretcher and carried back to my room. I relaxed and rested for a long time, not thinking of anything in particular. When I roused myself Olci entered with two men. One carried a tray of food substance and the other held a bowl of fluid which had the appearance of water. These they set down upon a table near me. They read my thoughts as I wondered who they had been on earth, for the taller of the two stepped to my couch and said, "I was a professor in a large American college fifty years ago."

The other man smiled. "I had experiences to go through as a citizen of America. I worked in saw mills until the latter part of my life and then I started as a painter." He screwed up his face. "Oh, my life there wasn't half bad, if—if, well, if it had not been for my wife." He sighed heavily. "Sometimes I

have to pinch myself now that I am here and free to do what I choose, to see if it is all real or—perhaps a dream.” He grinned broadly. “Well, I have now a peace I never knew before. Coming here meant for me eternal peace, all right, all right.”

“And your material wife? Where is she now?”

He grinned broadly. “She is still upon the earth; let’s hope she will stay there until I get a little higher up. She puts flowers on my grave and all of that, but flowers mean nothing if bitter words sent the soul’s human dwelling beneath the sod. There is an Irishman hanging around her now; she is looking his way, too. I think poor Murphy is to be pitied, but—” he held up his hands. “I suppose he has a lesson to learn and she will sure teach it to him. I know; I was like him,—like a cat which learns what is hot and what is not—I got burnt, but you cannot learn anything until you try it once.” He chuckled. “I used to say while on the earth, ‘Oh, I would try anything once.’ Well, I did. I hope it’s the last time I try anything of that kind.”

I turned to the professor. “And did you have domestic troubles?”

“No, and I am glad I did not after hearing Mike tell of his.” He smiled with a sigh. “I lived in a bachelor’s content, none of the wiles of a woman to turn me upside down or inside out.” He folded his hands and nodded his head slowly. “Mike is happy here, very happy.”

Mike rubbed his hands together. “I would rather be a fish than go back to that woman.”

The professor nudged him and I heard him whisper, “None of that, Mike; you know words are things.”

Mike looked abashed.

"Gentlemen, pardon me."

"Please be seated." I smiled at them. "I was so interested I neglected to offer you seats."

Mike looked at the Professor. "We might as well. It's a good thing there aren't any dishes to wash here." He sank to the chair with a sigh as they thanked me. "I had enough of washing dishes before I came here, so I suppose they thought I had had my share."

The professor took a chair. "Of course, we do not wash dishes here. Thought accomplishes it all."

Mike grinned, with twinkles in his eyes. "I don't think that sweet woman of mine could rest if she knew I was having such a good time here. She expects me to be in—in—" he flushed as the professor nudged him. "Well, from what she said to me it led me to believe she did not think I would ever get so—er, well, up in the world."

I propped myself up on the couch and started to eat.

"I don't suppose I would have reached this plane if it had not been for the professor," said Mike.

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the professor in apparent alarm. "You must not speak so. You have advanced rapidly."

Mike laughed. "Sure, I did; I was so anxious to get as far away as possible from that woman." He sighed with satisfaction. "The only thing I miss here is my pipe."

The professor nodded. "Yes, that is the only earthly thing he craves." They laughed and I did also.

Mike stretched out his feet. "And another thing

I am rid of here,—my feet do not hurt." He wrinkled up his face. "I used to despise my understandings."

The professor glanced toward me. "Mike is quite advanced, although he does not speak as if he were. It is merely his manner. He does not harbor any unpleasant feelings toward his wife; only he is happy to—"

Mike interrupted. "I am just busting with joy over being free."

"Yes," the professor sighed, "that is it." He paused. "Mike, why don't you tell Lord Kitchener about your class?"

A jovial smile touched Mike's lips. "Yes, and what do you think I teach?" He eyed me, his head slightly to one side. "Something I know considerable about."

"I prefer to have you tell me," I told him.

"I teach men how to fight," he exclaimed in apparent joy. His eyes were upon my face, watching for the effect of his words.

"Mike! Mike!" cried the professor in distress. "Don't you know you will have the opportunity taken away from you if you do not cease speaking of it as fighting?"

Mike bellowed with mirth. "But it is fighting; what else is it?"

"It is just his way of expressing himself," explained the professor.

Mike pulled his chair closer to my couch. "I meant every word I said. Do you think, professor, all the talking I have been doing is going to waste through your apologies?"

The professor shook his head with decided dis-

approval. "Mike means he is instructing a class in athletics, expressing body motions in boxing, wrestling, jumping, and any of the sports which are popular upon the earth. The methods of the class are advanced and the pupils will take back the knowledge when they return to the earth."

Mike grinned. "Now, I'll leave it to you, Kitchener, if boxing isn't fighting."

"Mike, I have tried to explain you will have the privilege taken away from you if you do not stop speaking with such haste and carelessness," said the professor.

Dr. Closs entered. "Professor, you are needed at your class and, Mike, do not forget the message I gave to you."

They rose and, with bows to me, they left the room.

Dr. Closs sat down. "I shall soon prepare you for another treatment. You may rise now."

We proceeded down a passageway, followed by two white-robed attendants. I noticed the large room we entered had a glass ceiling, through the center of which protruded what appeared to be an immense search-light. The walls were mirrors. At the extreme end was a machine like a pair of scales, although the top was shaped differently.

The attendants pulled this into the center of the room and Dr. Closs requested me to stand upon it. He took two tubes, fastened them together, and put the ends into my mouth. He placed my hands upon the top of the machine and requested me to stand with my feet quite far apart. He fastened a cap upon my head.

Directly in front of me was a long glass tube containing a red fluid; it looked very much like a thermometer.

Dr. Closs stooped; and, as he touched a lever in the side of the machine, I felt the sensation of wind blowing into my mouth through the tube. The red streak slowly went down until it touched a dark line marked Etv. The lever snapped back into place and the force ceased. Carefully Dr. Closs touched the lever again, and the red streak slowly started down. This time I had the impression of hot air with a taste of glycerin. It heated me and I felt warm and natural; I had been cold before the treatment. After a short time the red streak reached a second mark just a little distance from the bottom. This was marked 'Kto.' Dr. Closs raised his hands; and, as soon as the lever snapped into place he removed the cap and the tubes.

"Please step down," he requested.

I did. I felt somewhat heavier than I had before and more certain of myself when I walked. I noticed my body did not appear quite so blue. I walked down the room and could see myself in the mirrors and noticed I looked more as I had when I left the earth.

I turned to Dr. Closs. "What do you want me to do?"

"Your test has come out wonderfully. You took to the treatments splendidly." He walked to me. "Do you see the ring in the center of the room? Please stand in it."

I stepped to the ring and at once it started to revolve. I had a difficult time to keep my balance until it slowly came to a stop. I stood a moment, and

when I walked straight toward Dr. Closs he could scarcely contain himself.

"Wonderful! You walk in a straight line. You have passed the test. That is to try your ability to stand things which move rapidly."

He took my arm and conducted me under the huge searchlight. With a motion to an attendant, he stepped back and asked me not to move. The power of this searchlight almost knocked me down, if it is possible for a light to do such a thing. I felt I would be crushed by the heavy and brilliant glow it sent down upon me. It drew upon me and crushed me, both at the same time. The sensation was the worst I had experienced for a long time. I did not move; I remembered Dr. Closs's instructions not to make a motion until he permitted me to do so. I thought he would never speak; and when he stepped a few feet forward and said, "You may move but do not leave the circle," I was relieved. I obeyed and found, to my dismay, that movement was difficult. Sharp pains troubled me in the heart and head.

"Keep in motion," requested Dr. Closs. "It is necessary now."

I moved a few feet and lifted my arms several times. I thought I would collapse if he did not permit me to go out of the circle of light. It seemed to be of one color and yet many, and it was crushing upon me; its power was so great. The most noticeable color was yellow-gold.

When at last he waved his hand upward and the attendants turned off the light, I stepped forward, rather weak.

"That was about all I could stand."

"Yes," he replied, "the lights are powerful and draw upon you. That was an imitation of the lights of the higher realms, which I told you about. You have to become accustomed to them. We are helping, but as you advance you will grow more naturally into the original circle."

He opened the door and, with a nod to the attendants, we went back to my room.

"How much longer do you think I shall need to take treatments?"

"That all depends upon you. When you are ready you will leave." I sat down upon my couch. "There is to be a meeting to-night here of all the patients who are strong enough to attend. You may go if you wish; but if you do, I advise a short rest first."

I lay down, as he said, "I must be going now; I will return later. I will send in one who may interest you."

He bowed and left the room. I did not have to remain long in expectancy. A man entered the room and he walked to my couch.

"Howdy, Lord Kitchener."

I looked up into his kindly face and returned the greeting. His eyes were merry. His face was rough and beaten, like a pioneer's of by-gone days. He sank to a chair.

"Well, I am glad to see you. I was up on the next plane and, coming down this way, I thought I would drop in upon you."

"Glad to have you," I replied. Then, seized with that curiosity which seemed a part of me at this time, I asked, "And who were you the last time you were upon the earth."

He grinned, "I was called Buffalo Bill."

I laughed as I held out my hand. "Well! well! Buffalo Bill! I am pleased to make your acquaintance."

He pulled his chair nearer to me and we shook hands. "I am very busy here. I teach a class in science on the next plane. I have an interesting class. They all endeavor to learn. There are several of the class who are themselves teachers."

"How long have you been teaching here?"

"Some time."

We had a long conversation; and, when he rose to go, I quite regretted it; but he promised to see me again some time. I closed my eyes and rested after he had gone. How long I remained relaxed I do not know, but I was aroused by Dr. Closs who entered the room.

"It is time for you to rise if you intend to go to the meeting. It is not compulsory; still I feel you would find it worth while. You may do just as you like in the matter."

I rose. "I do not want to miss the meeting. I am ready when you are."

He opened the door; and, as I stepped forward to leave the room, I noticed a white robe covered my body. We walked down a long passageway and came to the last door. He opened it and we entered. I stopped amazed,—there were so many people there, all clad in white robes. I walked the length of the room with Dr. Closs.

"There are a great many here preparing to go to the Convention. There are some who are really fit to

go without the treatments, but they prefer to perfect themselves as nearly as possible."

Dr. Closs addressed two men who were talking. "Major Woods, Mr. Franklin, I would like to have you know Lord Kitchener. He is here with us for a short time."

They turned and bowed. The first man addressed possessed a soldierly bearing. The other was of somewhat heavier build. I recognized him as Benjamin Franklin.

"I am most honored and glad to make your acquaintance," said Major Woods.

"And I am honored and pleased also," said Benjamin Franklin.

Dr. Closs said, "Franklin is one of the inventors of the imitations of the great lights which help the souls who come here, and he also has many astral chemical fluids to his credit. He has been here some time and is a wonderful helper. Major Woods is taking up the method of injecting the blue blood into the astral bodies."

Major Woods smiled. "It is difficult to learn and has taken me almost all the time I have been here. You know, one has to be most careful with the fluid. A little too much or not enough counts a great deal in the success of the operation."

"From what country did you come?" I asked.

"I spent a great many years in Alaska and Canada."

After a short conversation Franklin promised to show me his new invention some time. Dr. Closs and I approached three other white-robed forms.

"Drew, Henry Clay, and Johnson." They turned

and faced us. "You must meet Lord Kitchener." They bowed and told me they were glad to know me.

After we left them Dr. Closs said, "Drew and Johnson are teachers here. Henry Clay is here to take treatments. He teaches, on another plane, the language of the astral."

We walked through the crowds that stood talking. Stopping before three others, Dr. Closs spoke, "John Willdorf, Philip Manning, and Robert Howard Lee. I want you to become acquainted with Lord Kitchener."

They talked with us for some time; and, when we moved on, Dr. Closs said, "They are advanced souls, recently returned from the earth. They had difficult trials to pass. One passed on in the slums, a thief. Another passed through a poverty-stricken state. The third was convicted of a murder which he did not really commit, but he had to give up his physical body for it. He was in prison a long time and passed out with a dreadful fever. They did not have much of a chance to do anything worth while, but they were the patient kind and went through their lessons without a word of protest or vengeance. Through that spirit they helped many others to see the way to live simple, kindly lives. Of course the thief had not such a noble spirit. He had to meet the trials of degradation; yet when he came here he passed out of that state of thought without hesitation. The real and final test on a life's lesson is whether one can, on his arrival here, throw off the material and place it in the remote part of the memory, going on only with the advanced work. What he did was wonderful, and

yet it was only what anyone with any advancement should be able to do."

Suddenly my attention was attracted to a boy standing alone. His face showed traces of sorrow. I called Dr. Closs's attention to him.

"Who is he," I asked, "and for what is he here?"

Dr. Closs glanced across to him. "You must know him; I think you will be interested in him."

We made our way toward the youth. When he saw us coming he did not attempt to speak but turned away, and I thought fear came into his eyes.

"You will be glad to meet Lord Kitchener," said Dr. Closs to him.

He turned slowly until his eyes met mine. His lips mumbled something I did not understand.

I will leave you to talk together," said Dr. Closs as he walked away.

I wondered how I should approach the boy. He gazed at me intently and then turned away from me.

I touched his arm. "Please do not go."

He whirled around and faced me. "I do not wish to stay in here. Let us go out into the space where there are not so many thoughts condensed."

We left the building and, when we were apparently alone, I said, "You appear to be unhappy."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot help it."

"Are you suffering through a past incarnation?"

His eyes fell slowly and he nodded his head.

"Tell me about it," I suggested.

He hesitated a moment, but when he began, his eyes met mine and he held his hands clasped. Pain was in his face, and sadness crept into his eyes.

"I was the last Czar of Russia. It seems I was to

blame and yet not to blame. I feel at times it has not happened." He paused and his eyes were thoughtful; then, musing half to himself, he continued, "It seems all wrong somehow. I would have left and taken the ones I loved with me,—” his eyes filled with a wistfulness which was pathetic. "I suppose it was fate." He spoke softly and with a slight hesitation. "I do not believe I shall ever advance here."

I was quite beside myself at his words, and I shook him. "You will—look at me!" He raised his eyes. "You will! I will not allow you out of my sight until you promise me you will try."

A hand touched my arm. Dr. Closs stood at my side. "No patient is allowed out of the building without permission."

I held out my hand to him. "I could not refuse him. I wanted to speak with him a moment. It has not harmed anyone; but, of course, if it is against the rules, what shall I do to atone?"

"You are pardoned this time because you did not know, but kindly do not allow it to happen again."

I turned to the youth. "Promise me you will try to advance."

His eyes lighted a moment. Two attendants approached him and took his arms.

"Do you promise?" I insisted.

"Yes, I promise," he answered as they led him away to the treatment rooms.

As Dr. Closs and I made our way back to my room I asked, "Does his youthful appearance denote his understanding and advancement?"

"Yes," he replied, "and he will advance if he tries. He has been quite hopeless, but since you have

talked with him I feel positive he will take a renewed interest. I remember he has spoken of you since he has been here. He wanted to see you. There is always a time for everything and you met him when it was right." He took my arm. "You better retire to your room now, and I suggest you take another rest."

When we entered my room I relaxed upon the couch and closed my eyes as Dr. Closs quietly left. When I rose some time later I found several books upon the table. Taking up one I read the following:

"Man's Mortal and Immortal Body."

"Man does not always recognize his real self while upon the earth. He possesses two personalities. One speaks to him, like a still, small voice within the soul which prompts good and speaks of truth and life eternal. The other voice speaks to him face to face in the personality of his outer reflection, which cries out for physical sensation and pleasure. Seldom is the still small voice heard when it speaks of the beyond, which seems at the time so far distant to the individual. It does not impress the headstrong man who is glad to listen to the voice of the flesh. If the flesh wins, man when passing out, is often earth-bound for a length of time. The soul of man is never afraid but the physical part is nearly always fearful. There are many people on the earth who will not admit fear; but yet they are afraid,—afraid they will not possess some physical gain they crave, afraid they will be criticised or be the loser in a game of chance. Almost every physical man is the slave of fear, and why? Because the physical is the slave to fear which is the servant of the devil.

"The man who tries to accomplish something worth while usually has a struggle, for there is so much fear on the earth. Just the thought keeps him back, whether it is his thought or another's.

"There are two great forces on the earth—fear and love. The latter will win if man will give it the opportunity to prove its power to chase away the clouds of physical troubles.

"Man, while upon the earth, has to be physical to a certain extent, and, if he plays the game of life, he should play it well, fairly and squarely. Not that he has to cease entire indulgence in the physical in order to be splendid, honorable, and spiritual; but to be moderate in all physical pleasures is wise.

"Man will always believe in death until he is taught differently, until there comes to him the symbol of Life Eternal, in some form or expression.

"Every man has to learn for himself the things which count. No one can tell him the reasons for things, nor that there is no death. He must believe it and know it himself.

"One mortal cannot give to another anything of the eternal knowledge. Every one has to work for himself, although one mortal can give another something which is good and fine and that is kindness, love, and help which will light the way and man will at the right time investigate for himself.

"The real things in life are those which stay with the soul through eternity. To love your neighbors and help them is a test in itself. God is ever present; and, if man will ask for help at all times, the true understanding and necessary assistance will come and abide permanently."

"Are you reading something of interest?" I looked up and discovered Robert Louis Stevenson at the door.

"Yes," I replied as he entered, "something wonderful,—which means a great deal."

He sat down and clasped his hands. "Kitchener, how do you like being a patient?"

"I have never cared for the idea of being a patient, but this is necessary."

"I have a note for you from King Louis."

I took it and read the following:

"Lord Kitchener:

I am anxious to see you concerning an important matter. When you arrive at the next plane, kindly look me up.

LOUIS XVI."

I wondered what was the matter. I supposed he had become troubled over some diplomatic matter.

"Do you know King Louis?"

"Yes, I know him. He has had a very difficult time. He found he must study without ceasing to gain his advancement."

"Tell him for me that I will do as he requests."

"I will do so."

"Have you seen my father?"

"No, but I have heard from him and he sends you a message of good will and is looking forward to your return."

We were quiet for a long time, and then I broke the silence. "Is Abraham Lincoln here?"

"Yes, he is far advanced. You will see him at the Convention if not before. You will also see many other great men."

"I shall look forward to the opportunity."

I folded the message and put it in my robe.
"There is another man whom I should like to meet."

"Who?"

"Robert Burns. Is he here?"

"No, he has returned to the earth again."

"And is it right for me to ask you what he is doing?"

"We have a book which some time you may look over. You will find the earth date when many who were well-known have been reincarnated." He paused a moment. "As for Robert Burns," he continued, "he is an author. I may not give you the name he is now assuming. Perhaps you will read it for yourself some time." He was silent and thoughtful. "I could tell you of several who have returned to earth but I may not give you their present names."

"Please give me as much information as possible."

He pondered, his chin in his hand. "Washington Irving is reincarnated in the capacity of a musician. Robert E. Lee has returned to earth as one of the greatest generals of the American forces."

"And has Longfellow returned?"

"No, he is here and you will meet him." He straightened in his chair. "Ann Boleyn has recently returned. She will become a famous singer and later will marry the former King Henry VIII, for he must atone for mistakes in his past life." He seemed to reflect upon something he did not say. "Then," he continued, "Alexander Pope also is reincarnated." He paused. "He is an artist in Italy."

At this moment Dr. Closs entered. "I see you are having a pleasant time," he said. He sat down.

"You may have a long talk shortly with one of the officials of the Convention."

Stevenson rose. "I will go so you may collect your forces; you will need to do so."

I bowed and thanked him.

"The reincarnations I mentioned were only a few. You should see the book," he added as he left me.

Dr. Closs did not stay long and I rested.

When I opened my eyes I knew someone was about to enter. How I knew it I could not tell, but I learned later it was through the force he sent out. The room was filled with light. I could see golden rays reaching toward me. I leaped to my feet and stood with my eyes upon the door. Slowly it opened and into the room came a man, tall and stately. His eyes fell upon me with a light I had seldom seen.

He held out his long, slim hand and bowed graciously. "I come upon a mission. I have traveled a long distance to see you. Please sit down and listen to all I have to say, for it means much to you."

When we were seated he turned to me with the same light in his eyes. "I have come to speak with you about the Convention. I am sent in behalf of one much higher than I." He folded his hands. "I wish to tell you that you are to have a wonderful mission which will place you undisputedly in your rightful place here." He smiled at me; not as most people smile, but with his eyes more than his lips. "First, you will finish here; and then, with several other chosen ones, you will return to the earth; not to stay, only to help with matters which now interest the world." He unfolded his hands and they reached out to me as if to touch me; then he drew back slightly. "Your

mission is a great trust. It is yours, for you have gained the right to it through many ages of work and struggle here and upon the earth plane. It is written in 'The Book of Fate'; and now that the time is drawing near, I have come to tell you of some of the things which you will do."

He paused as he folded his hands again and smiled. "You are first going back to the earth, as I said before. You will be one to help us bring an end to the war, for long ago it had run its scheduled time. The war was fated for the earth for a purpose which I cannot tell you, but it has lasted too long. Souls which are coming here before their time are crowding both the darkness and the astral. We must use our forces to prevent it. The Devil has been at work with his black-robed Circle."

He lifted his hands. "They shall conquer no longer. Physical fear has helped them. Men of the earth fought with courage, but the fear of death was held over them by their loved ones, and the black-robed demons worked to advantage during this time and have already accomplished too much evil. We have been sending beings to the earth continuously, but they seemed to lack the ability to do what they should. It will take a body of us in the form of a convention to help bring the war to an end. There is no question about it. The right will win with our help and that of the brave allies!" He was silent and thoughtful a moment. "Your mission will be to visit men who are making the plans and carrying them out for the guidance of the troops. These men, you and the other chosen ones will impress; and they will know and do the right thing. When we attend

the Convention and concentrate on the war in general, the power of the one Mind of the one God will be expressed through us; we shall reach the earth with our thought; and with our help the war will come to a sudden end. Men of the earth will feel the thought, but they will not know from whence it comes. All this must be done quickly. I know you will do your part, concentrate upon the message which you will take. You will be given the plans and the impressions by means of which the suffering will be mitigated, to a certain extent, before we strike against the Black Circle, end their power, and help to save the earth from greater destruction."

Of course these men who are to be impressed are wonderful men or they could not be so influenced. They have the strength and intelligence to carry out the right plans. They are powerful, mentally and spiritually, and can therefore accomplish the great task they have before them. You will have to watch and pray against the members of the Black Circle. They will try in every way to prevent you from carrying out your mission. But you will be strengthened enough to combat them with weapons more powerful than their own,—with the great expression of the Divine Mind. You shall conquer against them; only be ever watchful. You will report to me on the plane of Intelligence, when you are ready to leave. I will give you further instructions." He rose. "The Convention in which you will take part is an assembly to aid the courageous allies to bring an end to the war and establish justice." He opened the door and stood a moment, as he said quietly, "I will go."

I rose, bowing to him. In a moment the wonderful yellow-gold light which surrounded him became more brilliant. He disappeared in its glow.

I sank to the couch. The knowledge of my mission was before me. I was exalted by the thought that I would be one of those to assist in ending the war,—to help bring peace to the men, women, and children, even the dumb things, of the earth I so loved.

I was praying in the hope that I would accomplish this wonderful mission satisfactorily, when Tolstoi and Gladstone entered.

"We have been permitted to visit you for a few moments," said Tolstoi, "for we hear you are almost ready to leave."

"Almost ready to leave!" I exclaimed in joy. "Tell me, if you can, who was the visitor I just had."

Tolstoi glanced at Gladstone as he said with a half smile, "We can not tell you that; some time you will know."

"He was very spiritual," I said.

"He was," they replied.

I was thoughtful. "I shall never forget his robes; they were white and he had a cross on the left side of his chest."

They sat down and talked of many things.

Then Gladstone said, "You must be reconciled to visit the earth, see physical people, and not have the least desire to stay longer than the length of time called for by your mission."

"I know that I shall want to return here. I lived my life upon the earth; it is over for the present; and as I am not going back as a physical man, I have no desire to be an earth-bound; besides I have a love

for the earth, and if I can help it by doing my part, that is my mission here."

Both were pleased and their faces lighted with kindness. I could see their auras stand out and vibrate.

We must have been in conversation a long time, for Dr. Closs entered and said, "You will now take another treatment. How do you feel?"

"I feel well," I replied, "and quite energetic."

Tolstoi and Gladstone rose and said, "We must be going."

I bade them farewell. They bowed to Dr. Closs and took their leave.

Dr. Closs requested me to go with him to the treatment room. We went down another passageway and entered the first door to the right. There were two attendants whom I had not seen before.

"Please come this way," Dr. Closs said. He led me into a smaller room off the larger one, where was a huge bowl-shaped bath filled with a white fluid. I discovered I was almost nude and, without a word, I stepped into the bath. The fluid had a sticky feeling. One of the attendants began to massage the liquid into my body with capable swift hands. He did not stop until I was covered with it. It evaporated and produced a soothing effect.

Dr. Closs raised his hand, and the other attendant turned on a lever at the side of the bath. A substance heavier than steam came up and enveloped my whole body. The fluid ran off me and, with it, all the impurities of the body. This treatment lasted for some time. Then the two attendants helped me out of the bath and began to rub me down with rubber-like brushes. After this treatment, they massaged

a yellow, sticky salve into my body. This had a soothing effect, as had the white fluid. After it had been well massaged into my body, I was led to the other side of the room to a tall glass booth. I stepped into it and Dr. Closs entered also. He placed my hands on a bar which ran through the center.

"Do not become alarmed; the treatment is for your good." He withdrew and closed the glass door. In a moment the booth became filled with a haze which penetrated into my body and a fluid like sweet milk oozed from me. The enclosure was half full of it before they opened the door and permitted me to come out. I was weak but otherwise felt all right.

Dr. Closs asked me to lie down upon a table, and when I complied with his wish he held my wrists between his hands. One of the attendants inserted a long needle into my body, for a moment, then removed it. Dr. Closs took it from him and dipped it into a bowl on a small table near by. Immediately there formed a blue fluid as clear as crystal. He turned to me with satisfaction.

"You have passed the blood test. Your system is pure." He handed the bowl to one of the attendants. "Your body has been cleansed of any impurities. You are in good shape for the exercises and other tests." He turned to an attendant and said, "Prepare the next treatment room."

The attendant disappeared. Dr. Closs then requested me to go with him to the next room. There I saw a large machine something like a chair with openings where the hands were to be placed. A cap, apparently of metal, hung directly over the machine.

I sat down at Dr. Closs's request. He placed my

hands directly over the holes on the chair arms and fitted the cap upon my head. At once I felt my whole body slowly filled with warm air, and the soothing sensation made me drowsy. I closed my eyes and sat still, enjoying the treatment.

After a time, when I felt swollen with air, I opened my eyes and noticed my body appeared to be more firm and substantial. The blue had faded somewhat, and the tissues appeared like crystal. The air ceased coming, and Dr. Closs removed the cap from my head and told me to step from the chair. When I did so I was pleased, for I felt like my old self, as if I were in a real body instead of one which was floating and caused me to be dizzy most of the time. I felt better than at any time since I had arrived in the astral.

"After you take a few more of these treatments you will be ready to leave," Dr. Closs promised me.

When we returned to my room, I relaxed for some time, with Dr. Closs sitting beside me. He was silent. Without realizing it, I slowly became unaware of anything about me. When I regained consciousness I felt more rested than before. I was alone and I did not rise. In a moment I was dozing. Such peace and quietude I had not before experienced. There seemed nothing that could trouble me. All was divinely wonderful, and I felt renewed force coming into my body.

For some time I continued to receive treatments and rested with the calm which can come only to the soul that is slowly being freed from all fear and physical trials.

It was directly after one of the many treatments that Dr. Closs and Dr. Kitao entered my room.

"Lord Kitchener," said Dr. Closs, "we find you have qualified and are fit to leave for the plane of languages. You need to know them, and you will prepare to return at once. You may go alone, for you are able to combat any disturbing forces which might beset you."

"Alone?" I faltered. "But how shall I find my way. Of course I am not afraid to go alone, but how shall I know where to go?"

"Will is powerful enough," said Dr. Kitao, "and you will have no trouble. You will find the way. The mind is your guide. Concentrate for some time upon your desired destination, and you will find you will arrive there without any trouble."

"I would rather learn the principles of concentration before I start."

"Have you not learned them? I thought you had been in that class before you came here," exclaimed Dr. Closs.

"No," I replied, "I did not attend such a class. Do you not think it would be advisable for me to take up that study before I go about alone?"

Dr. Kitao said, "Yes, I do. I will escort you to the class."

He rose, bidding farewell to Dr. Closs; we went out together and in a moment had arrived at the torpedo landing."

"You will not have to stay long," said Dr. Kitao, "for you are so far advanced you will know the essentials when you hear them explained."

We entered the torpedo; and, almost before I

realized it, we had arrived. My companion spoke to a man who stood at the landing; and together we started toward several large buildings in the distance.

When we reached the first one, Dr. Kitao turned to me as he said, "This is Wilson, a teacher of one of the classes. He will take you to the office where you will arrange for your entrance into the class best fitted for your particular case."

I bade farewell to Dr. Kitao and, thanking him for his kindness, went with Professor Wilson into the building. We entered an office, and were met by a thin little man with a kind face and large brown eyes. After we had shaken hands, we sat down.

"You wish to enter a class which will be best for the mission which you have before you. I have been told of your case. I shall put you in an advanced class, for I know you can grasp what is necessary." He rose and rang a bell. A youth entered and bowed slightly. "Take this student to class No. 12."

I accompanied the youth out of the office and down a hallway until we came to a room marked, "Lty. 12." I entered and walked up to the teacher. He was at the farther side of the room and he looked up when I approached him. He had cold eyes and his face expressed knowledge. He appeared to be a stable individual.

"What do you want?" he asked abruptly.

"I have been sent to take lessons in this class."

He peered at me for a moment and then he said, "Oh, yes, you are the new student. Please be seated in the front row."

I sat down and he continued with the class which had evidently just started as I entered.

"Now, class," he spoke in cold, stern tones, "I do not want to repeat anything. I am here to teach you, but you must be the ones to do the learning." He stepped to the board. "Now, the mind body of the will is a symbolic circle and has a yellow center with a light orange outer aura." He turned to a thin, dark little man who sat near me. "Tell me Clist, why does the aura surround the mind reflection and the body?"

There was a moment's pause before Clist replied, "I think it is because the mind is sensitive and is in need of protection to keep out undesirable forces."

"Yes," replied the professor, "that is correct. Why should the protection be yellow and orange? There are many other good colors, so why should it be those two?" He nodded to another of the class.

"Well," replied the student, "from what I know, orange and yellow are very warm and filled with a power which attracts light vibrations, while many other good colors might attract more morbid vibrations."

"Correct," replied the professor; "but now tell me how one is to produce the aura of yellow and orange, supposing he does not possess it naturally and has to work to gain it?" He called upon a student in the back of the room.

"I am not positive that I know," came the reply.

"Tell me what you think. Always express your opinions; do not keep them shut up within you too long. If they are bad ones, they should be thrust out; if they are good, give them out so as to help others."

The student answered, "I think by often visualiz-

ing the colors desired at certain times one could slowly produce a reflection which later would become permanent."

"That is right," replied the professor. "You see, you knew; and it was the proper thing to express the idea and know it was right. It has now become established in your mind and you will be able to profit by it." He went to the board. "As an illustration I will draw a circle to represent the soul mind and the mental mind, which are really one." He turned to the class, "Which represents the soul mind and which the mental?"

"The orange outer circle represents the mental and the yellow inner the soul mind," replied a man in the seat next to me.

"Yes, yellow represents the soul mind and the orange the mental." He looked around the class. "And why is this?"

No one answered.

"I will tell you. The yellow is softer, more like the supreme white light of the eternal spiritual mind, which is the highest and of which you will all be conscious as you advance. The mental is orange because it is continually attracting new thoughts or forces by which it can expand and develop."

He turned to the board. "When you wish to concentrate upon anything necessary, this is the way to go about it. Sit down at a table, preferably a round one; and do not have anything covering it or upon it except a crystal glass about the size of your hand. Think of nothing but the thoughts which I have given and you will picture them within the crystal. Concentrate upon them, free from all forces

but the good, and you will see within the crystal the yellow and orange. You will then close your eyes and utter three times the words, 'Leti, Mois, volotio.' You will feel a sensation of lightness come over you. You will take the white fluid which is of the senses and rub this upon the finger-tips and center of the forehead. Then carefully say over again, three times, the words mentioned." He paused a moment. "Next take one glass of Dostor Fluid and drink. This formula has not been given to the earth up to the present time. After drinking this lie down for some minutes, and when you rise you will have developed your will-power." He looked directly at me. "If you will stay after this class I will give you some of the fluid to take with you. Perhaps you will need it." To the class he said, "Place your hands upon your table and close your eyes. Endeavor not to move, for quiet and silence, if practiced, will bring wonderful results. But before I give you the test of mind-control, I shall give each of you a preparation to rub upon your finger-tips and forehead." He handed me a small portion of the fluid. It was blue with specks which looked like clay.

This I rubbed upon my finger-tips and also on my forehead between the eyes. There was a stinging sensation which penetrated my being and my eyes were clouded and I felt tired. I sat still and listened with half benumbed senses to what was said.

"Now, class, realize that you can have anything you want. Know within you that there is no sense which is more powerful than Mind, and that your mind is a perfect reflection of the one great Mind. Gather your thoughts and concentrate upon what you

desire the most. Do not fail to realize with the knowledge of the truth that what you want is yours, if it is for a good purpose. If your eyes are cloudy, so much the better. That indicates that your mind is receptive."

He uttered no word for a long time; then he said, "Rub your eyes with your hands and shake them in front of you with a gentle movement which does not require much space."

I followed his directions; at once I could see, without the cloudy haze before my eyes.

He went on speaking, "Please, mentally repeat these words after me." He paused; all eyes were upon him. "'I—doe say to is, loss leoi fo re dida low—lo!'" The translation of the words is—"I am all powerful, no matter what else surrounds me; truth exists about me and I am of the one and only Mind'."

I repeated the words softly to myself and I felt as if I could ask for anything good and receive it.

"Now rub your hands quickly together several times and again shake them in front of you. Lift your chest and take draughts of the atmosphere."

The class followed his instructions.

He raised himself upon his tip-toes, and, looking down at us all, said, "Repeat the words over again as you shake your hands in front of you and keep in mind the picture which I have drawn upon the board." He was silent only a moment and then continued, "Now know there is one and only one Mind, which is all powerful, and that you are of that Mind."

I felt I could combat any force which might present itself. You see, I had faith as well as under-

standing, and it takes a good proportion of faith to make the understanding clear.

He dismissed the class, sat down at his desk, and began looking over papers. I walked to the desk and waited for him to address me. He looked up and his eyes met mine.

"I have received a notice which states you will have to leave this plane and go to the language plane," he said. "You are required to remain here no longer."

"I feel that I have learned a great deal from your class and I will be careful to follow the instructions you gave," I said.

"I will give you a bottle of the fluid which brings about a state of concentration. You will use this when necessary and keep it with you. Later, when you become stronger, you will not need it; you will be able to concentrate without the aid of chemicals, but for present use it will be found of value."

I put the bottle into the folds of my robe. "I shall not forget what you have told me." I thanked him again and took my leave.

I seemed to know just what to do. I went to the landing and waited for the torpedo and did not feel the least bit uncertain. When the torpedo arrived I stepped aboard and took a seat. There were only a few other passengers near me. I looked out into the night, for the clouds of darkness were gathering, and I concentrated.

A voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Pardon, will you permit me to sit beside you and enter into conversation?"

I looked up with a smile. A tall man with a wonderful face and a kindly smile stood looking down

at me. I wondered where I had seen him, for his face seemed familiar.

"I am glad to have you. I feel I have a long journey before me; and if I may talk with one going my way, I am grateful," I said, and he sat down.

He folded his hands over his white robe. I noticed he wore a cross on his chest.

"The cross,—I have seen it before; what does it signify?"

"It is the symbol of an order."

"A high one?"

"A very high one," he replied, in a reverent tone.

"Don't you know," I began slowly, a little uncertain as to how to address this being who impressed me so greatly. "I wonder why it is dark." I paused as I looked at him. "I thought the astral would be—light, like the day." I clasped my hands. "Of course that was merely my idea."

"The astral is as light as day and filled with the yellow glory of the aura of the Spirit. The darkness you see is the night of deception and trouble which is filling the atmosphere from the earth where there is so much turmoil. It will not be long this way; the war will end soon."

I was about to speak of my part in the Convention when he surprised me by saying, "I am going to the earth when you do."

"You!" I exclaimed in astonishment, as I half rose from my chair.

"Yes," he replied.

I leaned toward him. "I am glad you are for I feel that you are—well, are fitted to go,—Pardon, who are you?"

"I am La Bram."

"I know, but you remind me of some one. Who were you upon the earth?"

"I was Abraham Lincoln."

"Abraham Lincoln!" I bowed. "I am glad indeed to make your acquaintance. Your life upon earth was so helpful to mankind."

He responded with a smile as he took a seat. "I have just seen King Edward VII. He is also going with us. His task is a great one, for he is to impress one who is near to him and who will subconsciously hear his words."

"Where are you going now?"

"I am on my way to a consultation and also to teach one of my classes."

"What do you teach?"

"Of the Master." He bowed his head in reverence. "I have only the one class, as most of my time is spent in the Circle of the Cross. I have a special mission and duty there."

"Have you seen the Master?"

He held up his right hand and the first finger touched the cross on his chest reverently, as he said with a smile which lighted his whole face. "It is not permissible to repeat the secrets of the Order of The Circle of the Cross." He turned to me. "I mean this in the kindest way, Lord Kitchener. I believe that some time you will be a member of that glorious circle. We have recently made King Edward VII a Knight of the Circle, for he accomplished a mission assigned him and he did it well. He is a wonderful soul. He has many friends here. He has worked constantly for his advancement." Lincoln lifted his

eyes. It seemed his mind was groping beyond and that he was seeing something which was close to the Divine.

I gazed at him enraptured, and in his presence I was filled with peace.

"There are many who are doing their part to help mitigate the suffering of the world. Ah, Lord Kitchener," he paused, "the duties of the astral world are great responsibilities, for we do so much to help the earth. Every moment wasted is taken from helping them, our brothers."

His eyes looked up again into the unseen spaces, fathoms above us. He concentrated for a long time; and, when he turned to me I could see a light in his eyes,—the thoughtful light of the great spiritually advanced soul.

"I have studied hard to gain what knowledge I have. I was not earth-bound, except for a moment in passing through the darkness, and then one whom I loved upon the earth, came and took me out of that state." He paused. "When I arrived here I did not waste time. I studied constantly; but it was not tiresome, for I enjoyed it. I have learned a great deal and yet I am practically at the beginning. There is so much to know that one may learn always." He lifted his head. His eyes again became alight with thoughts of the truth. "Keep the one thought and often repeat the words, 'I want to follow in His footsteps.' You are advancing very rapidly, Kitchener. I have been informed of your progress. It is well-known throughout the astral that you have established a wonderful record for yourself which has astounded many."

We were silent for a time; then I asked, "And the man who shot you?"

"He is in one of my classes. He was slow to advance, but has done much better lately. I—" He paused as he answered the question in my mind,—“I learned the ways of forgiveness a long time ago, although I had to overcome a certain amount of physical feeling at first.” He sighed. “I did not judge him from the first. I suppose knowledge gained the last time I was here helped me through the earthly life I lived.”

"A good one, too! One could not have lived a life more nobly," I said.

"That was my part to play."

"Yes, you were advanced and earned the part. It was yours."

He nodded his head slowly. "Yes, it was my life to live." He smiled. "I am remembered by mortals today. They hold to the memory of my physical existence. Do they ever look to the soul and spirit of—Abraham Lincoln?" He paused. "Ah, do not misunderstand me. I appreciate their praise and their homage, but most of them think only of the old cast of the mortal body,—they remember me as a being in the form of a mortal. If they would think of me in the spirit, doing my part, it would be a help; I would then know that my memory did good to man."

"It has done good. If just one man has been made better through memory and thought of you in the manly and kindly life you lived, that alone is helping, is it not?"

"Yes, it is, and perhaps it has helped some one; but it would help more if they would lift up their eyes,

if they would try to see the real Abraham Lincoln who is still living.

You will soon be called to a consultation and requested to report personally upon your condition. You will hear some startling facts concerning the Convention and the reasons why it is so necessary. It is for two purposes; for the reincarnation of over a million souls, and to help end the war." He rose. "I must leave you and I wish to tell you of my pleasure in meeting you."

I rose. "The great pleasure was mine."

He vanished before my eyes, in a yellow glow. It came to me that he did not need a torpedo contrivance to take him about. He was able to go by means of thought. I realized then when one becomes more advanced the aura is often the means of assisting in transportation.

I sat down again and concentrated upon his words; when I rose some time later I knew I had reached my goal. Leaving the torpedo, I found myself upon the landing.

"Son!" cried my father as he stepped toward me. I took his hand and as we walked on he told me of many interesting things concerning himself.

"King Louis is anxious to see you," he said. "I don't know what about, but he is quite beside himself and he wants you right away. I promised him I would take you to him as soon as you arrived."

Presently we came in sight of a large house which was finely built and had every appearance of taste. We entered and King Louis came toward me, his hands outstretched, but his face clouded and his eyes strained.

"I want to see you now." He paused and glanced at my father.

"I will step into the next room; you may see him alone if you wish," said my father.

"Thank you; I do wish to speak with him alone."

When we were by ourselves, I asked, "Well, King Louis, what is wrong—what has upset you?"

He sank into a chair. "I am going back to the earth and I am—"

"Well, what of it?" I asked him gently, seeing he was wrought up.

"I am not to be a statesman, after all this study and work, and now—" He flung up his hands and then covered his face with them. "They have found something against me," he lamented. "And I wanted to be a statesman."

"Perhaps something has happened,—that there is a mistake," I suggested.

He shook his head as he looked up at me. "There is no mistake; I saw the lists. I have been to one of the Highest Orders, pleading to be pardoned and given the chance I want—and I was refused." He again covered his face with his hands.

"What can I do for you?"

He looked up, rose, and faced me. "You can help me, for I have so much confidence in you."

"I am honored," I said.

"Yes, you can help me," he cried.

"How? If there is anything reasonable I can do I will do it, but why have you so much confidence in me?"

"I do not know; perhaps it is because you re-

cently came from the earth and have a little physical understanding of pride."

"Pride?" I echoed the word gently.

"Yes, I do not want to go back as a—a—" he stopped.

"What?"

"Haven't you the slightest idea?"

I shook my head slowly.

Well, as a—" he stopped. "Oh, I cannot tell you!" he moaned.

"Well, how am I to know? I have not acquired the art of mind reading."

He looked up; his stricken face won pity from me.

"Come, tell me all about it; I am positive I shall understand and will help you if I can."

He took my hand and held it. "Oh, well, I suppose the life I shall lead will not be so bad, but I wanted to be a statesman."

Suddenly I gripped him. "Time is not money here, King Louis. It is more valuable and should not be wasted. Tell me what is the matter." He turned from me. "I do not believe you are King Louis!"

He turned upon me with a snarl. "It is I, King Louis."

"I do not believe it."

He laughed loudly.

"You are not King Louis." I spoke firmly.

He recoiled from me. "Well, then, who am I?"

I stepped to him as I took him by the shoulders. "You are a spy—from the Black Circle, trying to impersonate King Louis, trying to make me believe you are he. You think you will lead me from my mission; besides I know exactly who you were upon the earth."

I paused. "I know you." He shrunk back. "You look like King Louis, I will admit, but you are not he." I will send for him. He protested vigorously, but I thrust him from me. I took the bottle from my robes and poured some of the contents upon my hands and rubbed some upon my forehead. He tried to snatch the bottle from me, but I pushed him away.

I sat down and followed the professor's instructions. I repeated the words and called out King Louis' name. I had been concentrating only a short time when there came a rap at the door, it flung open, and my father and King Louis rushed into the room.

They stepped back when they saw the crouching form before me, his black robes beginning to materialize.

King Louis reached me. "A Black Robed member!" he exclaimed.

He tried to impersonate King Louis," I told them.

"Impersonate me? How?" asked King Louis.

I explained the action of the member of the Black Circle briefly to King Louis and my father, and they were astounded.

"There is a fighting force at work here. I can see they are planning to trap you and keep you from your mission," said King Louis. "Why," and his voice lowered, "I still am to be a statesman," and he lifted his head a little higher.

I thought King Louis had been rather well impersonated. His earthly reincarnation was always in his mind.

"What shall we do with him?" I asked my father as I motioned to the crouching being in the black robes,

his face was now streaked with black. He cowered and uttered terrible moans of fear.

"He will be taken before the Court of Justice and sentenced by the Supreme Power."

"The Court of Justice!"

"Yes, my son, we have a court which metes out due punishment to those who deserve it. Our punishment, of course, is not at all similar to the terrible torture which the wrong doers of the Black Circle suffer." He paused. "You will have to appear against him and testify before the Court of Justice concerning his offense." He turned to King Louis, who was standing near. "You too, must be present."

"They certainly did plot against Lord Kitchener with a determination to catch him off guard. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were others close by," he said as he glanced about the room.

At a second rap, my father opened the door and there entered six powerful white-robed men who took the black being and half carried him from the room, as he cried out in terror.

"You see, he does not know what kindness is," said my father. "The members of the Black Circle suffer so through the devil that they expect nothing but cruelty from all." He turned to King Louis. "You may go back to your class if you wish."

King Louis took my hand. "Lord Kitchener, you certainly are worthy of recommendation to the highest order. I did not think you would advance this quickly, but I must admit you have gone above my expectations." He bowed to me.

So I had surprised King Louis? Well, that was

at least one accomplishment. He turned with another bow and left the room.

"He is clever," said my father; "I admire him very much."

I nodded my head with approval, for if King Louis was doing his part he deserved credit.

"Now, my son, you will continue on your way to the plane of language, which is just below this one."

"What plane is this?"

"The plane of construction of predominating forces." He turned. "I shall go with you to the plane of language."

He opened the door and we went out. When we came to the torpedo landing, I found it crowded with people.

"Just a moment!" A hand touched my arm. "Here is a message for you."

I faced a smaller man than I who was cloaked in orange and had a strange covering over his head. I opened the paper he handed me. It read as follows:

"Lord Kitchener, you are summoned before the Court of Justice. Your presence is requested at once. The session opens within a period." I handed the message to my father.

"It came soon. We must go up to the Justice Plane now, instead of to the Language Plane."

We had to wait for some time for the torpedo and when it arrived it was crowded with passengers.

"It seems the population of the astral is growing," I remarked.

"Yes," my father replied, "the casualties of the war are terrible, and the souls which are crowding into the astral are keeping every teacher busy. It has

been ages since so many came here at once." He paused. "And many are being sent here by the influenza which, my son, is caused by atmospheric thought waves. These are caused by hate and stimulated by the war contrivances which are designed to cause death. The demons of the Black Circle have sent to the foe several inhuman inventions. The helpful inventions come from the White Circle. While upon the earth plane of the material the mortal must have a certain amount of physical substance matter to use and to cling to for protection. That is for the purpose of the physical body, which is merely the thought of decay. The thought of war is decay, and a time will come when the White Circle will overpower every disturbing influence which the Black Circle has thrown over the earth. One reason why the earth had to go through the suffering brought by the war is to test men and enable them to overcome and to prove the all power of truth and that life is greater than destruction or death. But the Black Circle made its impression and the conflict has been most terrible and unnecessary. We do not intend to allow it to continue, for the war has long since run over its scheduled time." At that moment we arrived at our destination and left the torpedo.

I had never been upon a plane of such wonders. There were amazing things on every hand and I walked along in awe. When we came to an immense building, we entered with a tremendous crowd of other white-robed men. We went into a huge auditorium where were row upon row of others also in white robes. Many sitting in high balconies appeared to be the officials.

At the entrance a man stepped up to me. "Lord Kitchener, I will conduct you to your seat."

I left my father and accompanied the man to the front of the auditorium. The huge chair and desk on an elevated platform I knew to be for the Judge. I took my seat and looked about me.

The construction of the interior of the building was marvelous. The walls appeared to be oak and the ceiling partly open and partly glass, supported by marble pillars. The chair for the Judge was of oak and over the desk was spread a wonderful cloth of white with a golden cross upon it.

There seemed to be thousands crowded into the building. I felt many eyes upon me, but I did not notice anyone looking directly at me. I recognized some faces, and, although I did not know their names, I knew them to be personages who had thrilled the earth in history. In front of me were two rows occupied by several white-robed beings with the cross upon their chests.

A silence fell; each one folded his hands. A dignified being entered and stood before the desk. His face,—well, it could be described by one word—Justice. I knew by the shining light in his large eyes that he came from a realm where only the advanced may go. I knew he was living the life of the truth, that no other thought possessed him, that he did not crave anything of the physical, and that he was desirous only of helping others.

He raised his hand and all the assembly rose and stood looking into his face. I stood tense, thrilled. He lifted his hand to his heart over which was a cross within a ring of gold. He smiled with glory

shining from his countenance and even from his whole body—a spectacle which I had never before witnessed.

He spoke one word, "Listo," and the assembly sat down. He stood a moment and then took from his robes a scroll, unrolling it slowly with long fingers. The following is what he read for the benefit of that mighty assembly:

"The souls assembled here are of the One Mind. That Mind is Justice and that Mind alone is to decide the manner of adjustment to be meted out to the accused. Let no man here allow anything, or any thought, to interfere with the rightful action of the One Mind. Justice is our motto, Truth our Guide, and Love our understanding. Mind is the Judge and Mind is God."

He paused, his eyes upon the assembly. He did not seem to look at any one, yet I believe his eyes saw everything. He continued reading as he lifted the paper.

"One Ioto has been accused of breaking into another soul's aura and attempting misdemeanor. Ioto is an earth-bound. He has not tried to advance—but only to gain, through another, knowledge and all that is worth while." He paused; his eyes searched over the assembly; then he continued, "Ioto is accused by Philip Oward, whose spiritual name is Katli. One Lostoa is accused of attempting to return to the earth without permission. He also attempted to take fleshly pleasure through a sensitive. Lostoa is also earth-bound but wishes to overcome." He glanced up, then slowly went on speaking, "Lostoa is accused by Leonard Smith, known spiritually as Flesta. One Heliot is accused of entering a mortal and taking the body for

the means of returning to the flesh. He has caused suffering and has done so without attempting to overcome the desire. Helito is earth-bound." He paused a moment. "Helito is accused by John Andrews Smithwell, who is known spiritually as Moloito." He glanced up and then very slowly read, one Kelo is accused of attempting to join the Black Circle and to take with him one known as Lovit, who was willing to give the soul for flesh sensation. Kelo tried to overcome but allowed the Devil to conquer, and went into the realms of the Black Circle with the one Lovit. He sinned and then appealed to this Court for assistance. Kelo is accused by Julius Caesar, known spiritually as Kilo."

He paused; his eyes gazed into space a moment and still he seemed to see every one in the assembly. "One Hilfid has been accused of plotting the downfall of a member of the White Circle, and also of impersonating another of the same order. Hilfid is a willing member of the Black Circle. Hilfid is accused by Lord Kitchener, known spiritually as Katofa."

He rolled the paper and laid it upon the desk. The beings in the white robes rose and stood until he was seated. He picked up a crystal ball and held it in the palm of his hands. Huge doors opened at either side of the chair, and there entered twelve white-robed beings with crosses upon their chests. They remained standing before the desk of the Judge. Then there entered three black-robed beings, followed by two powerful ones in white robes. Those of the Black Order stood before the desk, and the two white-robed beings stood at either end. Three men entered; they wore the cross on purple robes. They stepped before

the Judge. With a wave of his hand the assembly was seated.

"I hereby, as the Judge of the Court of Justice call to trial one Loto. Let him come at once before the assembly and take the stand."

Loto stood up. He was robed in black and wore a mask. He was led to a chair on the right of the Judge. Two of the purple-robed men stepped beside him; the other stood before the Judge and, unrolling a scroll, read:

"Loto is before the Court of Justice. His acts are before the One Mind. Let him be questioned. Let him be unmasked that all may look upon his shameful face."

Loto's mask was removed by one in a purple robe. The face revealed was old, wrinkled, and grey. His eyes were large and wild, and he shrank from his accuser, with fear expressed in every movement.

"Loto, you know of what you are accused. Is there any excuse you have to offer? Is there any reason why you should not be punished?" said one of the purple-robed men. "Answer me!" he cried. The black-robed being did not move. "If there is nothing which you have to say, your silence bespeaks your guilt." There was still no answer. "You entered the home of Katlo, and you attempted the misdemeanor of breaking into his outer aura. You caused him suffering, and your action is not pardonable unless you have some excuse to offer."

Loto lifted his head. "I—I—would not have broken into his aura if I had not been afraid of the darkness—I,—did not intend to harm him."

"You knew you would harm him if you were per-

mitted to stay. You were once a member of the Divine Order. Have you one excuse to offer concerning the breaking of the rules?"

Loto shook his head, unable to tell a falsehood before the eyes of the Court of Justice.

The purple-robed being turned and stepped to the Judge. "He evidently has nothing to say in his own behalf. We ask you to convict him, and we place the case before the Order of the Judy."

The Judge rose. "Order of the Jury, you heard all that passed between the accused and the attendant of the Court of Justice. I place in your hands the privilege of the verdict."

The Order of the Jury rose and withdrew from the Court Room but were out only a short time. The leader stepped to the purple-robed being before the Judge's desk and spoke in a low voice, then took his seat. The purple-robed one lifted his eyes to the Judge as he said, "Loto has been found guilty. Let his punishment be—"

The Judge lifted his hand and said, "Let him return to earth in the form of a cripple and suffer repentance until he can overcome the sin within his being. If he passes that earthly test he shall return into the White Circle."

Loto held up his hands and fell to his knees, his eyes upon the Judge.

"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" he cried wildly.

"Mercy has been given to you. Take your sentence, and, if you prove worthy of returning among us when your reincarnation is over, you will be received within the White Circle."

Loto was taken from the Court.

The Judge took up the paper and read, "I hereby as the Judge of the Court of Justice call to trial one Lotoa. Let him come at once before the assembly and take the stand."

Lotoa stood. He was stoop-shouldered and walked with a slow-faltering step. He took the chair. Then the court attendant read:

"Lotoa is before the Court of Justice. His acts are before the one Mind. Let him be questioned. Let him be unmasked that all may look upon his shameful face."

Lotoa's mask was removed. His face was more youthful than Loto's; his eyes were shifty.

"Lotoa, you know of what you are accused. If you have any excuse to offer, speak now. Is there any reason why you should not be punished?" asked one of the purple-robed attendants.

There was silence.

"Does your silence bespeak your guilt?"

"I—I did wrong, but I—I—did not really want to—I want to overcome—I have tried to—I want to try again," cried Lotoa.

"You wish another opportunity to redeem yourself? You knew better; you were a member of the Divine Circle."

Lotoa covered his face with his hands.

"I am repentant—I am—" he cried.

"Have you any excuse to offer?" There was silence. "Any excuse whatsoever?" asked the attendant of the Court.

"Only weakness," came a muffled reply.

"Weakness is not a good excuse." The purple-robed attendant stepped before the Judge.

The Judge spoke as on the first occasion, and the Order of the Jury retired. They returned and gave their verdict.

"Guilty."

The Judge rose. "Let him return to the earth in the form of a weak-minded mortal; and if he overcomes and passes the test of weakness, he shall return to the White Circle."

"Have pity!" cried Losto as he was taken from the court.

"Pity you shall have none—overcome."

Then followed a similar ceremony and Helito sat in the chair beside the Judge.

The Court attendant questioned him. "You know for what sin you are brought before the Court of Justice?"

The white face of Helito darkened by a shadow and the young eyes grew black with anger. "Yes, I know," he cried loudly.

"Have you any excuse to offer? Speak now. Is there any reason why you should not be punished?"

"No, I have no excuse to offer." His eyes filled with fear. "I—will try to overcome."

"Have you any excuse to offer in your own behalf?"

This time Helito shrank down and hid his face. He could not speak a falsehood before the Court of Justice.

"Your silence is admitted guilt."

The Court was silent and then the Judge spoke and the Order of the Jury retired and returned in a moment with the verdict, "Guilty."

The Judge rose; for the first time his face clouded.

"Inasmuch as one Helito has committed the crime of entering the mortal body of another and been found guilty of bringing insanity upon one who is innocent and who had a stated mission, he will be sentenced according to the laws of the astral. He will return to the earth and become insane."

"No, no, no, have mercy!" cried Helito.

"You will have to overcome that test before you can come among us again and be one of the White Circle."

He was dragged from the Court crying out terrible words.

The Judge took up the paper and read from it again. A being in black took the chair. His mask was removed and I almost cried out, for I recognized the contorted features of Mark Antony. So he had gone to the Black Circle and taken Cleopatra with him! He appeared to be very nervous, for he twitched constantly.

The Judge stated the case. The court attendant turned to Antony. "You know of what you are accused. Have you any excuse to make? Speak now. Is there any reason why you should not be punished?"

"No, there is no excuse. I am guilty—guilty as any man can be." He lifted his head and his eyes met mine as he peered out into that great assembly. He looked at me for a moment, his eyes filled with agony, then he sank back, his face growing pale. "Convict me—be quick, tell me what I must do."

"You have no excuse to offer?" inquired the attendant.

"None—None—only passion."

The court attendant stood erect. "Passion is no excuse."

The Judge spoke and the Order of the Jury retired. The length of time they were gone seemed ages to me and all the time Antony's eyes were upon me. I felt them, peering into my face, searching my very soul, pleading for sympathy.

The Order of the Jury returned and stood while one spoke to the attendant in purple. "Guilty."

I almost rose, but something held me. Antony lifted his face, utter despair in every feature. His soul seemed to call out for pity. I could not endure to look upon him.

He rose. "I will stand anything—anything—only give her to me—let me have her—I want her more than life itself, more than honor or truth," he cried; and his words affected all in that great assembly, for there came among them a stir as of the rustle of the wind.

"You shall have her—" the Judge paused, and all was perfect silence. Then he spoke. "You and she shall go back to the earth—" he paused. Antony was holding out his arms, his face lighting with hope. "She will be a woman—she will love you—love you—" The words sounded like the tolling of a great bell. "You will love her—love her—love her—but you will be an hermaphrodite."

Such horror I have never seen come into anyone's face—such utter hopelessness I hope I shall never see again. I rose—all went black. I quite lost control of myself and sank forward. I heard Antony cry out—such cries, I hope I shall never hear again.

"No, God! No, not that!" he shrieked. Some-

times I hear his cry still, when I sit alone in the silence. "No, God! no, not that!"

The rest of the court scenes were hazy and I could not understand much, only that the one I accused was to return to the earth afflicted from birth, overcome his affliction without bitterness and live his life before he could be admitted into the White Circle.

I was helped out of the assembly by a white-robed man; and when I found my father I cried, "How can I help Antony?"

He smiled sadly, with a little mist in his eyes. "The Judge has spoken; you cannot change the verdict."

"How he will suffer," I cried. "His humiliation! His sorrow!"

"Yes," my father replied quietly, "but he must overcome passion."

"Passion will be gone?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And Cleopatra? Will she suffer?"

"She will suffer—yes—yes."

We had come to a tall building. My father said, "We attend a meeting here. You are requested to be present."

In the room we entered, I saw twelve men sitting at a table. They rose and I recognized three: King Edward VII, Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin. There was a long silence after we were seated, and then Benjamin Franklin rose.

"We wish," he said, "to have every one present express his opinions to the Order, so that the viewpoints of all may be voted upon."

As the meeting proceeded I could not keep my mind on it. There was a question which troubled me.

King Edward rose. "I read that Lord Kitchener is wondering how the laws of the Master consist of forgiveness, and yet our Court of Justice sends souls back to earth in punishment. Lord Kitchener, the word punishment is interpreted as adjustment. The soul has to reincarnate until knowledge of better things is firmly established in the consciousness." He paused. "Kitchener, the laws of the Spirit are that each being shall learn to overcome, and, when he has conquered personal selfishness, he need not return to the earth for progression. The adjustments assigned to the being are not given to injure or cause sorrow or pain, but to bring out the needful quality which then asserts itself and makes the soul stand up under all suffering to demand freedom and overcome all the defects to which it is subject. It is impossible to enter the Circle of the Master until one has learned to overcome and to be as nearly perfect as the reflection of the great Mind can be. Life is complicated and only through learning lessons and possessing a pure, free consciousness, can one approximate the Master's wishes." He looked kindly upon me. "Perhaps you do not understand me; nevertheless I have tried to explain the fundamental details of the situation so you will not be without an answer to your question."

I thanked him with a bow.

Abraham Lincoln spoke of the great advancement often gained through sacrifice and suffering in an earthly existence.

Another man, whom I did not know, spoke on many subjects concerning the Convention. He told of

wonderful activities and promised to take from the meeting a message to a higher plane. He spoke of the work of the other planes, of the assistance they would give to the Convention, of the thousands and thousands who would be there, and of the thousands who would take part. There were to be many speakers and many other ways of reaching the individuals. He told of the plane where the Convention was to take place and of the messages coming from the highest Orders.

The meeting was wonderful and I was pleased to hear of my part in the great peace preparation. I wanted to do all I could for suffering humanity. What I had before me did not seem too much. I listened carefully to every word uttered, for I was thankful to be a part of the great mission destined to bring happiness where there had only been sorrow and destruction.

When the meeting was over, my father and I returned to the torpedo landing.

"I will go back alone," I said.

"You are not going back to the plane of language, you are to take private lessons from Queen Victoria."

"Queen Victoria? Is she willing to give me lessons?"

"Yes, she has offered to instruct you in the language of the astral. We are all grateful."

I stood and looked at him. "She is wonderful, kind and true. I am delighted with the privilege of having so noble a lady assist with my training here. I am very fortunate, father. Is every one as fortunate as I?" He turned his head and looked into my eyes. "Do they have so many friends who wish them to be as happy as mine wish me to be? Who are willing

to take them around and answer all questions, as mine do?" I asked.

He smiled kindly, his whole face filling with a wonderful glow. "My son, no man is without friends; everyone has friends. Every man has the knowledge of truth, for the real expression of man is of God. Every one who is taken into The White Circle has proved he is worthy and willing to try to do all that is right, and only what is right. Then he has friends who represent the one God."

I was pleased to hear this, to know that every man who makes himself worthy will have friends and always be cared for by the good and wonderful truth which is the eternal, living expression of God.

"I am more than pleased to know that Queen Victoria is interested in helping me," I said.

"Yes, my son," replied my father, "it is right to be grateful. Gratefulness is a part of the soul—the soul which is happy over the expressions of love which are given it. No, it is not wrong to be grateful, but wrong to expect gratitude. The quality of wishing others to shower continued thanks upon one for some service is wrong, because God's expression gives thanks and is satisfied—gives pure thanks to the soul, not to the personality. Words mean nothing in thanks if the heart does not beat true, if the motive behind the words represent nothing." He stopped a moment. "A soul which is in tune knows when another speaks and gives from the soul which is a part of God,—God's reflection and masterpiece."

He smiled thoughtfully. I recognized his fine feeling and knowledge more than ever before. He

was true and honorable, and his understanding was well founded; he knew of what he spoke.

I took his hand and said, "My father! My father!"

He continued. "Every soul who comes here has some one who is his guide and helper until he is sufficiently strong to go about alone."

He lifted his eyes and did not speak for some time, and then it was I noticed for the first time he had upon the left side of his chest a cross in yellow.

"You belong to the Circle of the Cross?"

He brought his eyes slowly down to my face.

"I do, perhaps you will some time."

We arrived at our destination shortly, and when we left the torpedo my father walked with his head held high and his eyes gazing into space where as yet I could not see. When we came to a large house surrounded by wonderful trees—produced by the thought of good—my father spoke for the first time since we had left the torpedo:

"Son, this is Queen Victoria's home. All this beauty is the expression of her good thought. She is an advanced soul. She belongs to one of the highest orders of the astral."

He took my arm as we went up a few white steps, he let fall the knocker upon the door, and stepped back.

"She will be here in a moment; she is usually in the study, but her mind informs her of the guests waiting without."

Presently she came to the door. "I am happy to see you. I thought you would be detained a little longer with the treatments, Lord Kitchener. It is

wonderful that you have passed so soon, I am delighted."

We followed her into the house and into the study where she had been writing.

"I have been working," she said. "I am writing a book. Some time perhaps the world will know of it." She smiled. "The earth is beginning to believe in us—to believe that the so-called dead are alive." She raised her glowing face. "Ah, the earth is coming to have faith in the words of the astral, and when all believe," she gave a sweep of her hand and gracefully nodded her head, "why, then we shall be entirely one—of the one great Mind. Lord Kitchener, you must be happy to have advanced as quickly as you have."

I told her I was happy and thankful.

She smiled at me as she nodded her head slowly. "I am pleased that you are happy over your advancement, for it means much in this plane of existence." She requested us to sit down and then she turned to my father. "I have received word I might take him as a pupil if I wished, and I was pleased, for I want to have a part in the Peace mission. I am happy to know he is allowed to take a message to the earth to one I love, and I will pray in seclusion while he is away."

My father turned to me. "You will find she is one of the best teachers of the language of the astral. She will be able to give you the correct start which is so essential. You will learn more quickly from her, for she has a wonderful knowledge and understanding."

She smiled at me as she folded her hands. "I am positive I can help you, for I have taken time to learn

the foundation thoroughly. I am interested in literature and so I try to perfect my vocabulary in the astral language." She smiled at me again as she held up one of the pages she had been writing. "This," she said "is the beginning of a book." She paused. "I wish to give it to some one upon the earth plane, for I feel what knowledge I have should be given to others."

My father rose to go. "I will return again to see how you are," he promised me, as he opened the door, and with a bow to Queen Victoria, he said, "My thanks for your interest and kindness to my son cannot be expressed in words."

She took my hands as I rose. "My boy," she paused, "you will find that the most essential thing of all to learn here is not the language, the studies, the ways of this plane or higher ones, but faith in the one God, for if you have not faith any one of the members of the Black Circle may come and enter into your house and interfere with and command you, perhaps make you a slave to their Order and the Devil. You cannot realize how many who are educated and have advancement in the classes here fall to the will of those of the Black Circle." She paused a moment;

"Why?—" she held her head higher as she rose, "I will tell you." She looked into my eyes. "Because they fear them and believe their leader has power, that they are strong and can use will-power over them, and if those who fell had had the faith—the great faith, they would have been able to stand before the whole court of the Black Circle and the Devil himself,—to declare the truth and come away unharmed and free from all evil. Faith is the greatest

mark of advancement in the astral, for what does faith indicate but understanding and true knowledge?"

She smiled at me kindly. "I knew faith first; and I was protected, and then I learned the things of value which will assist the soul's progress in the schools. I feel that you have the great faith; and so I beg of you, do not lose it. Keep it within your mind and soul. In possessing faith you possess something which only the great God Himself can give you,—that which no other soul treading the same path can teach you. Faith comes as a gift, as a realization of the truth and it is the one thing of all others which is the true key to happiness and understanding, here—and—everywhere"—she smiled and her eyes seemed to fill with a light akin to that I had seen glowing in the eyes of the Judge of the Court of Justice. She finished slowly, the words coming like a true message.

I bowed to her and felt the glorious uplift of the knowledge that I should attain that faith. "I will always try to keep faith, and I will make it a part of me before I try to accomplish other things."

She clasped her hands. "Lord Kitchener," she spoke softly, "Do you see that as long as you want faith you possess it?" She took my hands. "You have that faith now, and I know you will keep it forever."

My father bowed again. "The words you have spoken have opened the door to him, Queen Mother. I—I am humble in my thanks." And, with a smile, he seemed to disappear from our sight and was gone.

She sat down. "Come, seat yourself beside me and I will talk with you first concerning the astral life which has so much in common with the language." She opened a book and held it as she went on. "The

astral language is not difficult to learn. It all depends upon the degree of your desire and how quickly you grasp what the teacher explains. It is in reality the thought of one impressed upon another; therefore when you catch the concentrated thought of the astral you will know all that is necessary of the language." She held out her hand. "You must know you have the language within your own mind,—within your mouth to speak, and you will possess it. So when I give you the first lesson, do not struggle with mere words, but believe you know all there is to know of the language. Knowledge which is lasting comes with ease. No one may learn if he is opposed to the knowledge which is set before him. Knowing a thing is really wishing to know it. How easy it is to remember whatever you enjoy. I want you to know from the beginning and never allow any thought to come between you and knowledge."

I told her I would try to do as she wished,—that I was indeed anxious to acquire the language.

She began at the first of the alphabet and asked me to write the letters fifty times. Her eyes never left my face and I was conscious of the fact.

I turned toward her after having complied with her request to write the letters the stated number of times.

She clasped her hands and bowed her head a moment; then looking up she said, "My boy, I was praying—" she paused. "I know of your great mission and if my prayers can help you, I will pray, for I have faith in prayer. Ask and you shall be helped. The one great Mind knows all and I ask in prayer for your guidance."

Turning I wrote several words in the astral language and when I said to her, "I have faith, I know—" I stopped speaking, for suddenly I realized to my surprise that my words had been uttered in the language of the astral.

"You know," she said, "You will always speak now in the astral language—you have finished your course. You are through with the task of learning it, for you know—and, having faith, you have accomplished."

I rose and, taking her hand, I bowed low over it. "Your prayers helped me."

She did not answer me, but a mist came into her eyes. "When you go to the ones I love, I wish you might speak of my good wishes and prayers. When you whisper something concerning my hopes for their safety and for the help of the world, their subconscious minds will know and perhaps—" She smiled and her eyes grew warm. "Some time they will know consciously." She rose. "Edward is in his studio, and I wish you to see the inventions he is working upon. He is progressing wonderfully."

She opened the other door leading from the room, and after passing through a short hallway, she knocked upon a door. King Edward opened it and grasped my hand.

"Happy to see you, Kitchener," he said, "Come in. I thought you were not coming,—at least I have been somewhat disappointed at the delay. Of course, I realize you came as soon as the time was ready. We never do anything until it is the right time."

"I will leave you two alone for a while that you

may have a visit. I will return to my study," said Queen Victoria. We bowed as she left us.

Taking my arm, King Edward lead me into the studio. "Come over here and look at my trans-Atlantic bridge."

I presently stood before a clever model. It was practically surrounded by water which seemed fathoms deep in comparison to the size of the miniature bridge, which had two decks, an upper and a lower. The mechanism and the manner in which the automatic parts worked was remarkable. The idea had seemed rather preposterous until it was there before my eyes in an actual fact.

"That would be wonderful for the earth people. They should know about it. Why don't you send it to some one there?"

"Kitchener, it would appear so impossible at this time to anyone upon the earth that it might only be ridiculed, and it is too great a contrivance to be put aside because its worth is not realized. But there will come a time when it will be given to the world, and that time will be when the people are ready to receive it. True, it is not so far distant, but a thing is never welcome until the right time—As I said before, there is a right time for everything."

I inspected the bridge again. "The manner in which it is made stationary in such fathoms of water is marvelous. It certainly will be received some time. An invention like that could not be refused."

"It will be received when the right time comes." He walked across the room. "Come, look at this, What do you think of it? I value your opinion."

I looked at it closely.

"This machine for the cure of disease," he announced. "This cabinet is for the patient and the air outside is shut off. What oxygen is necessary for vital purposes is pumped in, after passing through a prepared solution. The person within the cabinet closes his eyes. He is requested not to move any more than is necessary. The powerful lights are turned upon his body and fill it with a stimulating heat. Of course, the lights used in this invention are not like those upon the earth. Electricity is not necessary nor is it valuable, for the effect is not so powerful. There are certain chemicals here which make the lights effective. We have a laboratory which furnishes the substance for the lights. I received the instructions concerning the lights and materials for this invention, and now my laboratory produces them. Later I will tell you how I discovered the lights which made the invention possible. I do not claim the credit, for I was given the thought of it from the one great Mind which knows all things. I enjoy working out inventions. Nothing here gives me greater happiness, for don't you know Kitchener, in time I shall be able to help the earth plane; and we all want to help send them the most desirable vibrations."

I asked him to tell me how he received the invention.

"I will tell you all about it. Please be seated over there beside the fire."

I seated myself before a glowing fire which was unlike the fires of the earth, because the astral does not burn wood.

King Edward stood a moment, thoughtfully looking down upon the model, then crossed the room

and sat down beside me. He remained for some time in a silence I did not disturb. Finally he looked up and his eyes met mine.

"Once when I was sitting alone here in this chair, thinking," he patted the arm of the chair. "I suddenly felt rather drowsy and closed my eyes. After a long time it seemed some one touched my arm. I looked up and saw, across the room, a wonderful light which seemed to touch me with its warmth and glowing thought of good. I knew it was a thought sent from the highest order. I knew which order but I am not at liberty to tell you the name now. You will perhaps know some time. I rose and stepped toward the light but I could not reach it. I sank back into my chair again, in a semi-conscious state, because of the powerful effect of the light. Then I saw the model form within the circle of light until every part was plainly visible.

"I answered the call for I knew the invention was given to me to perfect and make possible for universal use. I knew that many would believe in it when it was time to give it to the earth, but I also knew it was not to be given until orders were sent me. I was to send it to mortal man to give him a greater understanding of what the spiritual mind can do. I knew that earth-men would realize these inventions were of the one Mind, that they would then begin to think; to wonder concerning the Mind and the power which is unseen and yet produces life and promises man eternal life if he will follow in the footsteps of the great Master. I knew that the people of the earth were coming very shortly to the place where they would no longer doubt the possibilities of the one great

Mind—the possibilities of the truth expressed within the circle of the phenomenal truth.

“I was lifted in that moment of true revelation into something higher and better and supremely spiritual. I was content with the knowledge that the good only would be expressed in my work and from that expression would come nothing but good. I knew I had been shown my mission in the astral and so I established a studio where could enter no force except the good. I spent some time studying it all out carefully. I hope I shall express in the inventions the great thought which has been given to me. Humanity must be helped to travel the long and straight path which leads forward and upward in thought and action.”

He paused, looking into the glow of the fire, then continued; “Then I saw in this fire two colors which I had not thought could mingle in substance, and I knew the two, condensed, with heavier substances added to them, would produce a fiery warmth which could be reduced to one per cent of what it had been. The result would be an intensified light and force. I went to my laboratory, took the two color materials which I had seen in the fire, and, mixing them with a cool, heavier color tinged with the blue of the spiritual blood fluid, I procured a glow. It flared up high with great flames.

“I realized I could produce lights which would be a combination between the astral body and the physical. By concentrating upon it another fluid of crystal white which had no particular substance except the vibration of thought, I at last produced a light-yellow fluid which added to the flame. It fluttered and sank down and

there, in the bottom of a huge bowl, it gave forth a light similar to those which come from the auras of the greatest healers of the Circle of the Master. With this light I knew I had produced something which would reach the mortal body when ailing, and also reach the astral body.

"Illness on the earth plane, you know, is often caused by the astral body and the physical body becoming estranged, and a thought of space forming between them. Then many other vibrations not of the individual's own force the two bodies farther apart until the physical grows weak and tired, lacking in energy, and nervous with the strain, while the astral body pulls for freedom and attempts to break the cord and come to the astral. I knew that when within the cabinet the person could not come in contact with any outside forces, these lights would reach out and draw the astral and the physical bodies together and bring healing." He paused, his eyes glowing and he smiled at me. "I want the whole world to know that I am trying to bring forth inventions to give happiness and good."

He leaned far forward as he peered into the fire. His face was tense and he did not speak again for a long time, nor did I break the silence, it seemed too sacred.

"When I return to the earth," he said at last, "I hope to accomplish everything assigned to me. I hope I will not fail in the least detail."

He again seemed to drift into thought and to be seeing visions of things already accomplished and of others as yet undone.

"Kitchener," he spoke again, "I want to advance

into a state of thought so above the least material influence that I shall be able to go to the earth often and impress those I love,—to help the whole world to happiness, and yet not wish to stay. I have studied continually for my advancement." He turned his face toward me, his eyes met mine.

"You will do it; I seem to know it," I replied.

"Kitchener, being above material things means being able to go to the earth and see those you love, watch the material world progress, and yet—" he paused, "not wish to be a part of it. Be satisfied to do your duty here." He leaned back in the chair. "I hope I shall never be dissatisfied with it here for I wish to stay here as long as it is my duty," he added. He changed the subject. "There is a place here I am quite certain would interest you greatly. If you wish to go, I will go with you."

"Where is this interesting place? I already desire to go."

He nodded his head as he clasped his hands on his knee. "You have some time before they will send for you to give you your instructions to take with you to the earth, and so I may take you about. There is more to see than you can imagine."

"And where is this place you speak of?" I asked.

"It is the plane of dreamers."

"The plane of dreamers," I questioned. "What does that mean?"

"It is the plane where the mortal visits while sleeping. It consists of schools of different classes. While out of his physical body an advanced mortal takes the form of his semi-astral appearance and goes to school, learning things which will help him in his physical

existence. You may be interested to know why people dream. By going to that plane you will see the reasons and see the dreams expressed before your eyes." He sighed and was silent a moment. "There are many classes and many beings who believe and try to do their duty, but many others are simply heading straight for the Black Circle as soon as so-called death claims them."

I expressed eagerness to see the plane of dreamers.

"Before you are allowed to go you will have to pass several tests. I was just thinking perhaps we will take the examinations and while waiting for the answers from the Board of Judges we will make a visit to another plane," he said.

"Where will that be?"

"The plane of reincarnation."

"That sounds most interesting to me."

"We have very little time to waste. I am anxious for you to see as much as possible."

We rose, walked across the room, and down the hallway to Queen Victoria's library, where she sat studying.

"Mother, mother dearest," softly called King Edward.

She looked up.

"We are going now. I am taking Lord Kitchener with me to sign up and take the tests to visit the plane of dreamers. From there we shall visit the reincarnation plane."

"Go, you will reap a great benefit from it all, I know," she said with a smile. "It will help you upon your mission back to the earth." She took our hands. "I am so happy to know you two are such good friends,

so congenial and confident of each other. It is just as I would have wished it. I will pray for you while you are away that none but the good shall come nigh you."

"Mother's prayers are answered. I have known her to pray for many things and always the one Mind, God, heeds her, because—" he looked into my eyes, "because, Kitchener, she has faith. Mother prays almost without ceasing. She is wonderfully true to that faith which she possesses. Never does she doubt."

We moved toward the door and with a bow we bade her farewell. At the landing we were very fortunate to find the torpedo waiting. When we were aboard and seated, King Edward said, "We have not far to go, we shall soon arrive."

I leaned back in my chair and relaxed completely. When we arrived at our destination, we walked some little distance until we came to a tall building, which we entered. A white-robed being took us to the office.

"I have been to this building only once," King Edward informed me as we were seated before desks and given paper and pen. I read carefully the words of the examination, which were as follows:

"Why do you wish to visit the plane of dreamers?

"Are you capable of going there and allowing no earthly force to beset you and to leave without regret?

"Are you capable of taking full charge of yourself?

"Do you fear any member of the Black Circle?

"Do you promise not to interfere with any one there?

"Do you promise to go there and speak with no one unless you are given special permission?

"Do you promise to be ready at any time to help,

while there, should any disturbance whatsoever come up?

"Are you positive you will gain some good and that you do not go for selfish motives, but to learn that which it is best to know?"

I answered all the questions satisfactorily according to King Edward. A white-robed being took the papers, and we rose and went out of the building.

"They will send me a wireless concerning our answers."

"The visit to the reincarnation plane will be fully as interesting to me," I said. "When do we start?"

"Right now," he replied. "Yes, I believe you will enjoy it equally well, Kitchener."

We were soon in the torpedo and we both relaxed, not conversing, for it seemed words were not necessary. When we arrived at the plane of reincarnation the first thing I saw was a large pit in which many men were standing, each holding up his hands and begging for assistance. I listened to them, wondering.

"Why are they there?" I asked King Edward.

He shook his head, smiling wistfully. "They do not need to be there. They refused to do the right thing."

"What do you mean?"

"They wish to do what they think best. They are selfish; they want the best of everything and do not want anyone else to have anything. Through that thought they have limited their own resources and are prisoners of selfish thoughts. They will stay there until of their own accord they come to a realization of the truth. Kitchener, people can be a little selfish

upon the earth, but when they come here," he lifted his hands, "their selfish motives surround them. They are swamped, practically good for nothing, with no chance of doing anything unless they gain freedom by their own thoughts. Those men have been selfish. But it is not only men who show that characteristic. There is no creed, doctrine, or truth which claims that selfishness belongs to one sex. Selfishness is personal. It does not belong to one sex or type of being. Here we find that selfishness is common to all."

"Those men are begging you to help them out of that inconvenient place; but if they were out they would be as selfish as ever. They would pull you down with them, if they could, merely to step upon you. Do not misunderstand me. I only want to explain to you. Far be it from me to judge or have any personal grudge against them. Their selfishness is a sad state. I would help every one of them if it would do any good, but it is the law of the astral that the selfish have to overcome personal thoughts by themselves and to take on the cloak of brotherhood with the gentle calmness of the great peace which the Master sends. Come, do not look upon them longer. You will only encourage in them the thought of freedom through some one else. They would not progress if you did help them; besides it is against the law of the astral. Come, Kitchener."

I moved; my eyes left the pleading ones in the vast pit which seemed thousands of feet below.

"How is it they do not die of hunger, or—well—"

He turned to me. "Is that a physical thought, Kitchener? How am I to take that question? I do not quite understand."

I reflected a moment. "Well, in a way it is a physical thought. I mean, are they like most beings who come here craving for the physical—for rest, meals, and freedom to do as they please?"

"They do rest; they have food; they enjoy in general the things we do; only they are not allowed to impose upon anyone selfishly. You see the ring they are in. It is a symbolier representation of the everlasting ring of eternity, and while within that they are protected from the Black Circle and also are kept from being selfish and bringing trouble to others." He paused as he looked ahead at a tall building we were approaching. His face was thoughtfully tense and when he looked at me he said, "Kitchener, it is wonderful to be as free from the thought of selfishness as you are."

I stopped. "As I am!"

"Yes, you did not have to overcome selfishness."

My eyes met his as I said, "King Edward, I do not dispute your word. You are kindness itself in saying those words to me. I am proud to have you speak so concerning me, but I do not claim to be free from some personal thoughts of selfishness. Perhaps I overcome quickly; that is all."

"No, you are not selfish and you did not have to go through the casting off of that physical thought. Personal selfishness is one of the tendencies to be curbed and the Court of Justice judges it very severely."

By this time we had reached and entered the building. In the office King Edward was met with a warm welcome from the attendant.

"This is the former Lord Kitchener. He will

always be Kitchener to me." He smiled. "Kitchener has a mission to perform now which will place him in one of the highest orders."

I was happy to hear his words and hoped I would accomplish my mission. We were taken first to a laboratory. A tall, lean man with a beard took us in charge.

"I will explain anything you wish to ask," he said.

I felt a keen desire to find out all that was possible. I said, "I wish to have you explain anything which you think would be of interest to us."

He nodded slowly. "Step this way. I will show you the fundamental principles." We entered a large room where were shelves containing many bottles labeled in the astral language. He took one from a lower shelf and held it up to the light. He shook it and its red contents sparkled as if alive, sending out an amazing glow.

"The bottle contains a substance by which the blood of the new-born babe is sustained. It consists of several other fluids which produce the life-giving quality of physical action. The blue fluid of the astral blood is blended with it when the physical birth takes place. Therefore, the new-born possesses one-half of the astral blue blood and one-half of the red blood of the physical. The two form a light blood which turns quite a dark red, as the body develops in earthly years. The fluids are concentrated upon in the highest realm where only the advanced may go—in the Circle of the Master. The secrets there are not disclosed.

"I shall show you just what I would do if I were beginning to form the body of the new-born. Do not misunderstand me, the forming of the child is done

spiritually within the Circle of the Master, but the physical forming is given into the hands of the chosen ones who work from the original spiritual idea and body-conception which God has conceived. With a consciousness ready to receive the directions given, I would wait and my hand would be guided so that the body would be like the one which the great Mind conceived, which is the idea of God, of which the bodies of all are reflections. This fluid is very powerful and explosive, for it possesses the quality of nerve force. The new-born babe is always sensitive and possesses, as a rule, a great nerve force. I will place this red fluid in a crystal bowl and mix with it an equal amount of blue astral fluid. When I do this, watch the effect."

After mixing the fluids carefully the speaker sat down in front of the table. The fluids foamed and slowly rose, becoming a dark red. Quite suddenly there came from it a glare which filled the whole room with a living force.

"There is a soul waiting for this body materialization at the present time, so you will see the bona fide procedure. This will not be an imitation for your personal benefit," he said.

"All the better; I am greatly pleased with this opportunity afforded me," I replied.

Some time passed and the lights that came from that bowl were wonderful. I had a feeling of awe which I had seldom experienced. It was when the light had reached a golden red that the glow settled and the foaming ceased.

The man asked his attendant to bring from the shelf another bottle. After shaking it well he

poured the contents into the bowl with the other fluids. These settled in the bottom, forming a yellow light in the center of the bowl. Afterward there was darkness for a time, and when the light came into the room again, he was standing motionless, holding a piece of substance which appeared like white clay. Carefully he rolled it between the palms of his hands.

"I have concentrated upon the fundamental principles and I have given the substance magnetism and heat through holding it in my hands. I will now place it in the bowl for further developments."

He allowed it to sink into the fluids; and, turning, he pressed a button in the wall. A man entered; his robes were long and white. The symbol upon his chest was in orange, but I could not make out what it was, nor did I get any thought concerning it. He picked up the bowl, and we all proceeded to another room which was practically dark, though I could see that it was almost filled with white-robed men. They stood in a circle around a long table upon which were two tall white candles. The circle opened for a moment to allow the bearer of the bowl to enter and set it down upon the table. There was a blue, hazy mist over the faces of the forms and they uttered no word. They folded their arms as they closed their circle. Presently they placed their hands upon the table.

I was so fascinated I did not move and I gazed upon the bowl, although I was conscious all the time of the forms around it. They seemed to be so transparent that they did not conceal any part of the table or bowl, even though they stood very close together. I did not notice anything especially peculiar or unexpected, and I was wondering if anything was actually

happening but invisible to my eyes. Quite suddenly there began a movement within the bowl, and then it was still again. I never took my eyes off the bowl. I did not speak or move, I was so fascinated. Again there came a movement in the bowl. There was a stir as if the slowly developing creation of life were taking place. There came a sigh like a softly drawn breath. It reminded me of the sound of the wind whispering to the trees when all is peaceful and God seems very near.

Again I saw movement within the bowl and it lasted a long time. It seemed like a quivering nerve, a motion of the sensitive muscle. By now I could see the clay within the bowl; it appeared warmly alive and like flesh. I saw the circle of forms place their hands upon the table and lean forward. I counted the forms for the first time; they numbered twelve. I noticed they appeared to be of the same size, and, without seeing their features one might have imagined he was gazing into some strange mirror and seeing one form reflected a dozen times. Around each head was a yellow glow like a halo. I knew then that I was within the thought-circle of very spiritual and powerful beings.

Again I turned my eyes upon the bowl. I saw it slowly disappear from my sight and, in its place, was a quivering piece of physical flesh which possessed no particular form. Carefully, in unison, each form held out the first finger of his right hand and they touched that quivering, shivering, half-breathing object. It jumped at their touch, and from their finger-ends there came forth a blue-white light which flashed into the object, and it seemed to grow in

length. It quivered and shook several times, and when it lay still there came another long-drawn breath-like sigh. I knew the sigh did not come from any form around the table but from somewhere in the room close to the quivering flesh.

There quickly formed a yellow glow which seemed like an aura. The object began to quiver again, then with a sudden jerk it lay still, and there came again that long breath-like sigh.

With the greatest of care they drew back from the table and the room appeared to expand. I was astounded to see a huge door which led into a great auditorium crowded with women. Some appeared very young, others rather old. All had anxious expressions.

A Judge from a lofty seat looked down upon them as he spoke. "I call Marion Faust Wital to come before the court."

A slender girl rose in the rear of that great auditorium; slowly and gracefully she walked to the front and stood before the Judge.

"I am ordered by the Supreme Power to give into your keeping a soul who is to go to the earth to perform a duty and take a message. You will help guard and protect the soul until it becomes accustomed to the childish body, for one great in spirituality takes a long time to become accustomed to the physical. You are willing?"

She lifted her head. "Yes," she smiled, "I am content—gladness is in my soul."

"The sex will be male." He paused. "His first name will be Leon. He will be an artist."

"I will help him through life. I promise to do my part." She stepped to the desk.

He reached forward and gave to her a wonderful lily. "He will be born in April."

She held the lily closely. "I will pray for April."

He nodded his head slowly as he wrote something in the great book before him. "All will be well," he said as she turned to leave, the lily clasped in her hands.

I heard a whisper at my elbow. "She is here from the earth plane during her sleep. All women who are to be mothers come to this Court and speak with the Judge. They also spend one course of nine months in this realm, during sleep, preparing and learning."

I knew it was one of the white-robed men who had brought me there who spoke, but could not distinguish which one.

Another woman stepped forward when her name was called. She wore a robe of white with a touch of orange around the edge. She clasped her hands. Her eyes gazed into those of the Judge.

"Why do you call me here? I did not wish to come."

He shook his head slowly. "I call you to your duty. You are to know the love of motherhood. You have been selfish but let this test take from you that quality and make out of you a good, true woman,—an expression of kindness and love."

She leaned closer to him, her large dark eyes filled with tears; they fell softly. "I will try—try to love the child, but I do not—now."

He held up his hand. "You must overcome personal physical selfishness. The child will bring happiness to you. The sex will be female." He paused. "Her first name will be Winifred."

She smiled and the darkness of disturbance left her face. "Perhaps I shall grow to love her. I have never yet loved anyone as much as myself, but I will do my part; I promise."

When she had taken her seat, another was called. She was a girl with blue eyes and long flowing hair which fell almost to her feet. She reached the Judge's desk and stood with her hands clasped, her wistful eyes upon the Judge.

"You will bring forth a wonderful child. But you will sacrifice for him—prove you are beyond all physical selfishness. You will return here and he will stay in your place on earth."

She held out her hands. "I am willing, I am willing. But please allow me to hold my child once within my arms—please—please." She lifted her head and her eyes filled with tears. A sweet smile curved her lips and she stood still, waiting before the Judge.

"You shall hold your child once—your wish is granted." He gave her a flower; it was a lily of the valley. "The sex will be male. His name will be Philip and he will be born in June."

She smiled radiantly. "I am happy," she whispered as she faded into the atmosphere.

Another came forward. I heard the words of the Judge,—*"Your child shall bring much happiness to the world."*

The curtain fell softly and the scene vanished.

Again I saw the object upon the table quiver slightly and more softly came the sighing breath. Again forms touched the table. I became weak; unconsciousness crept over me; and I felt hands helping me out of the silence of the tense, dim room. I was

led down a hallway. I knew King Edward was right behind me. His aura was so powerful it surrounded us with golden yellow rays.

We entered another room also filled with many white-robed forms, and it seemed to me there were hundred of tables bearing quivering flesh-like objects.

As the room grew darker, out of the floor seemed to come a yellow and red light. It was powerful as it searched into every dark place. The objects upon the tables quivered and grew until I could see within each a grotesque form, which appeared almost human with the head a trifle too large. A strange silence filled the room; the door opened and there entered many, many white-robed women, their faces glowing with happiness.

The big forms drew back in a circle and stood with arms folded. The light blue haze around their faces illumined the dim features. It spread into their auras and transfigured their forms.

I could scarcely move; I was filled with awe and amazement, with the way things came about. A woman with a glorious face led the others. In circles they stood around the tables. With closed eyes each one repeated after a voice which spoke out of the silence:

"De tois les me fore to." The translation of the words I am not allowed to give.

The faces of the women grew white and they bowed their heads. Again came a great silence, and a sigh like the spiritual breath of God came softly, causing the quivering of the small objects to cease. Through the halos about them were revealed the features of tiny faces, and—how can I express it—the

little bodies formed; the small lips moved; and there came a low wail,—not a pitiful one, but a joyful utterance.

I stood speechless. The faith which lighted each mother's face was wonderful. Readers, I could never express in words the feeling of peace which possessed me in that room, of the happiness that came to me with the amazing knowledge that the real birth of the physical form of the child is not produced in suffering but in glory and peacefulness. My words may be simple, for my tongue could never repeat the wonders of it all.

Slowly the little forms moved; a yellow light filled the room, and again came the sigh. It seemed this time like the rustle of angel wings moving through the room between life and life, between glory and truth, between the spirit and the physical. The child-like forms quivered and, in another moment, disappeared from the tables. Again came a sigh, repeated by the many mothers-to-be. I cannot describe the light that came into each pair of eyes. Softly again came the rustle of wings, and I seemed to see the fleeting forms of the angels.

Slowly the mothers turned and walked down the room. Each head was ringed with a glorious halo; and as they drifted into space a hush fell over all. I knew the earth plane was stirring with the coming of daylight. It seemed a window was thrown open; and through it I could see those marching forms, returning with their precious secrets to the world of the physical.

King Edward took my arm; without a word we passed through a door and went our way.

I cannot tell you how far we wandered before I spoke. "I did not believe birth could be so wonderfully peaceful; and though we believe, when upon the earth, that life comes from God, the usual suffering and distress of the earth plane takes away the real beauty of the virginal hours before birth and fills with dread the chamber where transpires the wonder of the coming of life and the passing of death. If the forming of life upon earth could mean the peace and gladness which is known here, birth would not bring physical doubts and fears, hopes and tears. All would know and express the truth and pray peacefully without any dread." He met my eyes. "They will know some time. But now let us find other wonders."

We entered a building nearby.

"This is the school building where the mothers attend while they await the birth of the child," said King Edward.

On entering we were met by a woman. She walked with ease and a smile illumined her face like the shining of some distant glory.

King Edward addressed her. "I have brought a friend to visit. He is recently from the earth."

She bowed and we followed her along a hallway to a large room where she asked us to be seated. Quietly she left us and after a long time she returned and motioned to us to accompany her. We walked with her down a dimly lighted hallway until we entered another large room. At least a thousand women were there, all in capes and hoods and robes of white. The clear faces were lighted by the shining glory of their eyes.

Upon a platform at the end of the room stood a

woman in white robes and a long white veil covered her head and partly concealed her face.

King Edward explained quietly, "We are not seen by anyone present except the teacher. The others are visiting the astral in their sleep and are not conscious of our presence." He paused, glancing at the teacher. "We could not visit if we were visible, for it would disturb them. The physical conception combined with the spiritual is as a rule difficult to control unless in a state of absolute concentration." He stopped speaking and turned toward the teacher who said to the assemblage,

"You must keep clearly in your mind the points I have explained to you, for they are essential. A woman should not allow distressed thoughts, either fear or trouble, to enter her mind, before the child comes. She should try, if possible, to be cheerful and let her mind dwell on beauty, whether her environment is cheerful or not. Sometimes the test of the mother at that period is to bring happiness into her aura, though she may not be in a position of material happiness and luxury. Never despair; know if you do not receive what you desire in this incarnation you will in the next, if you deserve it. You must overcome depression in order to make it easier for the soul you are helping to bring forth.

"You will not feel ashamed when you meet that soul in the beyond, if the physical existence was started easily. You will know you did your duty and will be able to face that one before the Judges and know you did your part—and did not delay that soul a moment from the stated work it was to accomplish. If you have not done right, and if you have not tried,

you will suffer inwardly, and every manner of fear will be yours until you atone. Yours is a mission; accomplish it lest you be made unhappy over your mistakes.

"As the child grows, never by any means give the little body a severe whipping. Use some other method of punishment with which to impress upon the immature physical brain what is right and what is wrong. You may wonder what could cause a great soul to do something apparently lacking in judgment. This is the reason: The soul allows actions childish and seemingly wrong because—" She paused, her eyes swept her audience,—“The being is in the physical existence to learn many lessons and so physical conceptions are allowed to develop. When the child grows and begins to develop decided likes and dislikes of determination and will-power, the soul constantly watches the body. Only at night during physical sleep, does the soul leave the body to go to realms of its own desire. The physical brain absorbs the surrounding material thoughts of ancestry and blood tradition as the child grows older in physical years.

"The soul does not often inform the physical brain of higher knowledge, for while one dwells upon the earth, he must learn the physical lesson for which he returned to the earth, until reincarnation is unnecessary. No one ever finds out the truth until he is ready to receive it." She paused. "Therefore the physical brain supposed to be the product of physical ancestors and parents, takes on the traits expected of it, for it is but the reflection of earthly thoughts.

"Every thought impressed upon a young child helps form the future character. If the little one is

declared to act just as did an uncle Somebody, he will undoubtedly in later years possess some of the uncle's characteristics; and if it is affirmed he looks like some particular person, he will undoubtedly grow to resemble that person. This is the power of the spoken word upon the brain. Of course the soul guides the destiny, make success possible, and directs the body in the right path for the fated work; but character is physical and often will overshadow the soul's loving guidance. You have heard some people say of some one, 'I never realized he could be so good,' or, 'How can such good luck come to a person like that?' The answer is not personality, for in God there is only one real personality, although many expressions. The soul which seemingly was fortunate in material affairs while the character was at fault is perhaps an advanced one; but often through material thought impressed upon the brain when a child, the soul is quite hidden behind clouds of deception, and its sunshine is seldom seen or felt.

"From the child's birth the soul should be allowed to take its own physical form, features, and characteristics, so that when the growth comes physically the expression of that soul will come from the highest, and the individuality expressed will be beautiful and good. No one can then truthfully say, 'How can a person with such habits have such good luck?' Oh, well, they always said he was like that old uncle of his and every one knew he was of no account.' "

She paused. "There is individuality upon the physical plane, so why try to visualize your son or daughter as resembling some one else unless you have knowledge of the gifts or burdens you are placing

upon them? There is one Mind, one Soul, one Spirit, but that Spirit is individual in all its expressions. The One Mind is the Supreme thought of truth and understanding, and therefore in the individual there is also that reflection. The Spirit gives the life and each individual has life to give a real expression of the reflection. Shame upon the man or woman, cowardly physical mortal, who whips a small child! Who would dare lift his hand to one possibly further advanced than he? One to whom you perhaps would cling for help in the great realms of the unseen. Yet, as a mortal who seems to know more of the physical life, you strike a child because it is learning the things of the material world, the same as you did, because it is acquiring the taste of life from the mortal standpoint.

"Why do most children like to do what you do not wish them to do? Because the age-old human thought has claimed that Adam and Eve succumbed to the forbidden. Therefore what is forbidden has a greater glamour, or so it is said. That universal idea is fastened upon the child. The brain is given the suggestion subconsciously; therefore the child, in nine cases out of ten, will crave the forbidden toy, playmate, or food more than anything you are willing and glad to give him. Overcome the thought. Say that he will not desire anything he is not to have for his good, that the universal lure of the forbidden will not interest him, that he is free to choose that which he wants most to be, if it is best for him. If you can overcome that forbidden thought, the little child with the physical brain and the spiritual soul will express kindness and goodness. Naturally material difficulties will come into its life, but these are for the soul to over-

come in learning the great lessons of the earth plane. The greatest souls learn to endure hardships as well as to know happiness.

"All things good come to those who do the right and pass each test. Wonderful rewards will be given in the ways both of material and spiritual gain. Allow your child to express the radiance which the soul gives forth in youth; and, when he grows into manhood he will retain that radiance and will develop understanding. Then he will be a way-shower to many others on the road of life—a help to those striving to pass its lessons. Learn to keep your mind clear and pure. Think good thoughts and overcome the physical conception imposed by others as an earthly reality.

"In justice to your child, give him a chance to express the soul within, which is the reflection of the one Mind which is God. Give him the benefit of your knowing the truth. Help him to overcome by your right thinking, before and after physical birth. Some are born under most distressing circumstances. Those things are fated, but the attitude you allow your consciousness to take toward the situation is not fated. That is your part.

"The child may grow up to be wonderful and perhaps bring to the world a mission, but the doubt and distressed physical thought will make the aura around you reflect physical disturbance. And the advanced soul which has been given into your care while in the first years of its physical life must overcome those thoughts before the true expression and fated course of its life may take place. Be peaceful and try to learn the supreme glory of quietness and calmness of soul." She paused. "The feeling which comes when the

chosen mother has done her duty in the walk of earthly life is like the soothing of the Master's hands when He comes to heal or bless."

She smiled and the radiance in her face harmonized with her words. I felt silence and peace, and into those many, many faces there came the light which only those have who feel the truth in every part of their being and know it in their soul expression.

She held out her hands. "When you go back to earth to do your duty, smile and pray—those are the most important things—" She lifted her head and her eyes shone. "Pray—your prayers will be answered."

"Come," whispered King Edward.

We left the building. "Those are women from the earth who are here in their sleep. The spiritual thought given them will undoubtedly take effect. The earth is growing in knowledge and belief in such things. The effects which thoughts have are now guarded against more than ever before, for the astral is becoming known to the earth and the time for the drawing of the cord between is coming. The earth and the astral will some time be close together in thought and also in actual contact. So-called birth and death will be experienced in a different manner."

As we made our way along I saw a white-robed form whom I recognized as Tolstoi and I held out my hand to him. He shook it with smiles and words of good cheer, also speaking to King Edward and telling him how pleased he was to see him. King Edward and Tolstoi are great friends here.

"Come and see the mothers meet their future

children—it is a wonderful sight to witness,” Tolstoi said.

We walked for some distance until we came to a low building with a large dome. There were many people entering, all clad in white robes. We found seats in the center. We had scarcely done so when there came a bugle blast and into the building filed many white-robed women, each carrying in her hands flowers symbolic of her child's birth. I shall never forget the glow upon those wonderful faces. They were all beautiful, for they were expressing their true souls. They were conducted to their places before the chair of the Judge of Birth. They remained standing until he came. I cannot describe his face. It was wonderful, divinely glorious,—so filled with light it was. He was a soul, not a being or form,—just a glorious expression of the soul.

He stood a moment and his silver robes seemed like the stars at night, such was the wondrous light which came from his aura. He waved his hand over that great assemblage and it was seated, and the light illuminating each face reflected his own.

“When I call to court the so-called physical and the spiritual to become joined in an earthly relationship, I am giving into the hands of the earth the infinite thought of the One Mind in the form and expression of a mortal. These souls are to return for lessons. Take them and guard well their physical bodies.” He paused. “By guarding the physical and bringing the right harmony to it you will make it better for the souls which are to learn the lessons, so they will not have to overcome both theirs and yours.”

Like a voice which whispered from some unknown space came the words: "Watch and Pray."

Taking a paper from a book he read the following: "I call to court one Limston, to meet the one who will bear him upon the earth and care for him physically until he is able to do so, until he is capable of performing his part and learning his lessons."

A tall man rose; I knew his features at once. His was a face I had often seen in the pages of history,—the face of a great American general, prominent in the war between the North and South. He stood erect and a wonderfully beautiful woman stepped forward. He took her hand; she met his eyes; and the Judge spoke. "May you go back and find the great goal you are to reach. Your mission to the world will be received."

I was filled with awe at the ways of the astral and was thankful to see with my own eyes the court of reincarnation. I turned to Tolstoi. "I am learning a great deal upon this plane, which I could scarcely have believed possible if I had not seen with my own eyes."

The Judge called, "Dellis McFarland, step before the court."

A young woman rose. Her hair was dark and her eyes appeared like wondrous lights. She went forward slowly, reached the Judge's desk, and stood looking up at him.

"The soul she will assist to earth in a material manifestation, step forward."

A man with classic features took her hand. She smiled a slow sweet smile and he bowed.

"You will find a great helper in the woman who is to be your mother upon the earth plane."

Tolstoi rose and, motioning to King Edward and me, we left the building.

"You are wanted to report at the plane of languages," Tolstoi said.

King Edward announced, "I will send a message to that plane. He does not need to go there yet. I promised to take him with me to visit the planet of dreamers." He turned to me. "When we were leaving the building, I received a wireless that we passed the examination; and if you are willing we will go now."

I turned to Tolstoi. "Will you come with us?"

"Will it be possible?" King Edward asked.

Tolstoi reflected a moment and then said, "I will go; I have a class there that gives me admittance at any time."

We proceeded to the torpedo landing and had to wait some little time. We found the torpedo crowded.

"The war casualties," softly explained King Edward, his eyes a trifle misty. "The earth cannot understand our wonderful feeling concerning their welfare. We intend to use all our power from the one Mind to bring about peace upon the earth."

We found seats and throughout the trip we were silent. I noticed many troubled faces and distressed eyes gazing upon me. I tried to hold my thoughts high and to help, but it was difficult to keep from noticing the war-stamped horror on each face.

I suddenly felt a power which made me look up and directly into the eyes of a young man. His face was pale and transparent, his eyes, sad and pleading,

and his countenance stamped with utter despair and misery.

I glanced at Tolstoi but he sat with his eyes closed, and I turned to King Edward. "I would like to speak to that youth, the tall one directly across from us?"

He did not answer me at once nor did he look at the young man. When he did his words came in a soft, warm tone. "It is permissible; there is no law against speaking a cheerful word to one who is in need."

I rose and approached the youth. "Have you been here long?"

He gazed into my face a full moment before he made reply in a husky low voice. "No, just a short time."

"Where are you going?"

He sighed. "I do not know. I am with several others and a guide."

I requested him to sit down. He sank to the chair and clasped his hands. His mouth quivered. He leaned his head back and said, "Oh, I am so tired!"

I patted his arm. "You need rest."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, mental rest, and then perhaps those terrible memory-pictures will not haunt me."

"What pictures?"

"I just came from the fields of battle." He twisted his mouth into a sad smile. "They ask me to forget the earth, but how can I?" He moaned as he leaned forward, his face becoming blue-white, his eyes widening.

"Why can not you forget?"

"I can't forget her—the girl I left behind me—" He bowed his head. "We were to be married when I returned from over-seas." He looked up. "And now—now—never." He turned to me. "How can I forget her? I cannot." He covered his face with his hands. "I always hated a weak man, one who could not overcome, and here I am giving in to my physical love." He looked up. "She was beautiful. I—I—now some other man will—" He stopped. "I do not want to be selfish, but I love her, I love her."

I caught his hand and held it. "You must overcome that physical love; it will make you earth-bound. You cannot advance here while you allow thoughts of material beauty and passion to command your mentality. Come, brace up; she is to have another experience in life, while you—"

He held up his hand. "Please, don't say it—I can't stand the thought yet. I have pleaded to be reborn right away, but there are so many ahead of me. I do not see a chance at the present." He clasped his hands again.

"What good would it do you to be reborn now? You would be too young in physical years to marry her. Why, her life would have branched out into a different course, while you would fail in your lessons here and accomplish very little by reincarnation."

He looked at me intently. His face cleared slowly and his eyes became quiet. I felt peace slowly surround him.

"I would accomplish nothing, you are right." He smiled wistfully. "Well, she will know she has a loyal heart in an unknown soldier's grave somewhere in France." He sighed softly. "I suppose it is good—"

bye earth, for me. I was proud of America. I am glad I could give what I had for peace."

"Peace." I repeated the word slowly.

"Yes, peace. There must come peace, or—or—" He stopped.

"There will be peace on earth, good-will toward men," I replied softly.

He smiled and the muscles of his face relaxed. "Do you know you have done me a lot of good?"

"I hope so."

He lifted his head. "You sure did. I was just about cuckoo." He laughed. "I am here to tell the world I thank you. What's your name?"

"I was called Lord Kitchener on the earth."

"Many times I have heard of you. Your death was a mystery."

"Yes, a so-called mystery, but some time the whole world will know how I passed out of the physical body."

He held out his hands. "Shake on it." We shook hands. He leaned back in his chair contentedly as he gazed at me.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Just call me Jerry. That's what my buddies called me in the army." He grinned. "I had a pal who was with me when I cashed in my checks." He paused. "He held me, and he said to me while his eyes got kind of misty, don't you know. 'Say, Jerry, old boy, I am goin' to miss you, and when you get away up there among the angels—save a place for me at the banquet table. I have a feelin' I'll be joinin' you—and if I do—don't forget my face when I land.' 'I won't forget you,' I said to him, and as I keeled

over and passed out, I heard him say, 'You'll tell 'em?' And I heard myself reply, 'Atta boy.' Somehow since I talked it all over with you I feel differently about everything. I want to do my part here. You are a right good pal."

I leaned toward him. "I hope I do make a good pal."

"You said it," he replied with a grin. "And every time I start talking about my girl, just give me the hint that I am on the wrong track and I'll get on the right one."

He grew quiet and his face became serious. With a sigh he closed his eyes. I sat beside him for a long time and then returned to King Edward and Tolstoi. "You did him good," said Tolstoi.

"I hope so."

"He is just like a million others—all homesick—clinging to that thought until something jerks them up and gives them a little start on the right road. I have talked with a great many such as he and they have been helped. The soul who has acquired some understanding can help the struggling ones who have just arrived from circumstances of distress on the earth."

Just then we arrived at the next plane of existence, where, upon leaving the torpedo we found the atmosphere very heavy. I turned to King Edward.

"Heavy atmosphere on this plane!"

"Yes. It is because this plane is lower than the ones we left. This appearance of fog is due to the surrounding thoughts of the physical. This is the plane of the dreamers. Their material and spiritual thoughts are congested and somewhat confused. In

his sleep the advanced mortal may rise to more spiritual realms of thought where greater lessons are learned."

I noticed, as we walked along, the hazy atmosphere was filled with many fleeting dark shadows and flashes of colored lights. We entered a low building which seemed quite deserted.

We sat down in a rather barren room. Tolstoi clasped his hands and bowed his head.

"Let us all concentrate," he requested.

After a rather long period Tolstoi said: "I feel we may proceed now."

"Yes," said King Edward, "by all means let us be on our way. How about you, Kitchener?"

I was ready, so we left the room silently and proceeded down a wide passage. I heard an apparently far-away rumble, and thought it sounded like many voices in conversation.

"We will enter," said King Edward, as he took hold of a doorknob.

"Ready, Kitchener?" asked Tolstoi.

"Yes."

King Edward opened the door. I hesitated a moment. There were hundreds of forms sitting in rows. Their faces appeared darker in color than the astral faces, their bodies more porous, and in most cases, they wore an expression of worry and distress, although a few appeared to be happy.

I decided this was the opportunity to prove I was above material impressions and physical ideals, for I knew the thoughts surrounding the row upon row of forms were of the physical. I went with King Edward and Tolstoi into the room.

"They cannot see us," said Tolstoi.

"No, we are invisible to them because they are partly physical; and, unless we wish to make ourselves known, they have no way of realizing our actual presence. There may be some who will feel us, but not the majority," said King Edward.

A white-robed man approached us. "King Edward and Tolstoi, and he whom you bring with you, kindly come with me," he said. He conducted us.

We went down to the front of the room and into a booth from which we could hear and see all that took place. I was seated between King Edward and Tolstoi. I took a careful look about the room, and saw that most of the occupants wore robes of white, although a few were clad in gray. I noticed also that their hair was completely covered by hoods. Upon the first finger of each hand was a broad, plain gold ring, and on the left side of the chest was the symbol, "H," and two small yellow wings.

All kept their eyes intently upon a teacher on the platform, standing by a table which supported a large crystal.

"Class," he spoke softly, with a quieting effect, "you are to concentrate upon the plate and visualize the lessons I give you. Try to understand your dreams and you will be helped by them. Sometimes the physical brain works the sub-consciousness into a state of material thought, and the confusion causes the dreams (or night-thoughts, as we call them here), to be slightly mixed. I am giving you an idea to work out, that you may learn to discriminate concerning your dreams. If in the morning you awaken with an idea that the dream afforded you was either a warning or a message of good, use discre-

tion and follow it out carefully in your physical life, if you wish to receive benefit. Always analyze a dream from several viewpoints; but use your own intuitional powers to discriminate between its various aspects.

"When you close your eyes to sleep, first place your mind in a spiritual attitude and utter a prayer, audibly or inwardly. Never go to sleep until you have protected your sub-consciousness, your conscious mind, and your physical brain with good thoughts and prayers. Thrust out all thoughts but the good and unselfish ones. Never mentally treat or pray for anyone without his consent or request. Always be careful not to force your thoughts into spiritual channels. Attract those sacred, true thoughts easily, without a conscious effort. Later when you lie down to sleep you will naturally think along spiritual lines. Excitement before going to sleep disturbs the mind when it is preparing to leave the body for the night's crusade; be careful to calm yourself as much as possible. Keep happy thoughts but do not allow them to excite you and disturb the quiet action of the physical heart and brain. When in a happy mood, pray as often as in a depressed one, for prayer thoughts are above all others. A prayer is a sacred tribute to God.

"When you arrive here, try to forget the troubles which beset you upon the earth. Know they are lessons by which you will surely profit if you do not allow them to engulf you. Lessons which are bitter are the foundations of the higher realization. Happiness comes when man knows the truth and that truth will make him free of every disturbance which mentally or physically tries to distress him without legal rights

under the Divine Supreme Law. If in this incarnation you pass some of the most difficult tests, be comforted for you will not suffer them again. Your trials and tribulations will pass into the dust of the material. You will be free when you stand and face the law of adjustment. Learn to forgive, and learn to love your brother."

He looked around the class room, his eyes lighting. "Take these words back to earth with you. You will find great comfort upon awakening if you have listened carefully and believe what is said. If you try to absorb what you are given here and realize the truth, you will find your lessons will not seem so bitter; you will also possess the knowledge that the suffering you go through is a test, and you will strive to pass it without complaint. Listen to the words of the astral teachers and you will be free from fear of death, disaster, trouble, and unhappiness." He paused a moment. His face suddenly turned white and he held up his hand. "You have not my permission to leave here. Where were you going?"

I noticed he gazed at one in the first row. I saw the form sink back into his chair.

"Where were you going?" asked the teacher.

"I wanted to visit one of the higher planes. I think I am capable of advancing. This class does not interest me now. I would just as soon stay near my body as come away up here and listen to something which I already know."

The teacher stood motionless; then slowly he spoke. "You believe you know enough to leave this class?"

The figure rose and stood straight and tall. I

noticed his face was quite intelligent, although his eyes were a little shifty and his hands nervous as they twisted together.

"Do you not know that if I allowed you to leave here, perhaps you would never return to your physical body and in that case, being in such a confused state of thought you probably would be earth-bound. You are not as far advanced as you think. You would not be able to see in the higher planes. For that matter, you would not be able to go there without a guide, and members of the Black Circle would try in every way possible to entice you into their realms, promising things which they could never give you. You must never leave this class-room without my permission as well as an order from the Judge. It is a sin to disobey orders; so in the future do not attempt to do anything which is not of the Law."

The figure stood a moment. As he sat down, a dark shadow crossed his face. I could see his aura was a dark red and the surrounding thought-colors were also quite dark.

King Edward spoke. "His thoughts will be corrected while he is in this class; and, as he grows older in physical years, he will begin to express more of the true understanding and kindness which this school tries to impress upon its pupils. Each will gain knowledge a little at a time. Seldom will one ever break the laws of the astral when he has been graduated." He turned to Tolstoi, who nodded his head with approval. "Kitchener," he continued, "you were much advanced above this class when you were upon earth. You do not remember it because you were in the physical state of thought, but you were in a class many

realms higher than this one. This is practically the first school between the astral and the earth, but you will find out many things here which will be of help when we return to earth upon our mission for the aid of humanity."

"I am going to make a trip to Russia. I have a message to give to my country, my wonderful Russia," said Tolstoi. "I still have a feeling of homage for my native land. I hope some time the help I give her may be recognized. I wish her to become a power for good in the world, and with men such as many who are now there, Russia will become a mighty nation. Russia, my beloved country!" He nodded his head several times. "So vast and wonderful! Ah, may Russia recognize my help."

King Edward spoke: "Russia will know of your help, Tolstoi." He turned to me. "Tolstoi is very far advanced; his help is of value to any country, and Russia will benefit greatly by his knowledge."

The teacher resumed his instruction and we all turned to give attention to his words.

"I want you to concentrate upon the crystal." He glanced down. The globe was turning yellow, and in the center was a light-red flame. "I shall call you by name, and I want each to answer and stand before the class. The picture which comes into the crystal will be the dream to be impressed upon your sub-conscious mind and imprinted later upon the conscious mind and the physical brain."

For a moment everyone was still and the class sat in absolute silence. He addressed one of the number.

"William Hollis please stand."

A youth in white robes rose to his feet and folded his arms. His face was slightly clouded, although his general aspect was more prepossessing than many of the others. He seemed to have a certain amount of self-control, and he looked straight into the eyes of the teacher.

"Watch the crystal and then tell the class what you see within it," requested the teacher.

He bowed. In a moment the crystal flared and he began to speak. "I see a long bridge and beneath it there are flowers. There is a mountain in the distance. I see myself walking along the bridge. There is a snake hidden in the flowers. The mountain is topped with a bright light. There seem to be others traveling along the path leading from the bridge up the mountain. The snake speaks to me. I stop to listen. The bridge suddenly becomes unstable. I stumble and reach out a hand toward the mountain, although I incline my head toward the voice of the snake." He paused. "The crystal is growing black with clouds which seem to cover the mountain in the distance. The bridge has grown vague and the snake has come forth from its hiding to beset me. I hesitate as if uncertain as to what to do. The picture has faded; another takes its place. I seem to be in an automobile going toward the desert and an accident happens—something goes wrong with the machinery. I see myself lying unconscious; blood is upon my face. Beside me is some one who appears to be seriously, if not fatally, injured." He paused; his eyes widened. "Allow me to take the impression of both dreams to earth with me. I believe I know their meaning."

"You may," replied the teacher.

"I have a certain personal acquaintance," said the youth. "I know he is the snake in the grass planning to bring me trouble. I will remember that and I will be guided away from him and toward the mountain of truth. I have been planning to take an automobile trip to the desert with my brother. I will not go at the present; allow me to be impressed strongly concerning the dream when I first waken, and I will know that it is not best to go."

The teacher bowed. "You shall take these dream-imprints back to earth with you when you return. They will avert some trouble which is unnecessary."

The youth stood a moment and with a bow he disappeared.

The teacher passed his hands over the crystal. He murmured some words I did not know, and presently the light came again into the crystal. In it there were shadowy forms.

"Donald Reed," he called.

A youth with rather sad, dark eyes rose slowly. He hesitated a moment, and then began: "I see within the crystal two men fighting with knives. There seems to be a third form in the background. A snake is in the shadows. I see a terrible cloud settle and the snake crawls forward toward the two. I can hear a cruel laugh. It comes from the indistinct form. I—I—" He covered his face with his hands. "Is it true—Can it be?" He slowly lifted his head. "She is trying to bring my downfall—she laughs and laughs—no! no! I do not want to believe that of the woman I love." He bowed his head.

The teacher spoke. "It is true; she laughs."

The youth lifted his head and his eyes flashed.

"If it is true, allow her to speak before me and tell the truth!"

There was a long moment of silence and when the teacher spoke he lifted his hands. "You shall hear the truth from her." He shook his head. "Your fated life is not with her; you would have trouble and never would accomplish the work you have been given to do on the earth. She is not advanced along your lines and would bring you great sorrow. She loves another and wants you only for physical gain and luxury."

The youth clasped his hands and his eyes became clouded. "May she speak for herself of her deception?"

A slender girl with large brown eyes rose in the rear of the room. She met his eyes. "The teacher is right. I am false to you when upon the earth—you are not fated in my life. I wanted to have you for the physical gain. I could not pass my test if I had you, and I will have that test to pass before I leave the physical, and you could not be of any assistance to me. You would be forced out of my life and so I tell the truth for your sake. Now is the time for us to separate." She hid her face in her hands and her body quivered with emotion. "I did not want to tell you; I want the luxury you are able to give me—I do not want to give you up."

The teacher looked toward her. "You have spoken the truth and your material desires are cast aside. He will go, free to accomplish his work of art."

The youth raised his head. "Allow me to take this impression back to earth with me, so I may know

the truth inwardly and the physical will not tempt or deceive me."

"You shall take the imprint back with you—you will be free."

The youth gazed into the girl's eyes until he disappeared. When he had gone she sank to her seat and bowed her head.

"Some impressions from dreams are the turning point. He will go now with the imprint upon his sub-conscious mind tremendously impressing him, and he will gradually drift from the girl. She will go her way also, to learn her lessons," said King Edward.

The crystal's light slowly faded but came to a glow again when the teacher lifted his hands. "Winfred McQuire."

A little woman rose. Her face glowed. "I see a woman with a small child at her knee. She is smiling up at a man who stands with a letter. She takes it from him and opens it." Her body was trembling. "It is from Philip; he is alive on the earth." She held out her arms. "I have waited for his return, wondering if he lived physically. Ah, allow me to take the impression back to earth to keep as a comfort until he returns."

"I am satisfied and happy to give you the privilege of taking back with you such a comforting dream," replied the teacher.

She clasped her hands. "I will be contented with the impression. I always try to discern the meanings of my dreams, and I learn a great deal through them." Slowly she faded into the atmosphere.

King Edward rose and beckoned. Silently we left the room and made our way out of the building.

"Let us take Kitchener to the second plane of the dreamers. He will perhaps see some one he has known or heard of when he was upon the earth," suggested Tolstoi. "That realm is a very high state of thought. The dreamers are highly advanced and their studies are similar to the ones in the advanced classes in the astral. But there are thousands of mortals so physical that they do not attend any school when asleep. They travel about the earth, seeking adventure and pleasure. They are called here 'earth-bound materialists.' Sometimes they go great distances, seeking material thoughts and sensations through different channels. You would be surprised if I should tell you the cunning manner in which they intrude into the material surroundings of others. They are similar to entities who have passed through the stage of so-called death. They disturb many a peaceful dreamer and cause the sense of disturbing nightmare.

"Some are anxious to see people they know and will travel thousands of earthly miles through space and seek out their mind's pictures. Some, in love physically, often seek each other during sleep and spend hours together. It is wrong to seek physical companionship while asleep. This is the important time in which the physical may enter the realms of the astral and learn that which will be helpful both in the earthly experiences and when passing over to the astral. There would be very few earth-bounders if there was a desire in every physical brain to advance and attend a class during sleep. Some are given the privilege of traveling about the earth for some particular mission, but not for physical pleasure and sensation. They are chosen for that duty, to learn

something which may prove of aid to them in their advancement. The Law of the Astral does not often pardon the soul which takes the sleeping period to gain something which is rankly physical. There comes a time when that individual will fall down to the depths below the Black Circle," said King Edward. "Man does not realize the necessity of praying for guidance in sleep as well as guidance when awake. Sleep is the shutting away of the material so as to permit the earthly body to relax and the soul to advance into the astral. You will find most of them who came here in their sleep are advanced souls."

He glanced at me with a smile and said, "The night before you passed from the physical you came here in a dream. Of course, you do not remember it, because you were of the physical, and seldom does a mortal brain have any recollection of the astral through his visits in sleep. You stood before the Judge. He told you your earthly mission was nearly over and you were given a message; the night your ship sank you wrote it, wondering physically how you ever came to write such a thing!" He smiled. "There is so much for us to learn—" he spread out his hands—"in space, and space is everlasting and never-ending; space is of—God."

Tolstoi nodded his head slowly. "King Edward is right. There is a great deal to learn. Knowledge is within the soul; but to realize the great truth which is of the one God, we must long to become perfect and open to good in every way."

We had now reached the torpedo and when we entered I noticed again the distressed faces around me.

"New faces, everywhere—and all seemed to be troubled."

"Yes," replied King Edward, "disease is sweeping the earth with the weapon called death. There are thousands coming here because of it as well as because of the war. Influenza is caused by thought. The more hatred, cruelty, malice and revenge that fills men's hearts, the more numerous will be the casualties."

"That is right. Indeed, the astral must do something which will prevent this unhappiness," responded Tolstoi.

I was silent, thinking. "But if the life of each individual is fated, why is it some are dying before their time?"

"Death," said King Edward, "is given such power on the earth that it sometimes, though seldom, cuts off a physical life before it is ready. The gains of the Black Circle and the fear in the world give us many odds to work against. Co-operation is necessary. Faith is essential. God is faithful to all who are faithful to him. If mortal man could cease fearing death, he would be free—and no war could last."

"But if God is all power, why the deaths before the time fated?" I persisted.

Tolstoi answered me. "God is all power, but many physical men grant power to something else. They shut out the promises of truth and do not believe with the faith of God. They give death as much power as life. And when so many mortals concede power to death, their thoughts produce a barrier between good and evil; and not until the passing of death can they come into the real thought of life. The astral

will in time prove the all-power of God and the nothingness of death, and fear will be banished from the brain of mortals. There is on its way a period when men will begin to know the truth which makes them free from fear and death. These are the two greatest physical thoughts to which mortals are subjected. The one thought which is everlasting, and of the soul, is life."

King Edward turned toward me. "Tolstoi speaks the truth. The astral is working continually for the banishment of fear, which is the master of the mortal brain. Without fear of death there could be no death. Man gives death power only through belief in it. God is all power; and, when man becomes advanced enough to know the truth of the oneness of the one Mind, he will cease to fear. Then, returning for lessons to the earth plane will be abandoned. The earth plane will be drawn into the circle of the astral and transformed into one of the higher schools. Men could hasten this day by passing their lessons perfectly, so they need not return to overcome bitterness. Physical men learn to know bitterness because most of them condemn and judge. God does not condemn nor does He judge.

The erring being goes before a judge, who is placed in the chair by the Source of Supreme Knowledge and this judge prescribes corrective tests. The man forgiven without passing the test is as the wheat. If not cultivated and given the sunshine of the truth he would stay forever in his present material state. If he has to work through the phases of deception and doubt, to the light where there comes true knowledge in overcoming the physical, he will advance and be the

real reflection and expression of the one Mind which is perfect. No man can be perfect unless he casts out physical thought, overcomes the stage of reincarnation, and advances to the Divine Circle of the Master.

"God gave man individual thought as a test. He wanted to watch man in his growth, to watch him expand and reflect the expression of his own thought and the thought of truth within the soul. Giving man an individual thought wrought the physical brain and the distinction between the conscious and the sub-conscious mind. The soul and the sub-conscious mind are God's expression and idea. The conscious mind and brain are the instruments by which man may express himself physically, mentally, and spiritually. When man overcomes the desire to use his individual thought for gross and material purposes, he will advance; his brain will become a super-brain, and his consciousness become one with the soul and the sub-conscious. Man must learn to make his individual thought express that God-like thought which is of the soul, and then man, not theoretically but actually, will be one with God,—immortal and perfect."

We were silent until we reached our destination. I immediately recognized the difference in the atmosphere. Many distant lights directed us and we made our way toward one of the largest buildings. A tall man came out, greeted us with a friendly salute, and invited us into the building. Two white-robed men passed us in the corridor.

"This is one of the highest realms of the dreamers," said King Edward. "The two men we just passed were Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle. They are among the faithful workers upon the earth who are

spreading the great truth of the astral's existence. They are returning from classes they attend here during sleep."

We entered a room which had many rows of white-robed forms. Our guide led us to seats. We were a little early, for the teacher and many of the pupils had not arrived. Finally the instructress stepped to the platform. She was tall and stately. Her white robes hung in loose folds about her and her eyes were filled with the beautiful light of truth. I knew the words she would speak to her class would be uplifting. She gave them beautiful thoughts to take back to the earth. She spoke few words but the faces of all became lighted.

We did not stay long, for King Edward and Tolstoi wished me to visit another class, which they thought would interest me.

On the way King Edward said, "These classes are from different parts of the world."

"Yes," said Tolstoi, "and we have spent two nights, according to earth time, visiting the plane of dreamers. The reason the earth has night at one time and day at another in certain parts of the earth is to allow various groups of pupils to come at different times, so that the astral teachers will have only a few in each class.

"I have often wondered," I said, "about the law of reincarnation. Will you please make it clear to me?"

King Edward answered, "To explain in words the law of reincarnation would be quite impossible, but I will do the best I can. There are within the one law, several rules. A being is reincarnated

so that he may learn new lessons; if he passes he need never again meet similar tests. There is no partiality here. Every one in time is given a happy life to live upon the earth. If, in the course of events pertaining to this life, he does only good and clings to the truth learned by many a previous struggle, when he returns to the astral he will be given an insignia. Each time a soul qualifies, there is written in the Book of Fate the word Truth. The man who disobeys the rules of this realm is ordered to return to the earth and repeat past lessons; if he passes the tests, he will be able to enter the White Circle and perform the duties of the members."

"But I was told once that those who wanted to return to earth could do so if they willingly took lives inferior to their advancement, and which were not assigned to them in the Book of Fate?"

"Yes, that is possible in certain cases. For instance, when a man has qualified in other tests and his mental reflection has been more nearly perfected, he will be allowed to go before the Court of Adjustment and ask for a stated time at which to return to the earth and overcome all longing for the flesh. After consideration by the highest order, the request will be answered, although seldom is one permitted to choose the life he will live on earth. Fate assigns the tests."

We stopped before a building which was large and lighted by many windows. I had not noticed many in other buildings, but this one seemed to be honey-combed with them.

"I notice," I said, "that this building has more than the usual number of windows."

"Yes," replied King Edward, "the windows are

necessary for they allow the myriad thoughts, which would otherwise congest within, to develop and drift into endless space."

"Yes, Kitchener," said Tolstoi, "thoughts are living things. Good thoughts exist forever, but the end of evil thought is disbelief in them. That is why the astral schools are so careful in training man to know how to express thoughts which are to benefit him and others."

We entered the building which proved to be filled with people.

"The classes are changing. They go from this room to another for lessons," I was told. We entered a long room which must have seated at least three thousand. "A study hall,—there are many of them. The pupils stay here awaiting the period of their classes. They wish to study all they can during the time they are here. All on this plane are willing to strive for advancement."

We took seats near the rear and I looked about the room. There were so many faces that to recognize one among the others was a difficult task. Their robes covered their forms completely and only the misty faces were revealed. I noticed the skin appeared of a lighter substance and not so porous as was that of the lower plane dreamers. There was not one gray robe in the whole assembly. I recognized two men I knew upon earth, but I was invisible to them. I also recognized several other characters whom I did not know personally, but whom the world knows. However, I remembered the rule that I was not to speak with anyone unless permitted. I did not waste a moment while we sat there, and when my friends rose to

go I had only half satisfied my desire to investigate the room and its occupants.

We left the room and went down a long, wide passageway filled with people, and up one flight of stairs to a dimly lighted room. A white-robed man led us to seats. The door was closed and all was dark. In a few moments a soothing red-gold light rose from the floor, seemingly, and was diffused through the room. By its glow I could see many forms sitting in rows.

The teacher stood upon the platform. Before him was a large crystal which gave out a faint, pale yellow light, illumining his face. He held his head high, his lips were a straight, firm line of red, and his face blue-white. He stood without a motion, his eyes gazing downward at the crystal; presently he lifted his hands, finely shaped ones, and held them over it.

He closed his eyes a moment and bowed his head. His turban-like head dress was tinged with orange by his aura which flamed out around him and filled the platform with a spiritual light.

Slowly he opened his eyes and lifted his head with the majesty of a chief.

"Class," his voice was low and soothing. No one stirred and he continued speaking. "I wish you to watch the crystal; within it you will see something which will give to you an understanding which no other lesson could excel."

His firm mouth relaxed. He was superb as he stood there with those marvelous colors around him and his remarkable spirituality displayed in every action and word.

The crystal became a red, flaming ball. His hands

moved over it with a quick, swaying movement. The red disappeared slowly and there came an amazing yellow flame. The crystal, itself, was filled with a glorious blue faintly tinged with a reflection of the yellow.

Within this there formed a stately being, robed in white, and distinguished by a golden halo. He moved as though floating in the atmosphere, like the drifting of the clouds. There came a voice which seemed toneless and yet divine.

"Trust upon the Lord, thy God, and thou shalt be freed from the universal earth-bound thought of death which is unreal, and which can never enter into the spiritual aura which is the reflection of the Divine and perfect."

The vision vanished. A bright blue filled the crystal and the glorious light filled me with wonder. Another form appeared therein, one with shining eyes and flowing robes.

"Inasmuch as ye follow the words of the Truth thou shalt never lose thy self-control and advancement. Keep thy mind open only to good and allow nothing else to enter."

The crystal showed a glorious white light and celestial rays were reflected from it. The face of the teacher became more white and supernal.

I leaned forward, gazing intently upon the crystal. I felt the tense silence prevailing around me, and I knew there was an extraordinary incident to occur.

The crystal seemed to dilate, and the white light sent forth rays which fell upon the row after row of forms. I saw their faces had changed and that there had vanished the physical expressions which had not

been concealed completely by the celestial mist around each one. I knew the light had purified and produced the real reflection of the divine and spiritual.

A white-robed being appeared and stood with hands outstretched. I could not distinguish the face, for it was concealed by the glowing white light; but I knew there stood reflected within the crystal a thought of supreme good which touched upon the rarest and most unusual expression of the Divine.

The teacher held out his hand. "Class, take back with you the message within the crystal and you will never be earth-bound. It will be your help when you need consolation for tribulation."

The room became slowly darker and the light faded. In a moment the form was transparent and I saw there a golden cross. Then the room was in darkness, and through the silence came a sigh which was like the passing of angels.

Again came a light from the crystal, but I saw that the cross had disappeared. Only the teacher stood upon the platform, his hands clasped and his eyes raised, his face pensive, and his aura a clear light with not a dark shadow intervening.

Tolstoi and I rose and stepped forward. We did not speak but the teacher knew we were approaching him. He inclined his head toward us, although his eyes did not glance downward.

Tolstoi asked, "May we speak with you?"

He unclasped his hands and his aura slightly diminished. He stepped slowly back from the crystal and his eyes fell upon us. It seemed that a part of the crystal's golden light came from their pupils.

"You may." He waited for Tolstoi to speak.

"We have with us one who has recently arrived and we wish to have him go with you to the Circle."

This was quite unexpected. I had not been informed of the intentions concerning me, although I trusted my friends.

The face of the teacher became white, his eyes lifted, and he breathed heavily. He stood motionless for some time, and then with a smile he looked down upon us.

"He may come with me. The voice assures me that he is one with the White Circle."

Tolstoi turned to me. "You will go with him; it may be to your advantage."

King Edward touched my shoulder gently, with a glow coming into his face. "We will see you again."

With farewells and a few words of encouragement, they left me alone with the teacher. He did not speak to me, his eyes expressing more than words.

I stepped to the platform. "I am ready; wherever you may take me, I trust you."

He bowed; his hand touched mine; and then he closed his eyes and said, "In God we trust. We are His reflection. I will guide you and no harm shall befall you."

He thrust his hand into his robe and brought out a scroll. He handed this to me and said, "Read!"

I unrolled it and read: "Whosoever comes into the Circle must swear that he will keep the secrets of the Order unless given permission to disclose what is transacted. If one violates these laws, we will bring upon himself due punishment and adjustment. Visitors are allowed only at certain times."

I rolled the scroll. "I swear upon my word of

honor never to repeat a word of what is disclosed to me unless given permission to do so."

He nodded his head slowly, then turned from me and walked to a white curtain which parted when his hands touched it. Two men stepped forward. One placed upon my head a turban similar to the teacher's, and another fastened around my neck a long chain from which hung a huge blue stone. My feet were sandaled and my hands anointed. With a bow and without a word, the men disappeared behind the curtains.

The teacher turned to me. "We will leave now. Please step closer to me."

He took my hands and held them. I could feel his touch lightly. A light surrounded us and he floated out of the room. I was beside him, carried in the wondrous glow. We came to a new kind of aerial landing, where were many individual white torpedoes. Soon we were within one, and with a slight jerk it ascended.

"We will stop at one of the planes for information," said my companion. He did not speak again during the journey, and I did not address him.

When we arrived at the other plane, he rose and left me within the torpedo. When he returned he had my father with him.

"Son," said my father, "you will have to postpone your journey for a time, so come with me."

"What is the reason? What has happened?" I inquired.

"The Circle has closed entrance to all except members at present, but later you shall go."

"I will inform you if there is a change made," said the teacher, as he bowed to me.

"I shall be willing to go any time I am permitted." I was decidedly disappointed; I felt as if something most desirable were snatched away from me.

My father and I rode to his home. When we entered and sat down, he locked his hands and was silent. I knew he felt my disappointment.

"Your mother would like to see you," he said.

"My mother? I am anxious to see her."

He nodded his head. "Yes, you have been away from her for some time, and when I saw her recently she asked for you and requested me to bring you as soon as you were free to come. You must relax for a time and then we will go to her.

"I will call you when it is time."

I went up stairs to my room, and it was only a short time until I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes again, I saw my father standing in the room. He motioned to me without words, and I quickly rose and followed down stairs.

I sprang forward. Standing near the door and robed in white, stood my mother; her face was filled with a divine light.

"My son!" she held out her arms.

I embraced her. "Mother!" I held her in my arms for a long time, comforted by her, happy to know she was with me again. "Mother, I have wondered why you did not attempt to see me before."

"Oh, my son!" she paused, "I thought you knew. I have been so busy since I last saw you." She smiled wistfully and her eyes met mine. "I have been advanced, and my change in duty has taken me so much

higher in the realms that I have quite forgotten anything pertaining to the physical." She smiled. "My love is universal, although, my dear boy, I will always love you for yourself."

"What plane are you on, mother, and what are you doing?"

She stepped back. I could see the wonderful glow of her spiritual aura. Her eyes had a celestial light which was from the soul.

"I am in the realms where they prepare the thought waves which carry the child-forms back to earth for reincarnation. These thought-waves are the means of conveying life to life across the so-called border line between the physical and the spiritual. It is a wonderful work, and the Circle of which I am now a member is of the Master. My son, I am so happy! The opportunity which I have is for the Truth." She smiled at me. "You are so dear to me." She turned to my father,— "I love him. My love for him is the only physical thought which I have to overcome. I must know only universal love, but my son—" She stepped to me, a mist in her eyes. She held out her arms; her lips quivered. "My son, I do not wish to place you in the ranks of the many. It is most difficult for a mother with her love for her own." She sighed, and her arms dropped to her sides. "My son, I love you so much—I have been so proud." She turned again to my father. "Pride, dear! Is it not a very physical thing?"

My father went to her, his hand touching her outstretched one. "My dear, pride is physical,—" he paused, "when its real significance is unknown, but—my dear, is not pride a thought of truth also. I be-

lieve God is proud of his children when they reflect Him and His commandments, and so your pride is merely an expression of His." I felt my father's words were true.

"My son, your father has said much. He knows the Law. Because I was your mother, perhaps I feared my love to be too great, but his words have given me a light which even I, in my constant groping for an answer, did not find." She embraced me again tenderly. "My son! God be praised that I may call you so for a long time!"

We were silent in each other's arms for a moment, and then she stepped back. "I am going to take you to visit the plane where I now work,—that is, if it is your wish to come."

"Gladly, mother."

She turned to my father. "Will you be coming?"

"No, dear, I have a meeting to attend, but I will see you again soon."

She took his hand as she spoke. "I always shall be happy to see you."

"And I," he replied, "will come whenever I can, for I always wish to be in your presence."

He bowed and left the room.

Mother and I conversed for some time, and then left the house. We found a waiting machine. We did not speak until we reached the torpedo landing and then mother said, "We will take the air-line and thus not make many stops."

We had to wait quite a while for the torpedo. It was immense and I noticed that its construction was more substantial than many of the others. Its color

was a yellow which caught the reflections of the lighter tints in the atmosphere.

I helped my mother aboard, and we found seats where we could see through a large window. After we had traveled some distance, the atmosphere became a light blue and the air was cool and refreshing. We discussed many conditions in the astral and upon the earth.

"I am happy that you are going to the earth upon a mission which will give you a wonderful opportunity to prove your fearlessness and advancement. It will be a mighty test. One who has not experienced it never knows the battle to be fought between the physical and the spiritual. The physical tries to torment and disillusion, but if you have faith, my son, nothing will shut from your sight the wonderful lighted aura of the astral, which is in itself an expression,—a demonstration in movement of God's goodness and Life."

"You made a visit to earth to warn me the night the ship sank and I passed over," I said.

She took my hand. "Yes, my dear, mother was watching, and how often I have prayed for your safety, for your guidance. Sometimes you inwardly knew what to do, because my thoughts reached you. I told you subconsciously many things which proved to be for your good and for the good of those around you, although you did not know how you received the impressions. In everything you did that was to mark a turning-point in your life, I prayed that guidance be given you and asked the Divine never to allow anything to touch you which was not of the truth."

"Was my life's work ended, or was I to stay

upon the earth longer? Was it the right time for me to enter this realm?"

"My son, that question can be answered only by the Divine God and Master. I do know you had farther duties to perform; but the Black Circle, which is constantly working and spreading the thought of death, has controlled many minds which have wrought havoc. I believe the dreadful thought which was working against you to destroy your work upon the earth, and to bring to an end the plans which you had in mind, did have a physical control over some of the circumstances, although you were fated to pass out shortly after the time you did. I can not tell you how, for that is a mystery which even the Book of Fate holds secret."

"Did you need to ask permission to come to me?"

She was thoughtful. "Yes, my son, I went to the Judge of the Supreme Court and asked him,—appealed to him to help you; and I came to you through a light which was thrown around me so your physical eyes could see me. You heard me and, my own son, you do not know the joy it gave me to know you listened and believed. Your death was accomplished by the Black Circle who had a legion there. But I was given the opportunity to help bring you from the darkness in which they would have kept you, and, my son, you were spiritual enough to know and realize the aid I was trying to give you."

"Well, if I may not do the things which I might have accomplished upon the earth, I will defy their plans and I will continue to work to help bring the war to an end."

"Yes, the Great Judge knew it was all well—"

I nodded. "Yes, mother of mine, all is well."

We were silent for a long time. Suddenly there appeared in the atmosphere above our torpedo another one not quite so large. I mentioned it to my mother, but scarcely had my comment passed my lips before the craft gave a lunge and plunged down past us. I could see smoke and flames, and I shuddered as I thought of the distance it would go before it reached a substantial substance. I had jumped to my feet; and only when it was lost to view in the cloudy atmosphere below, did I sit down. My mother was calm and did not speak until I exclaimed, "That was dreadful!"

She shook her head. "It could be worse. You see, my son, we do not have death here, and so there is not that to fear. The torpedo was a recently constructed one and the thought of it had not been established in the general orbit of the astral. The minds of the passengers upon it were confused and did not believe in its construction; and the Construction Circle which built it, did not firmly form the idea and keep the thought placed. It was vague in their minds also; and, being under the general clouded thought of unreality it could not last. Anything which lasts and is useful and good must be affirmed generally as real. Fear is a useless foundation." She paused a moment, then smiled. "My dear boy, the real is everlasting; the unreal is nothing and forgotten."

"Will any of the passengers suffer?"

"Yes, they will suffer because they did not trust. They were afraid of an accident and even expecting something of the kind to happen. It will retard their advancement, and they must go to the healing planes

and undergo treatments similar to those given the ones who first arrive here."

"Were all upon the torpedo afraid?"

"There may have been a few who were not."

"What would happen to them?"

"They would free themselves from the entangled thought of destruction and disarrangement; and their auras, which are powerful and developed, would carry them to safety, while the others would receive a concussion."

"That is most interesting. Will you please explain how it is that I did not have a similar experience in one of the torpedoes. Of course I had a difficult experience when I fell into the Black Circle, but that was not under the same circumstances."

"The torpedo that just fell was recently constructed and is used upon a plane lower than any you have been upon for a long time. Besides you were always with such positive minds,—friends who protected you with their own auras until yours had developed to be available to assist you here."

She smiled. "This torpedo could never have such a thing happen to it because it is an established thought in the atmosphere and in the minds of many. It has been conceived for some length of time and will now last and never be destroyed. The other torpedo was known to be vague and not yet realized as an indestructible contrivance. The passengers feared to go in it but tried to cover up their personal feelings, and you saw the outcome. If one is inwardly fearful, merely shutting the fear within is not getting away from it. Many people upon the earth travel with fear, but through the desire for pleasure they try to cover up the secret

dread. They know that the thought of a million others proclaims the contrivance dangerous, but they believe they can repel the actual consequences, all of the time in their subconscious mind and hidden in their physical brain is the fear of an accident, or the possibility of one. The accidents which occur would be avoided nine times out of ten if they were not expected and encouraged through fear. Fear is man's most bitter enemy. Life is man's greatest friend, for fear brings death and darkness. Life is light everlasting."

We were sitting thus, discussing the elemental laws of the universe, when a tall man entered the compartment in which we were. I noted that he had keen eyes and an exceptionally long face. My mother smiled at him as he neared us. "I want you to meet my son!" She turned to me; "this is the Honorable Fieft."

As he sat down beside us, I nodded recognition of the introduction. The first thing he said to my mother rather startled me. "Under the circumstances, do you believe that your son will be able to return to the earth?"

I glanced at my mother. The expression of her face did not change. Her reply was smooth and even; "I have faith not only in him, but in the great Power which will sustain him throughout the ordeal."

I wished to make inquiries concerning his remark, but did not like to do so.

He read my thought, for he turned abruptly to me. "Well, Kitchener, you have a great work before you, one which will take a great deal of stamina."

I did not answer him and he was silent for some time, holding his long, rather thin hands over one

knee. His robes were white and his head was covered by a turban. I noted that upon the left side of his chest he wore a peculiar emblem, symbolic of some order of which I had not yet heard.

He spoke again. "From what I know concerning the forces which prevail upon the earth and its orbit at this time, I believe the performance of your mission will require more than individual effort. All will have to be left supremely with the Divine Mind, our God."

He turned to my mother as if wishing her to speak, but she did not, and I asked, "Under the circumstances of which you speak, will these forces of the earth effect in any way the receiving of the message I have to take?"

He did not answer me at once. His face was thoughtful. His eyes were clouded as by concentration. "I do not understand that all individuals have similar experiences; but from what I know I believe many an advanced being has been thrown into semi-bondage because of taking a message or performing a mission upon the earth, during war prevailing times or under any distressing influences."

We were silent for some time. I pondered upon his words. The thought of encountering any resisting forces when I made my visit to the earth had not entered my consciousness. Nevertheless, I made a vow that nothing, no matter what, could keep me from performing accurately every detail of my stated mission.

"Kitchener," he continued, "I have recently been to one of the meetings of a high Order and heard them discuss your part in this mission; and I found that fully half of that assembly doubted your ability,

because you were so new here, to combat all the terrific forces which undoubtedly will beset you. They have faith in the Divine Mind protecting you, but getting through your message, with all the physical influence prevailing against it, would be quite impossible. However, there were many who said that a man of such will could put through The Word with the aid of the White Circle and his great faith which has already been recognized."

I leaned forward. "When shall I be permitted to hear a discussion of my mission? I have been only vaguely informed of what I am to do. I am more than anxious to know the circumstances."

"You will receive word within a short time, Kitchener," he replied.

My mother spoke. "I, for one, have never doubted my son. He will carry out his part of the great mission absolutely and be as true to this realm as he was to his fellowmen on earth."

"Mother," I said, "your words are much appreciated."

The Honorable Felt smiled for the first time. I was rather curious to know who he had been on the earth and what position he held in the astral.

He knew my thought, for he said, "I am the Chief of the White Circle of Occultism and I usually am able to discern the outcome of certain things."

"By that do you infer that you believe I will or will not be capable of accomplishing my mission?" I asked.

He hesitated and seemed a bit in doubt for the first time. Then quite positively he spoke, "I am not judging you personally, Kitchener; merely am I look-

ing at the situation from the standpoint of one who knows the usual trials of one unaccustomed as yet to the astral vibrations, although he has passed the stage of physical desires. Usually such a one is unable to return to the earth and perform a task, for it takes much of the soul's concentration to protect that being from obsessions of physical earth-bounds and to combat earthly forces."

I was silent. I had perfect faith in the Divine Source which would protect me.

He recognized my thought. "Kitchener, I cannot help but admire you, for I can see that you are as fearless and as free from doubt as anyone could be; and somehow, since I have discussed the matter with you, there has come to me a realization that perhaps you will be one who will defy the general thought of incapability and reach your destination."

He paused, one long hand held up. He brought it down upon his knee. "Kitchener, I feel that you will win.

"When I was upon the earth plane I was quite a domineering character and that has been one of my tests,—to overcome and become receptive to the good thoughts and suggestions of others, instead of relying on my individual will. I never would listen to the advice of any physical man and, although this quite often led me to grief, I would not give up my opinions. Perhaps it was merely a selfish pride in will-power. No one ever knew any defeat I suffered, for I covered it, and fear was the only sentiment which was felt concerning my power."

He was silent for a long time, and I thought he was not going to speak upon the matter again, when

quite suddenly he lifted his head, glancing at me as if trying to determine my thoughts. "I was Cheops," he said.

"Cheops!" I exclaimed, "the Emperor who built the first pyramid!"

His face lighted. I thought the memory of his ancient glory prevailed for a moment, and then his eyes became cold and his face clouded.

"I had to suffer when I first came here. I was bound by the chains of religion and strange superstitions. I was also obsessed by many to whom I had brought grief. I had to learn that selfish will-power was physical, and that to free myself in the astral I had to overcome that form of will-power. It was the Divine Will of God which brought freedom to the soul in bondage. The chains with which I was fettered when I first came here were but an expression of those chains which had rattled up and down the streets of the ancient cities I had ruled, the chains which were dragged forth far out into the desert, under the beating sun, by the slaves who built the pyramid for my personal pride and the supposed preservation of my soul—the pyramid, which after death, was to guard me from so-called evil influences. But that pyramid did not guard; it only brought unto me greater darkness. Many of the things which I did were not of my test, but were from personal physical selfishness. With the selfish characteristics I had to overcome, besides the mighty test I had to pass, you may know that I am speaking the truth when I say I had to suffer a great deal."

We were silent and thoughtful. Finally he continued, "Kitchener, when you were in Egypt I im-

pressed you twice. I know the great awe you felt concerning those massive monuments of ancient times, the pyramids and the sphinx. How often mortal man has wondered how they were constructed. How those mighty stones were brought out into the desert is a mystery to this day, but the secret they guard will some time be in the possession of every man, for I will give the message."

My mother turned to him, her eyes lighted. "Sometimes, Honorable Fielt, I think I see a trifle of that obstinate and dominating physical will in you still. Am I right?"

"Yes," he replied, "I still fight the physical will which wants to dictate and command others. I have to overcome the feeling that my opinions are the only ones that are right. I am learning now to have faith in others and to listen to what they have to say. Justice is the word which I have learned to understand."

My mother rose. "Son, we are nearing our destination." She turned to the Honorable Fielt, who also had risen. "We will see you again."

I shook hands with him, expressing my appreciation of our conversation.

My mother and I left the torpedo and found a machine waiting outside the station. I noticed it had several other occupants.

My mother spoke to them. "I want you to meet my son. You have heard me speak of him."

There were four,—one woman and three men. The woman wore robes of white, and two of the men robes of orange. The third was robed in blue. Their features were rather indistinct, as their auras were

predominant, sending forth wonderful celestial lights. No dark shadows or colors were to be seen.

I assisted my mother into the machine, and after I had stepped in also, we started. We went some distance before anyone spoke.

Then the blue-robed man at my side turned to me. "Kitchener, I don't suppose you know me?" I looked at him closely. A slight tremor went through my body and I cried out in surprise and gladness, "Fitzgerald!"

"Yes, Fitzgerald."

"How has it been that I have not met you here before?"

"We have both been so busy," he replied, "and on so many different planes that it was not destined that our meeting should occur until at this time; and Kitchener—" He put his arm around my shoulder; his voice broke, I could see he was greatly moved. I took his arm and we sat silent. It seemed that silence brought to us greater understanding than any words could have done.

My mother spoke. "I knew, my son, you would be greatly pleased to meet him. I am so happy that you have."

We discussed many things, mostly matters of our earthly life. We had been talking for some time, when I asked, "How did you meet your death?"

He was silent a moment. His eyes met mine. "Kitchener, in life we were friends, and in death, we still are. I passed out, as did you, a prisoner in my cabin. I am glad, Kitchener, that I was given the privilege of dying a similar death to that of my Chief and friend." He was silent for some time and then

he asked, "What studies are you taking?" I named them and noticed that we were speaking in the astral language, although it was so natural for me to do so that up to this time I had not realized it. Fitzgerald asked, "Have you seen the cabin-boy here?"

"No," I answered.

Fitzgerald went on, "I have met him once, and, Kitchener, his suffering has been terrible. He is practically in a state of madness. I do not judge him, but I did have to struggle to even partly forgive him, not for causing my own physical death, but yours, my friend, Earl of Khartoum!"

"And I, Fitzgerald, I have not been resentful for the suffering and death of my own physical self, but for that of the men I had with me on that ill-fated ship."

The woman on the front seat turned. I wondered who she was. She had a very spiritual face and her aura was of a wonderful light yellow.

"Who was she on earth?" I asked Fitzgerald.

"She was Edith Cavell," he answered.

"A remarkable woman," I said, "and her name will long be remembered throughout the earth as a symbol of womanly courage in a crisis."

He nodded his head thoughtfully, "Yes, and she has proven herself as wonderful here."

My mother spoke, "Yes, Edith has advanced rapidly. Her work in this realm is to be a helper on one of the rest planes. She is working now to be inspired through the Divine Mind with a wonderful medical discovery to send to the earth." I bowed to Edith Cavell, as my mother said, "Edith, I wish you to

become acquainted with my son." She turned to me with a graceful nod of her head.

The other man in the party had turned his head slightly. I wondered if he was someone I had met or of whom I had heard. Fitzgerald said, "He was the Duke of York." I was much interested, and shook hands with him. We passed a few remarks, then he turned and spoke to the man at his side.

By this time the machine had stopped in front of a large building, and we stepped out. We entered the building. I was delighted with its construction, the pillars, the high artistic dome, the wonderful lighting effects. The pictures that hung upon the walls were marvelous. This is a conservatory of art," said my mother.

Edith Cavell spoke: "I am taking lessons here. The next time I return to earth I am going to take a talent for art with me. I expect to reincarnate in a few years, because I have been given a message to take back with me which will bring good will to the earth."

We walked down corridor after corridor, and each was hung with pictures, such as only the greatest artists could produce. Hung in these corridors of art were hundreds of them, and each one seemed more marvelous and beautiful than the one preceding. After we had passed through all the corridors, we came out into a rotunda and there was an altar with a reflection of the cross, not of substance, but a light of gold which flooded the place with glowing rays. Kneeling at the altar was a woman, slender, and with a glorious face. My mother stepped to her. She did not speak or touch her, but the woman rose to her feet. Clasp-

hands she spoke softly. My mother turned to me. I stepped forward at her beckoning. "Son, I wish you to meet this woman." I bowed in recognition, and the wonderful face of the woman lighted.

"Lord Kitchener," she said, "I am glad to know you. I have heard of you and of your work on the earth and of the great faith you have shown here." Her eyes turned to the cross, "The cross—I pray before it often, and from it there come forth the rays of inspiration which aid genius. It is my place here—to stay before the cross almost constantly—and I pray, and I know that the earth will some day see the glorious results of it, and mortals will turn from lust and conquest to the beautiful and express in art only the things which are divine." When we left her she again sank before the altar in prayer.

I took my mother's arm, saying, "She was very advanced."

"Yes, my son, she was Ruth."

We left the building and came to another similar in construction, but much larger. Upon entering I noticed that a great light came from the dome, giving a golden glow to the interior. The walls appeared to be of a heavy substance and were luminous. "Where are we going?" I asked my mother.

"We are going to be present at a meeting, my son, and from here we will go to the plane where I perform my duty."

I could now see many white-robed forms in the interior. After walking some distance we came to seats. The construction of the building gave ample space and many figures sat in groups about the room.

We were scarcely seated when the light in the

dome faded a trifle and a purple glow came forth, tinging each aura with that color. Presently three figures entered and passed down the center of the assemblage. They stepped to a platform upon which was a small altar. Two huge candles burned on either side, and over the altar was a cloth with a glowing expression of the cross.

The tallest of the figures stepped to the altar. I was astounded. A golden light from the dome fell upon his face. Words could not describe the wonder of his expression. His turban of white seemed to send forth rays of gold that blended with the light which came from above, and there was a halo all about him.

He spoke: "Inasmuch as we are gathered together in assembly here, I shall speak upon a very important matter. We have been somewhat held back by troublesome forces in carrying out our plans for the Convention, but I am glad to say that very shortly it will take place. I have a communication from the Supreme Court which proclaims that these obstacles have been forced aside and the chosen ones may soon be permitted to take their leave for the earth."

I turned to my mother. Her face was alight, expressing the wonderful atmosphere that was filling the room. It was the presence of the Truth.

The one at the altar continued, and it seemed that the robes about him were glowing with a light which covered him and reflected harmony. "In this assembly there are present three of the chosen ones who are going to return to the earth to carry out stated individual missions.

"I will call upon one Mitella, who was known

upon the earth as Socrates." A figure rose in the rear of the assembly. He was rather heavily built and with a remarkably intelligent face. The one at the altar spoke, "Mitella, I give the order requesting you to speak to the assembly of the mission which has been assigned to you."

In a low, heavy voice Mitella spoke: "I will return to the earth and am willing to go at the time stated. I have been given a message to impress upon one, General Foch, and I will carry out my mission, and nothing but good shall guide or influence me."

The one at the altar addressed him, as he unrolled a scroll which he had in his hand: "By order of the Supreme Court, one earthly known as Socrates, spiritually known as Mitella, will leave within the next period for the Court of the Master to speak before the Circle there present. Let him go prepared to leave immediately thereafter for the earth." He rolled the scroll and Mitella sat down.

"One earthly known as Alexander the Great, spiritually known as Fematal, will return to the earth and impress the King of Italy. Fematal, I give the order requesting you to speak of your intentions and the mission which has been assigned to you."

Fematal spoke: "I am willing to carry out my mission and go back to the earth, allowing nothing to prevent me from performing the task which is assigned to me. I will impress the one I have been chosen to impress." He sat down, and a golden light came into the room, and the face of the one at the altar was filled with an expression akin to glory.

He read from the scroll once more: "One earthly known as Lord Kitchener, spiritually known at Katoia,

will return to earth and he will be given the name of the person whom he will impress. Katoia, I give the order requesting you to speak to this assembly of the mission which has been assigned to you."

I rose, saying, "I will do all that is assigned to me, trusting in the Divine Power to aid and guide, and I will impress the chosen one." I sat down.

The one at the altar brought forth a book with an orange colored cover, and read: "Whomsoever trusts the Lord God will be brought forth through all trials and saved in His name." Quietly he turned and the two attendants left the altar and passed out of the room, and there seemed to be music in the distance, which was lost like an echo as the two great doors swung behind them at the far end of the hall. We rose and left the assembly. No one spoke until without the building. I was wondering who the one at the altar had been. His face and attitude had greatly impressed me.

We found a machine waiting and stepped in, and as we sped along my mother spoke: "The one at the altar was John the Baptist when he lived upon the earth."

"He must be far advanced," I said.

"Yes," my mother replied, "he teaches in one of the very highest realms."

"What does he teach?" I asked.

"Of the Master, and the Eternal Truth. His duty is to cast out any thought of the physical and fear of death which might still be concealed in the consciousness of many."

It was not long before the machine came to a torpedo landing and Fitzgerald and I stepped out and

assisted my mother. Glancing at Fitzgerald she said: "Son, he is coming with us to visit the plane of my duty." We said farewell to Edith Cavell and her two escorts and left in the torpedo which was waiting.

Entering a compartment having two rows of chairs on each side, we sat down. We did not engage in conversation immediately and I pondered over the many things which I had seen and heard. Fitzgerald said to me, "After I go to the next plane with you I will return to one of my classes."

My mother patted my arm, as she said, "I do not believe, my son, you will be long on the plane where I am working either. I feel that you will be summoned before the Court very soon."

"I hope I will, mother," I replied, "it is my desire to do my part, and the sooner the opportunity comes the better I will feel about it."

Presently two men entered the torpedo. One of them stepped toward us. He shook hands with Fitzgerald.

"Kitchener," said Fitzgerald, this is my friend Celti. He is in one of my classes in chemistry." The other man stepped forward and Celti introduced him as Folmet. Before they were seated I introduced them to my mother. We talked of matters in general, mostly of our classes.

Celti spoke, "I am very much interested in a class I have recently visited on the plane of Hygiene. I am thinking seriously of taking up that line of study for purposes which will benefit me when I reincarnate. I expect to leave shortly, or at least as soon as I finish the first period of the hygiene class. The teacher of the class is a very intelligent being. One who thinks

constantly of spiritual knowledge and truth. He was a very interesting character upon the earth. He was Plato."

"Plato!" I echoed, "Very interesting indeed. I certainly should like to meet him."

My mother spoke, "I met Plato once at a gathering. He is most interesting. He has under his private instruction two youths," she paused, "that is, they are youths in astral advancement. One of them has recently come from the war. He was a famous poet. My son, you should meet him."

"I should like to, and who might he be?" I asked.

"Rupert Brooke, and a very intelligent lad he is. It will not be long before he has distinguished himself here and will enter one of the highest orders. His work upon the earth showed the advancement of his soul. In his next incarnation he will be a poet, as he is still very much interested along those lines. Plato is giving him a wonderful light upon scientific and spiritual philosophy, which will be a great help to him."

Fitzgerald spoke: "I have met some very interesting people in the classes I attend. Very likeable chaps they are, too, and most of them quite advanced. One in particular whom I met is very advanced for having been here such a short time. I would like you to meet him, Kitchener. His philosophy is quite remarkable."

Folmet spoke: "I have been held back by one predominating thought, although I have been here some time. It seems to be quite a difficult thing for me to overcome, and that is—" He clasped his two strong hands, his head slightly tilted upward, his eyes

thoughtful, "Physical condemnation. It seems that even here the one thing I am troubled with is refraining from criticising, condemning and judging those about me."

"Perhaps," I said, "Your life upon the earth led you to be more or less of a critic."

He nodded his head slowly. "Yes," he said, "that is so. I had to use great judgment and discretion." I was beginning to wonder who he had been upon the earth. There was silence for some time. No one spoke. Slowly he continued, "I was in darkness upon that subject. It held me back, and I have only lately been advanced out of the class which gave me the freedom of spiritual things casting aside all the physical. I am very grateful, for I am advancing rapidly now and have taken three more classes on my list. I teach one." He paused again. I hesitated about asking him who he had been upon the earth.

Then Fitzgerald spoke, "Have you been here some time?"

"Yes," he reflected for a moment, and then continued, "I was Thomas Jefferson."

We had conversed but a few moments longer when suddenly Folmet rose to his feet, saying, "We will soon arrive." Celti rose also, and after bidding us all farewell, they departed.

We continued to discuss many topics of interest, such as the general elements of space between the highest realms and the earth.

I was finally attracted to a rather dark-skinned man who sat in a chair directly across from me. His robes were a light gray. He wore an orange colored turban, and around his neck was a chain from which

was suspended a large red stone. His eyes were upon me and I think the attraction was mutual.

"Who is the man directly across from me?" I asked, "have you seen him before?" Fitzgerald shook his head.

My mother slowly nodded, "Yes, I have. He is a teacher here on the artistic plane. He possesses great ability and has inspired two artists who are upon the earth at the present time. He was formerly King Henry VII."

As she finished speaking he rose to his feet, and walking past us on the way out, he bowed to my mother. I caught a glimpse of a face in the red stone. My mother explained, "The face in the stone is a reflection of the new type of art with which he is going to impress someone upon the earth plane. It will be a grotesque, unusual form of art, something which at first will appeal to the passionate side of the physical, but which, when gazed upon the second time will produce an extraordinary change of mind and bring about an unconscious spiritual thought. This is so constituted as to appeal to the physical as a test, and the power that lies within the lines and color will strike to the soul and bring a realization of higher thoughts, and the physical impression concerning it will then be forgotten."

There were six figures seated at the farther end of the compartment, talking together. I noticed that two of them wore white robes with purple turbans, and each wore a purple cross on the left side of his chest. I had not seen this order represented before. My mother felt my interest in them and spoke: "They are from the Circle of the Occult Vision. They have

given forth, and are going to spread, great truths. One of them, the one nearest to us, is a wonderful individual."

About this time the torpedo made its landing. The six rose and the one my mother had mentioned particularly stepped to us and bowed to her. "Temo-soom," she said, "I wish you to meet my son and our friend Fitzgerald." He bowed graciously. "My son and his friend have both arrived from the earth during this war."

"Glad to know you, Kitchener and Fitzgerald," he said. "Ah, Kitchener, I have heard that you are returning to earth soon to spread the truth. I congratulate you. There are many who have been here as long as you have, but who would shun the responsibility of returning to the earth's turmoil and congestion so soon."

"It is my duty," I replied, "and my personal feelings have nothing to do with it."

"Come to see me sometime," he said. "I will give you an invitation and permission to visit our Circle at any time you wish, unless there is being held an absolutely secret meeting when none but our members may be present." I thanked him, telling him it would be a great pleasure. With another bow to us, he left the compartment with his companions, who had stood at the door waiting for him.

My mother turned to Fitzgerald and me, "He is a wonderful soul. There have been several earth-bounds whom he has helped greatly. Intelligent beings they were, too, and already one of them has entered two classes and promises to be one of our best helpers. You know, my son, it sometimes takes only a little

encouragement and help to bring one from darkness when that one wishes for Truth's light."

Fitzgerald spoke, "I hope to be a helper soon myself, and it looks as if I may be, for I have faith in the Divine Power."

My mother nodded, "That is essential."

By this time the torpedo had made another landing. "We have reached our destination," my mother said, and we rose and left the torpedo. I noticed the atmosphere was very light and that the aura surrounding this plane was yellow. There were no dark shadows to be seen. We walked on until we came to a machine. We assisted my mother in and immediately were on our way. There was not much to be seen, although there were many trees and a haze seemed to envelop the closely clustered mountains in the distance.

My mother spoke: "My son, the atmosphere here is very light, as you have already perceived, and there are few tall buildings, and a great deal of out-door thought on this plane. We could travel a long distance and you would see nothing but mountains, valleys and trees." As I looked about me, I glanced upward. For the first time it came to me that there was something unusual about the sky. It seemed to be near this plane. The color of it was a much lighter blue than is seen upon the earth and through the hazy distance above there seemed to break a soft golden light like the sun, but it was not. It was the reflection of countless planes above and around us in space.

By this time the machine had slowed down and we were nearing several low white buildings. The machine stopped in front of one of these and a man came out. He greeted my mother with a

smile, and as we assisted her from the machine, he said, "I have been trying for some time to get a wireless message to you. We are having to work very steadily now, for on account of the great war the reincarnation of millions has begun."

We went into the building, entering a rather barren room, the walls of which had the appearance of crystal. In the center of the room was a long table and upon it a glass tank in which was a white fluid. There were two other beings in the room. One of them, a woman, stepped to my mother and greeted her. My mother spoke, "I have brought my son and a friend."

"They are welcome," replied the woman. My mother excused herself and stepped to the man who had greeted us at the door.

They entered into a low-toned conversation, while the other woman proceeded to explain to us the tank upon the table. Her explanation gave me this light upon it. The tank contained condensed atmospheric thoughts which were in the first stage of the development of thought waves and would have to go through many processes before becoming perfect and of use.

My mother stepped to us: "You will both be interested to see the developing of a reincarnation thought wave. We are just in time and if you will come with me we will go to another building."

After bidding the man and woman farewell, we left the building and proceeded some distance to the next one. It was slightly larger as to floor space than the building we had left, but no higher. I noticed that from the top of it there came forth three poles which

seemed to extend many fathoms into space, and it looked to me very much like a wireless station.

We entered the building, went down a long hall until we came to a door at the end. My mother knocked gently. Slowly it opened and a white-robed being permitted us to enter. I saw the face of this figure as through a mist, for a blue light shadowed his features.

My mother spoke in a soft voice: "There are seats over there. You may take them and I will go on with my work," When Fitzgerald and I were seated the room began to grow dim. The walls became as crystal and one could see his reflection in them. There was a round table which occupied a great deal of space, and upon it was a huge bowl which was empty. Presently we found ourselves in partial darkness. The room was still. After some time a door slowly opened and there seemed to drift into the room several white-robed beings. They were spiritual in appearance, and their features were not revealed, as their auras quite enveloped their forms. My mother joined them and they made a circle around the table, then sat down.

One of the beings spoke three words: "Les mosat filme." I knew the translation of these words to be "thoughts are things." For some time there was absolute silence and the forms were motionless, although their auras contracted and expanded at intervals, showing two predominating colors, light yellow and blue. Then through the walls there seemed to come a form illumined in light. It was not until the figure stood before the circle that I could vaguely make out the

face, for the features also were concealed. The aura was a light orange tinged with purple and blue.

This being spoke in a low voice and in the astral language, which I translated: "I have come a great distance to preside over this Circle at this time. We will now enter into concentration." He stood in the center of the Circle and his aura spread over them all. It reminded me, with the pure white light that now came from it, of two great wings.

The bowl on the table trembled once or twice, and then a smoky haze came from it and there was a light which seemed to come twining up from the haze. The one standing raised his hands, long and white, and tinged with the blue blood of the astral. The haze seemed to ripple and there came a soft roar which reminded me of the sea. I knew that the thought waves were developing.

Presently the one standing again spoke.

"There are twelve who will return through the aid of these particular thought waves. Three will go to America, three to France, one to Italy, two to Russia, and three to England."

He paused, "There will be eight males and four females. One will suffer from not overcoming the thought of fear and death.

"One will possess an unusual talent for singing, for when she died in one of the French hospitals her last thought of the earth was a desire to be a singer, and as this one has passed her required tests she is permitted to reincarnate in such a capacity, for fate has willed it so, and it is well.

"One will again be an inventor. Two of his inventions are now being used in this war.

"One will return to a state of unhappiness, for he has refused to pass the test of a certain circle, although fate has allowed him to reincarnate, for always after a great war there are many reincarnations, mostly males.

"One will return to the earth and have certain things to work out which he must overcome if he is to pass his test, and with the aid of a higher power he will do so.

"One will return to be a great leader of the world. He has passed his test well and fate has given him a great mission. He is the chosen one." The ripples seemed to vanish and all was silent.

Then again the being spoke: "One will return as a physician. His test having been passed upon the earth, he will be given by fate a remarkable life to live and many discoveries will come forth from his brain, directed and dictated subconsciously through the Divine Mind.

"Another will return to become a great General, who will lead the victors if there develops another world war.

"Another will return with a deformity on account of having possessed and cultivated cruelty and caused uncalled for physical deaths.

"Another will return and in the short time he remains upon the earth he will give forth a great philosophy which will live for many years.

"Another will return and be a great help in a menace which is coming as a test to mankind.

"Another will return and she will bring to those around her, love. Her last test was accomplished—

she passed—and the coming one will be a wonderful reflection.

"Another will return and her duty will be to perform one of the most unusual and powerful tasks a woman ever performed."

The room again became silent and the rippling mist came forth and seemed to go up toward the ceiling and as I looked up I noticed that the room appeared not to be roofed but open to space, and I could see those waves flash out into the atmosphere in ripples and there came a mighty roar similar to the booming of a stormy sea.

The one in the center folded his hands. He spoke again softly: "This will be all for the present. We will meet again soon and I will come to aid you," and without another movement or a word he disappeared, and the light he left was divine and the peace that filled the room in the prevailing silence was heavenly.

Slowly the remaining forms rose and seemed to drift out of the room. My mother beckoned to Fitzgerald and myself and silently we followed her out of the room and from the building.

"Remarkable," I said, as she took my arm and we walked on.

"Yes, my son, I am so happy and grateful for the opportunity to take part and be one of that circle. I have my mission also, you see."

Fitzgerald spoke: "You have, and it is indeed a wonderful and worthy one."

We reached the torpedo landing and my mother stood a moment silent. She clasped her hands and her face paled, her eyes seemed to gaze into the dis-

tance. We waited until she spoke: "My son, I have received a wireless message that you are wanted upon the plane of Intelligence. It is something concerning your mission. I will bid you farewell. You will take the torpedo here and your soul's knowledge will direct you." I shook hands with Fitzgerald and embraced my mother. The torpedo came into view and landed and I entered.

At first I pondered as to the plane to which I was going. I was filled with awe. I felt my mission was growing extremely near. I found a chair at the end of the compartment I had entered, and sitting down I clasped my hands and prayed.

It seemed a short time before I felt an inclination to leave the torpedo and as I rose I noticed that it was landing. When I stepped out I found the atmosphere to be so light that I prayed for help and guidance. I stood a moment waiting upon the inward voice to tell me in which direction to go. A machine standing not far from me attracted my attention and I walked toward it. There was no one in it, but as I stood looking at it, a man in white robes stepped up to me. "I am on my way to the Court of Intelligence," I said.

"Yes, Lord Kitchener, step right in."

I entered the machine, the man following, and soon we were speeding along a broad street, and I noticed that the thought prevailing was of a high order. The people were robed in white. There was not a black cloud to be seen. Each seemed to be entirely absorbed in his particular duties. It was not long before the machine stopped at an extremely tall structure. The tower seemed to reach fathoms into space.

The building was white and there was a light coming from it which I knew was caused by the spiritually advanced thoughts of those without and within it.

I stepped from the machine with my guide and we entered. He bowed, "Lord Kitchener, you will find your destination. I will leave you," and he disappeared from my sight.

I walked along the broad corridor, passing many others, and I felt confident of where I was going. I came to a door. I knew it was the one to enter, so I opened it and went in. I found a youthful appearing being sitting at a desk. She spoke: "He is waiting to see you. You will enter."

A door opened and I stepped into the adjoining room. I knew at once that the one I was facing was far advanced spiritually, and I recognized him as one who had visited me when I was on the plane taking treatments to aid my astral body.

He requested me to be seated, and for a long time we sat silent, gazing at each other. Then placing his hand upon the table in front of him, he said: "Kitchener, I am representing the Circle of Intelligence, and I am giving you a vial containing a fluid which may be of help to you upon your return to the earth. It contains a fluid which is highly explosive and which is used only when earth-bounds or members of the Black Circle attempt to beset you. Open the vial if one approaches you, although before doing this it is customary to give a warning, but if that is not heeded allow a certain percentage of the fluid to come in contact with the aura of the disturbing influence. This will cause them to become harmless and you will find that very few will attempt to molest you while you

have this fluid in your possession. Guard it, for they will attempt to get it out of your possession if possible." He handed me the vial. The fluid was a blue of medium hue. I put it inside my robe, thanking him for it.

He then handed me a scroll, requesting me to read it. It read as follows: "Lord Kitchener, the Supreme Court of the Astral requests your presence immediately."

I rose. "I will go to the Supreme Court." He now stood facing me. He held out his hand. As I took it, it seemed as though an electric current passed through me.

"I wish you success, Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum. I know that you will distinguish yourself upon this mission, for you have the power to do so."

I left him, and as I went out of the building I knew that I would be guided to the Supreme Court. I found a machine waiting for me, and upon reaching the torpedo landing, I discovered that I would have to wait some time.

I sat down in the large waiting-room and observed the many who passed in and out. There were many types. Some of them were short and others tall, although there were few that were very heavily built, because the tissues of the astral are so light that thought of surplus weight is unnecessary. I noticed one figure in particular which stood some distance from me. The face was darker in color than the average. The eyes were rather long and narrow and the appearance more or less oriental. The turban he wore was a light green, although his robes were white, and around his neck was a gold chain from which

hung an unusual and remarkable emblem. He had noticed me also, for his eyes met mine and he stood gazing at me for a long time without moving. I did not notice anyone else particularly for I was curious to know who he was. It was not long before he slowly made his way toward me. His hands were folded in his sleeves. As he reached me he spoke in a low voice: "I believe I am speaking to Lord Kitchener."

"Yes," I replied, "that was my earthly name."

He sat down beside me in a quiet manner which bespoke a person of few words. For a long time we did not exchange a word, then he turned toward me and his hands came from out his sleeves. "Kitchener," he paused and his face was thoughtful. I knew he was weighing every word. "You are upon your way to the Supreme Court. That is good."

"Are you working upon this plane?" I asked.

"No, visiting. I come from a plane higher, where I teach."

"What subject?" I inquired.

"The Philosophy of Truth."

"Have you come from the earth recently?" I asked.

"No, it has been quite some time, although since I came here I have been once upon a mission to the earth."

I wanted to ask who he had been on the earth, but he did not seem inclined to offer me this information and was silent for a time.

When he spoke again it was in a low musing tone: "I have been ambitious for my country. Perhaps I will be able to send a message of value sometime to one of my countrymen."

At this time the torpedo landed and we parted. I entered the torpedo and found it to be quite crowded, although I succeeded in getting a seat where I could look out of one of the long side windows. There was not much to see, of course, only the passing of another torpedo or perhaps a glimpse of a distant realm.

The man next to me began to speak in a most genial manner: "I like it here." I glanced at him with wonder concerning his next words.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Not so long."

"Neither have I, but I can say that I am enjoying myself and I am pleased that there is just as much to see, if not more, than upon the earth."

"Did you travel much on the earth?" I asked.

"Quite a bit," he replied, "I was in the navy for a while. That gives you a general outlook on civilized life," he paused, "and perhaps a little on the uncivilized also."

"In what country on the earth were you most interested?" I asked.

He rubbed his chin with his hand, then with a sidelong glance at me, he said: "Well, I liked almost all the countries I've visited, but I really believed I enjoyed South America best and the Panama Canal was interesting to me." He glanced over his shoulder at the others near, and in a low voice, said: "I had quite a wild time down there."

"Is that so," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied.

"In what navy were you?"

"The American."

"And what brought you to the astral?" I asked.

"I passed out through influenza. Felt kind of bad at the time, but as I say, this equals the navy."

"You mean in the way of sight-seeing, eh?"

"I do," he replied, "that is all I am interested in as yet, but I suppose I will settle down after a bit. They say sailors do."

The torpedo was making another landing and he rose, "I believe I'll be moving along. I have been to quite a few planes, and I have an idea that this one would suit my fancy. So long! Maybe I'll see you again. If not, good luck to you." I nodded a farewell.

The remainder of my trip was spent in absolute silence, as there was no one near to me and I closed my eyes in absolute concentration. When the torpedo had made at least fifteen landings, I rose, knowing that I had reached my destination.

Leaving the torpedo I found the atmosphere to be lighter than any I had as yet encountered, and I was much interested in the things I saw around me. You could tell that it was a plane of high spirituality by the construction of the buildings alone. They were simple and yet in that simplicity they were wonderful.

Two white-robed men stepped to me and stood there, and one of them spoke: "Lord Kitchener, we are detailed to take you to your destination, the Supreme Court." They requested me to step into a machine which waited nearby, and we were soon traveling along at a rapid rate of speed down a broad road.

It was not long until we came to a stop before a tall building of remarkable architecture. My present

guides requested me to enter it with them. As we proceeded down a corridor, we passed several white-robed forms. One stepped to me and said: "I am speaking to Lord Kitchener?"

"Yes."

"I will take you to a conference before you appear in the Supreme Court." I thanked my two previous guides and went with him.

Turning to the left in the corridor, he opened a door and we walked down a narrow passageway. He rapped thrice upon two closed doors. They seemed to slowly evaporate from my sight rather than to open and we entered a large auditorium. There were thousands present and upon the platform were chairs, I judged for the speakers.

I went with my guide down the center aisle and into a room, which adjoined the auditorium. A tall, broad-shouldered man was standing there and I recognized him. "Lincoln!" I said.

He shook hands with me. "Kitchener, I am going to request you to come upon the platform."

I told him that it was satisfactory to me. He requested me to sit down, as we were to wait until several of the platform committee arrived. My guide with a salute left us. "I have been extremely busy, Kitchener," said Lincoln, "and I have arranged several matters which I feel will meet with your approval. We are leaving for the earth shortly and it is a great task we have before us. You will hear several things at this meeting which will enlighten you."

We were discussing general topics when the door

opened and six men entered. Three of them were quite tall, the other three shorter in build.

A gong sounded and Lincoln spoke: "Kitchener, I want you to meet George Washington, James Monroe, King George the Third, Andrew Jackson, Charles Dickens, and William McKinley." I bowed to each in succession as they were named, and they in turn spoke to me. Another gong sounded and Lincoln opened a door and we went up a short flight of steps and upon the platform.

Instinctively I knew my seat and sat down. Washington sat on one side of me and McKinley on the other. Lincoln was on the other side of Washington. The others formed a semi-circle. Washington rose and stood a moment silent. I saw that mighty assemblage before us and each face seemed lighted with goodness and kindness, and truth was represented everywhere.

"Washington spoke: "I have papers here from the Court of the Master that I wish to read before this assembly, which is to have a mighty part in the concentration which will be held during the Convention. The paper reads as follows, and it is The Word. "From the Circle of the Master. Time and date, eternity. Place, in the Thought of God. Inasmuch as there are present members of every order and circle which is represented in the one great eternal White Circle, The Word is sent that the Master will appear at the Convention and speak with all present. The truth of God will enter into each consciousness and the Mind will be supreme over all. He who believeth upon me, the works I do he shall do also, and therefore

if he has in his heart the desire to be like Me, the One Mind will reflect in all."

(Signed) CIRCLE OF THE MASTER.

Lincoln rose: "Will Moteile, known upon the earth as Solomon, who has been to the earth and recently returned from performing a stated mission, rise." There was a section in the front of the assembly which was partitioned from the rest of the rows, and in this section sat twelve men. One of them rose. He wore a blue robe and white turban. There was a chain around his neck which had upon it at least fifty gold rings.

Washington spoke: "Moteile, earthly known as Solomon, you are requested to speak upon the facts concerning your recent return to the earth." There was a moment's silence and then Solomon spoke:

"I have found that the Black Circle has been spreading evil propaganda among the earth-bound, who still refuse to recognize the astral world of light, and they have firmly established in their minds a hatred against God which it will take positive concentration and faith to overcome. The members of the Black Circle have given out the word that if there is a God who is just, He would never allow any being to suffer, and they try to instill into their nerve-racked consciousness the thought that God has deserted them and cast them out of heaven forever. Resentment in the earth-bound realm is very great and malice is seen upon every side. The earth-bound, instead of praying and wishing the war to end, still attempt to fight their opponents in the different armies of the nations represented in this earthly war and

therefore, with these terribly congested influences prevailing, we must take immediate action, and I feel that we will be able to help as soon as everyone becomes aware that there is only One Mind and that Mind is God." Solomon took his seat, as Lincoln rose and said:

"I have a scroll here, written by Moses and signed by twelve high orders. I will read it to you:

"I, Moses, leader of the Circle of Eternity, have hereby received the signatures of the members of twelve high orders; I will read the names of these orders to you: The Order of the Circle of the Master, the Order of Free Souls, the Order of the Eternal Circle, the Order of Justice, the Order of the Truth, the Order of the White Circle of the Occult Eye, the Order of the Ring, the Order of the Supreme Circle of Disciples, the Order of The Cross, the Order of the One Mind, the Order of Harmony, and the Order of the Supreme Circle. The members of each one of these orders are going to concentrate continually upon the bringing of peace. Most of these orders have a representative returning to the earth, and I will do all in my power to bring about the oneness and understanding of the Truth.

(Signed) MOSES."

McKinley rose as Lincoln took his seat.

"I have with me two young men directly from the battlefields. One was earth-bound for a long time and the other was more quickly advanced. I am in a position to know that it will be necessary for the astral to come to the immediate realization that it takes co-operation to accomplish, and if whomsoever believes

upon God will concentrate, the One Mind will be revealed to all."

At this time the two doors at the rear of the assembly opened and two white-robed forms appeared and walked to the platform. Each held up the left hand. One of the figures unrolled a scroll.

McKinley took his seat and Washington stepped forward. The one with the scroll opened it and read: "Two earth-bounds have been brought forward to testify to the general antagonism and misunderstanding which prevails in the earth-bound state."

"Let them be brought in," said Washington, and immediately the great doors parted and two shrinking forms in black stumbled forward and half sank to their knees before the platform.

"Let them stand," said Washington, "As equal beings, let them face me." Attendants lifted the black-robed earth-bounds and held them on their feet. Again Washington spoke:

"What have you to say for yourselves, in this great universe of God, which is eternal and of the light? Speak!"

One of them raised agonized eyes. He appeared to be a mere youth: "There is no God and there is no light. We know," and he turned to his companion to confirm his statement. The other bowed his head.

Again Washington spoke and his voice seemed to toll forth each word. "There is a God and there is light."

"No, no," cried one of the earth-bounds, "You are lying. You are attempting to take our lives and destroy us with your false words. You are going to

trap us. We know," and he turned again to his companion who bowed his head in affirmation.

Washington replied, "I do not speak a falsehood. I speak the truth always." He paused. All was silent.

The shrinking forms of the earth-bounds were trembling and they peered up at him with shifty eyes. I noticed the one who had spoken first, and who appeared to be the younger, had quite an unusual face.

Washington asked, "Who has told you, or what makes you believe, that I speak a falsehood?"

They shrank before him, "We know, we know," they cried.

Washington waited until they were silent and then asked, "And who has told you, or how do you know there is not a God?"

"We know," cried one, "that there is not," but the other covered his face with his hands.

Washington's keen eyes fell upon him and he spoke again in a clear tone, "How do you know there is not a God?"

The earth-bound lifted his head. He clenched his hands. "Do not ask me," he cried, "do not, I will not tell you. I can not, but I know."

Washington spoke again. "I insist that you tell me."

"They told us that you would bring destruction upon us, that you would force us to submit to you," the earth-bounds cried.

"And who are 'they'?" asked Washington.

One of the trembling earth-bounds spoke, "They are the subjects of the master."

"The Master?" came Washington's low toned voice, "and have you seen the Master?"

"I have seen him," cried one, but the head of the other sank forward and he was silent.

Washington addressed the one who was looking up at him, "And what is he like—this master you have seen?"

There was a moment's hesitation and a mist came into the eyes of the earthbound. "He—he is not exactly as I expected him to be, but he promises light, and his light has been the only hope we have had."

Washington continued, "How do you know he is the Master?"

"He told us so."

Washington spoke, "Ah, so he told you so? And when he told you so, how did he appear and what did he say?" He paused and straightened his shoulders, "and did you believe him?"

There was some hesitation on the part of the earth-bound, and then he stepped forward, and his voice came like a weak, painful wail; "I died on the battlefield and for a long time I did not know I was dead or where I was, for there was nothing about me but darkness."

Washington asked, "And did you pray?"

"No," came the reply, "I did not."

"What manner of thoughts did you have, and if you used any words were they addressed to the Divine or were they—?" He ceased speaking.

The earth-bound clenched his fists. "I cursed, because I hated, I hated, I tell you, I hated," and he shook with emotion. "I could not believe that God would let me die in such agony if he was Divine, and so I cursed."

There was silence for some time, and when Wash-

ington spoke it was in a gentle tone, "And by cursing instead of praying, what kind of forces do you think you attracted to you?" The earth-bound was silent. He did not move. His eyes were fastened upon Washington's face.

"If you had prayed you would have seen the Light of the Master as many have, and you would have known, when the time was right, the reasons for it all and you would have ascended and by your assistance perhaps others would have been saved from darkness. for," he paused and pointed directly at the earth-bound, his eyes glowing, "if everyone prayed who passed over the so-called border line between life and death there would be no cursing, and there would be—" his eyes shone with a great light as he added, "no earth-bound."

The earth-bound sank forward and would have fallen were it not for the white-robed figure which held him.

Washington spoke, "Your imperfect understanding when you passed over has proven what a lack of real knowledge can do. You had not the great faith. If you had, you would not have suffered. Suppose now you tell me just what the Devil told you."

The face of the earth-bound was filled with resentment. "Devil, eh? Well, he sent someone to protect me from all the blackness," and the earth-bound would have continued speaking had not Washington raised his hand for silence.

"Yes, he sent someone, but that being was one of the Black Circle and you have not seen the Light yet, only a physical conception of a place where there is an imitation of existence. If, as I said before, you had

been praying, one of the White Circle would have been sent to you and you would have been taken up, cared for and helped onward toward the great light, but through your cursing you called to you the forces of the Black Circle, and they have lied to you. They have deluded you, and do you know that you are now what is called an earth-bound, but—" and his face lighted, "my brothers I shall call you, you will be saved if you will try and believe, for there is never a soul lost forever, for God is all Power, all Life, all Truth, and believing upon him is sufficient to give eternal life, and I say you will be saved. Nothing which is God's expression can be lost forever."

The other earth-bound raised his head, "Is—is there really a God? Tell me!" He reached out his hands; "If there is a God I want to believe." He swayed back and forth. "Oh, I want to believe!"

His companion glanced at him, his face shadowed and his aura turning a dark red, though one could see by the expression of his face that he was very near to believing—that he wanted to believe—and he cried out suddenly, clasping his hands; "I want to believe, too, but no, I can not!"

"And why not?" asked Washington.

"Because I have given my soul into the keeping of the master and I am afraid—afraid of him."

Washington's face lighted, "And do you think that if the one you speak of was the Master he would instill within you the instinct of fear? If you have ever when upon the earth read of the Master, Jesus Christ, you will remember that He cast out fear and spoke of Truth and told men to be fearless. If He had been fearful He could never have performed the

miracles. He always spoke of God, His Father, for Christ who had no fear was the reflection of God, who instilled within Him faith and not fear, and therefore, if God did not bring fear to the Master, He would not to any one of His other sons."

The two earth-bounds had ceased to tremble, and one of them, lifting his head, cried as a light filled his face, "I believe! I have no fear! God is!"

The other one wrung his hands for a moment, "Oh, I want to believe," he wailed, "I want to believe!" He looked at Washington, "You do not fill me with fear and therefore you must express good, you must be reflecting something which is of the Divine."

The other turned to his companion: "I believe! Can not you see? Why, it is all so clear to me now! I know that I am going to be free from all darkness. Why," his face was aglow, "I can see plainer now than I have since I came from the earth.

"There is no darkness. Don't you see the lights. They are reflections of the truth, and anyone who has such glorious light around them must be good and speak nothing but the Truth."

The other cried, "Oh, I want to believe I want to believe! Why can't I believe?"

Washington spoke; "Because you still possess fear."

"And what shall I do to cast out this fear?"

"Believe," replied Washington, "for in believing the truth you can not have fear." There was silence, and in that moment I knew that he was free.

He spoke: "I do believe, I do, I believe."

Washington stepped to a table and sitting down he took from his robes two scrolls, and for some time

he was busy writing. When he rose he stepped to the front of the platform, saying, "I have written herewith the pardons of these two who have been earth-bound, but who are now free. These pardons are the same. I will read the words to you." "I hereby pardon, with the approval of this assembly, one who has been a so-called earth-bound, but who is redeemed and believes in Christ and our God. Therefore let him who has been made free through believing go forth and take up a worthy work here within the White Circle."

He looked up, rolling the scroll as he did so. "Does my act meet with the approval of all present? Those in favor, stand."

Everyone in the assembly stood, and when we had resumed our seats Washington spoke again; "I call upon Leemon to rise. A slender form rose in the rear of the auditorium and stepped forward to Washington, who said: "These two you will take to the rest plane and after a period there they will be given assignments to classes."

With a bow Leemon turned to the two, and, with nods which included all, they followed him out of the auditorium.

Washington stepped back near his seat and said: "If there is anyone within this assembly who has anything to say will he kindly make it known."

James Monroe raised his left hand and spoke: "I have an announcement to make."

"Very well," said Washington.

Monroe stepped to the front of the platform. "I have a wireless message to deliver. It is from John the Baptist. He has sent word to this assembly that

arrangements have been made for the transporting of the twelve who are to return to the earth, and immediately after this meeting the following will go to the Supreme Court: One Socrates, one Lord Kitchener, one Abraham Lincoln, one McKinley. The others who are to return to the earth are not present at this assembly."

Washington rose and said: "Will Socrates rise." Socrates rose from his seat in the front section and Washington continued: "Socrates, I wish to tell you that I have received recently a wireless communication for you from one of the high orders in which there is made a statement, concerning which I wish to speak to you later. Have you anything you wish to say concerning the message you received since the last meeting?"

Socrates answered, "No, I have nothing to say at this time which would be of particular interest," and he sat down.

George III. raised his hand and rose, "I have received from the Order of the Cross a message which is vital, to the effect that the enemies of the allies in the earth war have been impressed by the Black Circle to carry out certain plans which will prove very destructive if they are not prevented. Therefore I suggest that we enter into concentration at this time."

Washington spoke: "We will do so. We must assist in every way we can to turn the foe."

George III. replied, "I think it would be better if everyone present who has anything of vital importance to say might speak now before we enter into concentration."

"Yes," replied Washington, "for immediately

after the period of concentration the assembly will disperse. Will anyone who has any words to add kindly rise."

Lincoln rose to his feet, "I wish to say that everyone present should hold a certain period of concentration no matter where they may be, for we need co-operation, and although we can not be together all of the time we can concentrate separately." His words met with approval, for all in that mighty assembly lifted their hands.

As Lincoln took his seat, Washington stepped to the front of the platform; "We will now enter into absolute silence and supreme concentration." He seated himself in the attitude of concentration and all present did the same, crossing their hands on their laps, palms down, their feet upon the floor, and their heads lifted, with the eyes closed. I did likewise.

I do not know how long we sat in absolute silence. I seemed to know the thoughts to concentrate upon. They were harmony and peace, and I knew that those two thoughts would combat any evil forces or plans to bring about destruction upon the earth. It was some time before the gong sounded. There came a slight stir and the assembly rose and silently passed out.

King George III, Washington and Lincoln requested me to come with them. The others left the platform, but we waited until the auditorium was emptied. Then I went with them through another door than that by which I had entered the auditorium. We walked down a long corridor, in which we encountered very few others. We at last entered a room at the extreme end of the corridor.

Upon our entering, a figure rose, robed in white and with a golden halo about his head. He spoke and it was then I knew who he had been upon the earth. He was the Apostle Paul. My friends bade me farewell and left me with him.

He requested me to be seated. I saw that he wore around his neck a long chain, and that behind him there was a light and within it was the golden reflection of a cross. "My brother," he said, "I will accompany you to the Supreme Court and we will go within a short time. First I have several things of which I wish to speak with you." He leaned back in his chair, his face thoughtful and a wonderful light in his eyes. "Brother," he said, "I am going to give you an emblem to wear. It is not the only one you will be given, but it is one which will be a help and will aid you, if you look upon it as the reflection of the Truth." He took from a drawer in the desk before him a chain. As he held it up I saw that from it hung a cross which gave forth a wonderful light.

He rose and stepped toward me. I was upon my feet in an instant. He lifted his hands, holding the cross. He closed his eyes, and the words that came from his lips were wonderful: "My brother, he who wears this cross will be sustained and aided, for the truth is ever present and he who has faith will overcome all that is not good," and he put the chain over my head and as the cross fell against my robe it sent forth rays of light.

We stood a moment in silence and then he turned: "We will go now to the Supreme Court." I went with him, out of the room and down a broad corridor. We found a machine waiting, and stepping in, we were

soon speeding away down the road. It was not long before the machine stopped in front of an imposing building. It was massive and wonderful, standing there sending forth rays of light into the atmosphere. The construction and artistic coloring were marvelous.

We left the machine and entered the building. Passing down a corridor of many pillars, we came to an immense closed door. My companion did not knock; it was not necessary for the door opened immediately, as he stepped forward as if to enter. We went in.

Such an auditorium! It was glorious! Words can not describe the interior. There were thousands seated there and at the farther end of the auditorium I could see One who stood at the altar. He was robed in white and His face was concealed by a heavenly mist and a large cross was suspended from a chain around His neck. He appeared to be in meditation, for His eyes, which were predominant and the only visible feature, were alight and the aura around his head was like a crown.

There was absolute silence. Paul led to seats in the front row and we sat down. The massive doors were closed and a wonderful light came from the dome of the great auditorium, which was the largest I had seen. Eleven white-robed forms with blue turbans stepped forward and took seats beside the Master, and with a bow to me, Paul rose and took the twelfth. There seemed to be music in the distance, although it was so faint it was like the music of the soul thought and the room was filled with an atmosphere that was like the peace of which I had dreamed but not thought possible until now.

The Master rose, and in a mellow voice said: "I have called together this assembly and have come to be present with ye. Inasmuch as ye have faith ye shall know the truth. God, my Father, the Father of ye all, sent me to the earth long ago to bring peace and now again comes to Me His voice saying that I shall again return to the earth at this time, with twelve chosen ones, to carry a message of peace and good will to all men. I have not chosen those who are to go with Me. It is One greater than I who hath done so and every name is written in the Book of Fate. I will go forth with the chosen ones and unto the earth peace will come. The war of humanity will end." There was silence for a moment. "I will name those who are going with Me to the earth, and as He spoke their names each one rose; "Paul, John, Luke, Elijah, Socrates, Edward VII, Kitchener, Lincoln, McKinley, Alexander the Great, Columbus and Michelangelo.

There was silence and then came the tolling of a mighty bell. I had a peculiar feeling and I seemed to drift toward the Master; the assembly seemed to fade into the distance, and I joined the eleven others in a circle around Him. He folded his hands and He seemed to look into the souls of each one of us. Our robes were white and we were surrounded by a halo. Upon the head of each one He placed a ring like a crowning aura.

He spoke: "My brothers, my faithful ones, I have bestowed upon ye the ring of protection against all forces which might attempt to beset ye mentally. Ye shalt go forth with Me unto the earth, and we will perform our tasks, for God the Father is with us. We will bring peace—peace!" He paused. "When men of the

physical have within them the wish to become spiritual I will return to the earth again and peace will come forever and there will be no death, for death is physical thought, and whomsoever hath faith in God will be free, now, then, and forever."

He closed his eyes. His voice came like a whisper throughout all space: "Our Father which art in Heaven, enable us to know Thy Kingdom upon the earth as well as within the Divine realms of the Spirit." Slowly the Light enveloped the whole auditorium, and with Him in our midst we descended unto the earth to bring peace and good will to men.

The atmosphere seemed very light and from within the circle around us I could see many colored rays, flashing like streaks of lightning in many directions. Soon the atmosphere began to grow slightly heavy, for to get my breath was quite an effort, and the colors were growing dark outside the circle of light in which we were enveloped. The Master did not speak. He was praying. It seemed that we were forming an impenetrable ring around Him. The wonderful lights which came from His crowning aura filled me with awe. The others possessed lights also and the wondrous glow from them was heavenly.

For a long time we seemed to float rather than walk. After continuing thus for some distance the Master stopped, and looking upon us all, as we stood about Him, He spoke: "I am about to go unto the realms of the Devil. I have a message to give him from our Father."

We proceeded on and soon arrived before a huge gate. The atmosphere seemed hot and tense and only by drawing close to the Master's Light could we get

any relief from the disturbing forces. He stepped forward and His hand touched the gate which appeared to be of iron, and with a slight quiver it melted away and we passed through.

I could see that there were houses and streets here also but they were crude, dark of color and mysteriously gruesome. There appeared to be no one in sight, yet I felt unseen eyes peering from out the space around us.

We proceeded with Him until we came to another gate, and through it I saw two huge black-robed men. Between them stood a skeleton-like being, and there came from his mouth scorching breath. He seemed to be the representation of a terrible pestilence. "Halt!" he cried, "Come you not a step farther lest you be scorched by death."

The Master lifted His hands: "I and my faithful ones are going to enter herein and none shall keep us back."

"Come you not!" came the voice of the evil one.

The Master stepped toward the huge gate. There came a flash of swords drawn by the two black-robed beings, and as the gate melted and we passed through they struck at His clasped hands in which He now held a cross, but there came a flash as the arms of the two evil ones fell helpless and their swords were blighted. They draw back with something like awe in their eyes and slowly faded into space, and we proceeded with Him—the Master.

On we went through desolate streets. We heard moans upon every side but could not see any forms. Before long we came to two doors, which appeared to be a stronghold. The Master placed both hands upon

them and they parted and faded into the atmosphere and we entered with Him into the realm where the Devil has set up his so-called throne.

He was at the far end of the room, seated in a great chair, cloaked in red, his face masked. Around him stood thousands of his black-robed subjects. He rose and the Master approached him.

"Why are you here?" cried the Devil, as he clenched his hands. The Master was before him. The place had been dark but now it was filled with light from the Master's aura.

He spoke: "I have come from My Father in Heaven to speak unto thee and to tell thee that thy evil ways must be no more."

The evil one laughed: "Ha, ha, do you think you can bring me to your will?"

The Master shook His head slowly. "No, I would not bring thee to My will, for I have no will, merely the expression of the one great Will, which is My Father's."

"You can not influence me. Begone! Begone, before I bring punishment upon you!" came the reply.

"Punishment!" the Master echoed the word softly. "No punishment thou couldst bring upon Me could be equal to the suffering I am enduring now through seeing My brethren upon the earth, and in the astral, suffering from the relentless clash of hate, malice, vengeance, misery and torture through war."

"Ah, so I have made you suffer through your brethren, for it is I who have prolonged the earthly war and it is I who have entered many times into the body of a beast and through him brought new destruction and wrought new woe."

The Master clasped His hands: "Thou knowest not what thou dost. Even I do not condemn thee, for ignorance and darkness are thine." He raised His right hand and a white light flashed from His fingers. The Devil sprang back, the first atom of fear entering his eyes.

"Thou shalt not continue long in thy evil ways, for I," said the Master, "have come through the Will of My Father which art in Heaven to break thy wicked influence. I have walked the earth among My brethren during this conflict to bring peace unto them, and I have often stayed the foe."

The Devil trembled as he drew back; "But I already have millions of hearts in my possession on the earth, and I have beings here who bow to my word. I have spoken into the ears of many and it will take a miracle to break the chain that I have fastened around my victims."

"God performs miracles," said the Master, His face filled with a greater light, "and He hath sent Me, His Son, and He hath sent with Me His other sons, to do His will."

"Ah," retorted the Devil, "you think that my influence can be broken?"

The head of the Master bowed for a moment as in prayer. "I do," He replied softly, and lifting His head, He said, "It is now. Thy influence never was and can not be."

"If my influence is not powerful," persisted the Devil, "why do men bow to my will?"

The Master clasped the cross in His hands and lifted His head, His eyes gazing far into the realms above, "They do not bow to thy will."

The Devil laughed, "Ah, but they do. Go to the earth and see for yourself. On every side you may see those who do, who fear me, who delight in my ways, who listen to me."

The Master replied, "Thou art mistaken. The real men of God do not fear thee and do not delight in thy ways, for man is the reflection of God. Perhaps some of the physical ones have been thrust into the dark, and the flesh has listened to thy evil voice," and He reached out His hands. "If man will but listen with faith to the words of the Truth the voice of the spirit will be all powerful and thou shalt be no more. The real man of God has not listened. Flesh only has submitted, and in time will come to man existing in the flesh and yet of the spirit, the knowledge of the Truth. I will continually go to the earth to My brethren from now forth to speak unto them, and they shall have faith, and when they have faith there will be no death, and thou shalt be bound forever."

The Master took from His robes a scroll and handed it to the Devil. The Devil shrank back, and beckoning to one of his black-robed subjects, he said, "Hand it to me." His trembling subject took it from the Master and handed it to him.

The Master reached out His hands, "Art thou afraid to touch Me?"

The Devil stepped away, the scroll clutched in his hand. "No."

The Master stepped forward, His hands outstretched; "Take My hand."

"Away with you!" cried the Devil.

"Art thou afraid to touch Me?" came the voice of the Master.

The Devil turned and hid his face in his red cloak and his voice was silent.

The Master stood quietly and His hand fell to His side as He spoke: "Open the scroll and read what is within. I have brought it from the high realms of My Father."

The Devil tremblingly unrolled the scroll.

"Read it so all may hear," came the words of the Master.

The Devil hesitated as if to defy the request, and then slowly he began to read, his subjects gathering close about him. I could feel them as they pressed about me. The Devil's voice was trembling still. The words He read were these: "Inasmuch as thou, the Devil, and thy subjects have broken the law of My will, thou shalt lose thy power. Not for long shalt thou continue to influence the earth, and the war which is besetting the sons of God is to end. Mark thou, oh Devil, and those who willingly submit to thy commands, there shall come a time when God the Father of all life shall strike."

The Devil cast the scroll at the feet of the Master. "Take it and begone," he cried wrathfully. "I defy you and the Power you claim to reflect. Go from me, lest I bring torture upon you. I command once, but never twice, before I act."

The Master held the cross up to him and the light that came from it touched the Devil's masked face. He reached out his hand to avert it.

"Look upon the Cross which is the symbol of Truth," said the Master.

The Devil looked up for a moment, "No, no, take it way! I will have none of your faith! I do not want

to command you again, for if I do you will suffer." He looked at us who had come with the Master, and he spoke: "Ah, so you brought with you your body-guard! What speak you?"

The Master lifted His head, still holding the cross on high. "Neither I nor any of the willing subjects of My Father need a bodyguard when they face thee. These who come with Me are to perform tasks which our Father in Heaven hath given them and they each have their part in helping to bring to an end thy evil influence upon the men of the earth." The Master stepped forward and raised His hand: "I warn thee. Do not forget My words."

The Devil cried, "Begone with you! I have commanded twice!"

The Master shook His head: "I go not until I have spoken My words. Do not forget! Do not forget! I say unto thee, Devil, thy powers are not."

"Begone!" cried the Devil. "I have commanded thrice and now you shall suffer!" He lifted his hands, "My subjects, do my command! The punishment is forthcoming!"

They crowded in upon us with a great force. Such shrieks and yells, such fire and flashes as came from them, words can not describe, and above the roar and din of it all was heard: "Ha, ha, you are in the realms of hell." It was the voice of the Devil and he was jumping up and down in mad enjoyment, but suddenly all became silent and there was a great peace. I saw that a ring of light like a wall had forced back the subjects of the Devil and they lay trembling at the feet of the Master, and the Devil sank to his knees with fear in his eyes; and again we moved with

the Master, drifting out of the Devil's realms, and the Master spoke once more; "Devil, I go, and do not forget!"

It seemed that all faded away before the Master and we drifted on toward the earth, and I could hear His voice, praying to His Father in Heaven.

It was not long before all was blackness around us. The only light was His Light from the crowning aura about His head, and I thought I saw in the blackness fleeting forms and heard cries that echoed in space. Then I saw in the distance a gateway. When we came near I saw that it was massive and black. The Master touched it gently, and the great gates were flung back, and we went with Him.

It was not long before we stood in a great area and there were thousands it seemed therein, for I could see their shadowy forms in the dim dreary light.

The Master raised both hands toward heaven and He spoke: "Father, bring forth light!" and there came a light from above which drove away all darkness, and the forms drew back and the cries were stilled as He held out His hands toward them: "My brethren, My brethren, oh hear Me. I speak of the Truth!" I could see that their faces were gaunt and colorless. Such agony was in each pair of eyes. There were some who were crippled and some who lay helpless, and there were others who appeared to be torn from a struggle.

"My brethren, I am here to aid thee through the help of the Divine Power for My Father in Heaven hath sent Me and these chosen ones to bring harmony and peace. I will pray for thy deliverance and thou shalt go up to the realms where thou dost belong.

If thou wilt but hearken to My voice, no more will darkness be about thee."

He stepped toward them and in a moment He was in their midst. He held the cross in His hand. "I speak the Truth. I am the Christ sent by the Word of God."

Out of the throng one cried: "We are suffering, we are suffering! If God is good, why has He let us suffer?"

"My brethren," came the voice of the Master, "God brings suffering upon no man, for if thou wilt but follow the Truth and believe it thou shalt be free, and if thou dost overcome all thy trials thou shalt see the Kingdom of Heaven. No man shall suffer who has lived in the watch-tower of the spirit and had faith, for the Father our God is Father of all who believe on Him and His truth."

I could see the agonized eyes filling with hope and the faces seemed to fill out and each figure had a light of its own, and I knew that those who believed upon the Saviour, the Master, were saved and were going to the realms of God, and it seemed that the substance which held them, lifted like an elevated plane, and as we descended to the earth they ascended, and I knew many thousands of earth-bounds who had been surrounded by thoughts of hate and fear were now going where they would possess the knowledge of the spirit.

As we descended there were many shadows around us. Only the light of the Master helped us to see. After some time, on looking down I was surprised to see a ball which was revolving rapidly and seemed to be on fire. I realized that the flames which

came from it were not of its color alone but were from the anras of disturbance which were raging and the war which was besetting physical man. I realized that the Master was praying, and then quite suddenly He raised both hands and we ceased to descend.

He held out His hands and spoke: "To each of ye I shall assign a mission."

Then to each He gave the directions which he was to follow. When He came to me He touched my left shoulder and spoke softly, "Thou shalt go to the earth and thou shalt speak with Sir Douglas Haig. Thou shalt speak with another also when I send thee the word."

Then we descended, down to the plane of the earth, and I heard the Master say, as we were nearing it; "I will go to many and speak, and on the battlefields I will walk among My brethren and they shall know I am there."

When we had descended upon the earth's substance, He took each one aside and gave him a password for his protection. It was "In our Father we trust." Then as He touched the shoulder of each one in gentle salutation, He bade us farewell and I saw Him drift into the distance. His Light filled all space. It seemed that we were to separate, and we went our different ways.

I drifted on along the earth plane and I could see around me my fellowmen. I passed over many a city and over a battlefield where there were men fighting. I could hear the booming of the great guns, the roaring of a storm which came down with the night, and there were cries which came upward, and I knew

that death stalked in the fields where they fought, but I knew that another walked among them, the Master.

Then I came to a city I at once knew to be London and I drifted downward until I reached one of its great thoroughfares and onward I walked among my countrymen, but they knew not that I was there. On I made my way in their midst, and went to find the one I was to impress. I knew the words I was to impress upon him, the message which was so great. I found him. I will not say where or how, but I spoke unto him and his inner consciousness heard.

Finally I met King Edward VII and we communed together in a wordless conversation, and I knew I was to go with him, for it was the will of the Master, for I knew that when He had spoken to me He had mentioned another with whom I was to commune on earth. King Edward and I went to the chosen one and impressed him and the inner consciousness of King George V heard our words. He is a great soul. He was fated to his position. Often we impressed him, and at another time I went again to Sir Douglas Haig and to Lloyd George, and King Edward and I visited Parliament many times and heard the plans that were brought forth.

The things I saw on the earth were amazing. I visited my home and many of my friends. I saw the hospitals that were filling with crippled and suffering men, and I was thankful when I saw the brave women who were doing their part to relieve the suffering.

Many a time I visited the battlefields, and once in the Forest of Argonne I went with the armies on toward the enemy and we won.

To several of the great battleships I went and I walked upon the decks, and I heard the voices of my countrymen and the guns that boomed, and in a mighty sea combat I stood by the Commander's side, and I know that he felt my presence, for we won, and few of my countrymen died.

After many a task I again met King Edward VII and we together visited many lands, and at the ports where landed the great American transports which had brought over those worthy men, we saw from their desks come forth with them the white-robed guards who had been on the voyage to protect and save them from destruction on the sea.

When they marched down the roadways of Europe we saw that with them marched those unseen white-robed guards with lighted faces, who carried themselves as soldierly as the men who were on their way to battle. I could see in every face of the living physical forms a light which was not there from human ecstasy, but which was reflected from the great white guards who walked with them, whom God had sent to aid them in the fray, and I can still hear in the silence of my consciousness the tramp of those many feet. Some of them are now marching in the astral, others are treading upon the earth.

When they reached the battlefields and went over the top in a mighty force, beside each soldier who pressed onward went a white-robed guard from heaven's forces, and those who fell were held as they were dying, and many were the lighted faces, for some of them knew who held them and they saw the Master walk!

Oh, it was wonderful, the days when He had

come, the Saviour of mankind, and I know that many who stood on those firing lines felt He was near. Even I, who was new to the astral, felt the awe of His presence, and I know, oh, I know, my fellowmen, He was beside each one who fought and who did his part. He was everywhere in the conflict, tireless he was, and great was His task.

Oh, fathers and mothers of the sons who have fallen, I speak and tell you to pray, for you will help the Master to redeem them and take them up to the realms of God. For everyone of your boys has goodness in his heart, and if any are held earth-bound for a time it is because of the malice and hatred which prevailed upon the earth when they passed out.

I speak to every parent's heart. Your boys will reach heaven. Many have, and oh, how gloriously each one did his part. There shall not be one lost soul among them. I know, for the Father has given His word, and every one will know Him. Pray, all you who upon the earth live, for to bring everlasting peace it will take faith in God and the Master.

It was late one earthly day when the Master appeared to me and with Him were ten of the other chosen ones, and soon another was found on the way, and with the Master we visited many places where the crosses marked unknown soldiers' graves, and to the few that were clinging earth-bound He spoke, and helped them to see the way.

To Flanders' Fields we went and there were many crosses there. The sun was sinking on the horizon and there was a glorious light everywhere, and we waited while He walked through the poppies, and He touched them with His hands as they swayed, and

I heard a murmur on the breeze. "The Master has come to save."

He touched the row on row of crosses gently with His hands, and the earth-bound who were kneeling there, desolate, rose and took His hands, and as they followed Him through the fields of red poppies (symbolic they were of the red blood which was shed) He spoke and His voice seemed to be everywhere: "We will go now unto the Father. Come all ye my brethren, I take thee up to Heaven." They were led, each one of them, and not one was left behind, and it made me think of the words of the Master which He spoke when He lived upon the earth. "I go unto my Father which art in Heaven," and we all entered and there was light everywhere.

It was glorious. I can not express it. Peace was around and harmony filled all space. Then we passed where the earth-bound realms had been, and up toward the high astral planes, and oh, I want to tell you how wonderful it was. There was a light which was heavenly. It seemed to form a path that led upward. The Master led and we followed, and I could hear the tramping of many feet as they marched after Him, and on either side were the white guards with halos about their heads.

When we arrived at the first plane of the astral the Master led us into a huge auditorium, and when we were all seated He stood at the altar. A huge cross of light was behind Him, and He said the Lord's Prayer, and then He spoke again softly:

"My Father which art in Heaven, I have brought from the earth many of Thy sons and inasmuch as

they have faith in Thee everyone may advance into eternity."

He said another prayer which is universal in the astral; "Oh, Father, Mother, God. In Thee we have put our trust and Thou has kept us in all our ways. Thou hast made a path from earth to heaven by which Thy sons may ascend. Oh, Father in Heaven, may we reflect Thee always. Thou art life, Truth, Love, Eternity, and all Power forever. Turn Thy face upon us that we may see the reflection of Thy goodness. Speak unto every one that all may know Thy voice. Forgive all trespasses and fill each with the knowledge of Thy presence. I ask this in Thy Name. Thou art our Father, Mother, God, and there is no other. Amen!" And there came an echo through that great assembly, "Amen!"

And about Him, where there seemed no walls but all space; there came a light and a voice, saying, "All is well!" There was harmony and silence, and a light which I had never seen before was over all, and from the distance there came an echo, "All is well!"

Slowly the form of the Master vanished in light and that great assemblage rose and the white guards helped them everyone on their way to the many planes to gain knowledge.

King Edward VII and Abraham Lincoln passed with me out of the assembly building and on to the torpedo landing. We did not speak. Words seemed unnecessary. There was understanding between us. We entered the torpedo and were seated.

When we arrived at the next plane we left the torpedo and proceeded in a machine to a tall building in the distance. Upon entering this building we went into

a large assembly hall and sat down. There was music in the distance. All those present wore white robes and all were silent in concentration. It was a long time before the assembly rose and in silence passed out of the building.

When we were again at the torpedo landing I spoke for the first time to King Edward and Lincoln: "I am going to visit my father and mother. I will see you again." They bade me farewell, and I entered the torpedo which was waiting.

Some time had elapsed when suddenly I knew that I had reached my destination, and I rose and left the torpedo and found waiting a machine which I knew was for me. I entered, and with a guide I drove down the street, which was peaceful and quiet. It seemed I had not been to this plane before. There were mountains surrounding the large white house before which we stopped. I stepped out, accompanied by my guide.

Entering the house I walked down a hallway and into a large room. My mother and father were standing there and they stepped toward me. "Son!" They spoke together, as they took my hands. We sat down and were silent, for we understood each other. Words seemed to be unnecessary.

We had been sitting thus a long time when my father rose; "I have something to read to you, my son," and he went to a cabinet in the room and returned with a paper in his hand. "I have here a copy of that which is written in the Book of Fate. You may read it." It read as follows: "One known upon the earth as Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum, and known here as Katoia, has recently returned from the earth plane. He has accomplished his mission and

there is not one detail which he did not carry out and perform as should a soldier of God." Words could not express the happiness which was mine upon reading those words.

My mother took my hand, "Oh, my son, I am so proud and happy! I have prayed for you all the time you were away. There were many who prayed for you, my son, for you are well liked here."

As we were standing there, a messenger knocked upon the door, which opened, and a white-clad form stood before us. He handed me a scroll, which I unrolled and read: "From the Order of the Supreme Court comes the Word that your presence is requested at the Convention." I embraced my mother and shook hands with my father, and I heard my mother say as I departed, "My son!" while my father said, "My brave soldier!"

We went in a machine to the torpedo landing and my guide spoke: "There are several specials flying for those who are going to the Convention, and there are no stops except for the ones who are requested to be present."

I entered and saw King Edward VII, Lincoln and Tolstoi. As they greeted me and I stepped to them and sat down, King Edward said, "Kitchener, everyone is pleased with the way you carried on upon the earth." Tolstoi spoke; "I had a certain task to perform, which took me to the earth also. I went to Russia, and oh, how I longed to help my countrymen!"

Just then a man approached us and I knew him to be Sir John Macdonald. He said, "Yes, indeed, the allies shall be led, and those who come against us, ah, 'they shall not pass'!"

We rose and saluted, "With His help we shall carry on," we said in unison.

"Indeed, they shall not gain against the Master. We shall carry on!" said King Edward.

Lincoln spoke: "I know that those who beset our allies will never win against the Truth," and each of the others proclaimed the great power of the astral under the guidance of the Master to assist the earth in a great crisis.

After we were again seated, discussing many other topics of interest, I noticed a young man who sat across from us. A scar was prominent upon his cheek. I mentioned him to King Edward, whose reply was: "I have seen him several times and from what I have heard he is a wonderful lad, an American Ace. He has been here but a short time. The scar upon his cheek will not linger long, for he is a most intelligent being and is advancing rapidly, and although his scar is disfiguring now it may be looked upon as an emblem of his sacrifice."

As we were still sitting there a white-robed being entered. I recognized his features through the hazy blue mist of his aura. I knew him to be the teacher who had promised to take me to visit his circle. He advanced toward me. "Lord Kitchener," handing me a scroll as he spoke my name.

I opened it and read: "Inasmuch as Lord Kitchener has performed his task, we are keeping our word, and although it will be only a brief visit before the Convention, he is invited to come with the bearer of this message to the Order of the Circle."

I turned to my friends, informing them that I was leaving. I accompanied my guide the length of

the compartment and when we came to the entrance to the torpedo and the door opened, he said to me: "Do you trust implicitly?"

"I do," I replied.

He lifted his hands, and as he clasped them I knew that he prayed. As he turned, a yellow light enveloped him. I noticed that I had sandals, and wore a turban and robes similar to his, and there was a chain around my neck, identically like the one he wore. We seemed to travel through space. I had the impression we were going upward, although I had no particular sensation and could see nothing except the yellow light around him. This changed to a crystal white light with celestial colors flowing through it at times.

It was not long before I felt a substance beneath my feet, and as we walked along I began to distinguish on either side buildings which appeared like huge auditoriums with great domes and towers, all constructed of a white material with marvelous colored lights coming from them and tinging them with many hues.

We came to an extremely large building with a tall tower, and as we entered I heard the tolling of a bell. We walked through the corridors until we came to two closed doors. He touched them with his hands and they were opened for us. I could see several hundred beings sitting in a semi-circle about a platform on which was an altar. I noticed that each sat with one hand folded over the other. We found seats in this semi-circle, close to the altar, and about three others entered after us and took seats. Then a supreme silence settled over all and from the ceiling

came a white light and I noticed that each face seemed perfect as the features were illumined by this light. From the distance came strains of music and the soothing effect upon me was marvelous. I realized perfect peace and harmony within and about me.

Upon the platform came a white-robed being, his face illumined and his eyes glorious to look upon. He clasped his hands upon the altar and raised his eyes as he spoke these words in prayer:

"Father, Mother, God, we place ourselves subjective to Thy will in every way. To do Thy bidding is our most earnest wish. Amen." And throughout the assembly echoed the word "Amen."

He stepped from the platform into our midst and the semi-circle closed into a circle. It seemed that he looked in every direction and that he saw each one present. His aura was a wonderful light akin to that which fell on us from above. Around his neck was a chain with the emblem of his Order hung from it. I noticed that this was similar to the one I now possessed.

He took from a pouch at his side a small bag and before him there came into vision a table. He placed the bag upon it, and after offering up a silent prayer, he thrust his hands into the opening in the bag and withdrew them, covered with a dust similar to gold. The bag and the table disappeared. He raised his hands above us and from them there came light, as he again spoke:

"From here we will depart for the Convention. We have been called together as expressing the One Mind and we will do our part. We shall aid our

brethren." Those in the circle held up their hands in affirmation of his words.

I wondered who this wonderful being had been upon the earth. I felt he had been one of the highest, and I knew that I was answered when there came the words, "You look upon the face of Saint Matthew."

As he continued to speak of the Truth in wonderful words, I could scarcely take my eyes from his face. I was filled with great awe. Words can not express the feeling which was within my soul.

He had been speaking for some time when he said distinctly, as his eyes fell upon me, "We have two to initiate at this gathering as members of the Circle. One known upon the earth as Lord Kitchener, who will take in this Circle the name of Motiza, please rise. One known upon the earth as Longfellow, who will take the name of this Circle of Limfot, please rise."

As I rose I saw a tall man in white robes rise from a seat near the one which I had occupied. Saint Matthew stepped forward and raised his hands, as Longfellow and I moved toward him. He took our hands in his and the magnetic vibration which came from his finger tips was like that from a wire charged with electricity. He said: "I, under the command and willingness of Him, take thee into the Circle as members and brothers. Dost thou accept the following rules and promise to do all in thy power to keep them? The first rule is, believe on Him, for as He has said, 'If ye have faith, the things that I do ye shall do also.' In keeping these commandments ye shall be members worthy to be called to the Circle."

"Do ye promise to obey these rules and do thy duty?" Longfellow and I answered "Yes," in unison,

as we each held up the right hand. I felt a tremor pass through me and I seemed clothed in a silvery white light, and noticed that Longfellow appeared to be the same.

Saint Matthew stepped back and, clasping his hands, again spoke: "Inasmuch as we have taken these two into the Circle, I ask Thee, Our Father, to witness their pledges and record them in Thy Book of Fate." He bowed his head, "I ask it in the name of Thy Son, the Christ." There was silence and the lights which flashed about us were glorious. At this moment there came the tolling of a great bell, and as all rose, each spoke the words "A—al mon," which I knew to be the password to the Order of the Circle, the translation of which I am not permitted to give.

Saint Matthew moved forward and it seemed that the circle moved with him, but when we reached the door I found myself alone except for Longfellow and my guide. The latter spoke: "We shall go forth to the Convention," and a great yellow light enveloped us and we seemed to drift into space and soon all about us was illumined.

It was some time before I again felt my feet upon a substance and walked beside Longfellow and our guide. Longfellow spoke to me: "You are very fortunate to become a member of The Circle so soon after your arrival here, although, Kitchener, I know that you are worthy, for you have been deemed so by the Intelligence."

"Do you teach here?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "I do, and along literary lines. I have three upon the earth now who are receiving inspiration from me. One of these in particular is to be very famous.

I long to help my fellowmen. Purity, simplicity and goodness are the things I wish to express, and may the inspiration I am sending to earth reach not only those I am seeking to help but all mankind, for I love my brothers."

As we walked on, a figure in robes of white and orange caught step with us and Longfellow said, "I want you to become acquainted with Lord Kitchener," and as the man bowed, "Lord Kitchener, I want you to know William Shakespeare." He turned to Shakespeare, "William, Lord Kitchener was one of the chosen ones who recently returned to the earth."

"You have done your duty, Lord Kitchener, it is well known here. I have made three journeys with missions to the earth, two to England, and upon another trip I visited America and passed through France."

"Was this recently?" I asked.

"Twice before the war," he replied, "and once recently. The Master has taken chosen ones with Him every time He has descended to the earth during the war. I am going to make another trip shortly, as I have a great mission to carry out. I am going with two souls who are to reincarnate. I have a definite purpose to accomplish in their behalf under the direction of the great Guidance."

We had now reached a great bridge-like structure and our guide stopped. Two immense white-robed forms approached him; "The pass-word?"

"I have it," he replied.

"Speak then!"

"A—al mon."

"You have with you three others."

"For them," said the guide, "I have also the password, 'A—al mon,'" and he drew a scroll from his robes and handed it to the two guards, who scanned it carefully, then lifting their right hands they stepped aside and allowed us to pass onto the bridge.

Our guide spoke; "No one is allowed to go across this bridge called Destiny unless they have the password, for there are never any of the Black Circle who step upon this structure of the Infinite."

Longfellow spoke: "They would have no place upon this bridge of God, and until they overcome their evil ways and wickedness they shall never step thereon."

Shakespeare spoke: "Henry is right."

"Yes, what I have said is the truth, but the compassion of God is great, and although He will not allow trespassing upon His Supreme ground of spirituality, He forgives, and when those who have faith overcome and cheerfully go through Fate's adjustments they shall step upon the bridge of Destiny and know God is all power," said Longfellow.

We proceeded and it was not long before we came to a huge gateway, before which stood six figures in turbans and robes of white. They advanced toward us in a body and saluted. We raised our hands in recognition and our guide said: "A—al mon," and the six who guarded separated and we passed between them and on through the opening gate, a light bursting upon us in a golden glow.

I looked over the edge of the bridge and saw what appeared to be water, but it was not quite as material as the water on earth. I spoke of this to Shakespeare and he replied: "The apparent water

you see is a perfect crystalized thought of this realm and it is beneath the bridge as a protecting reflection of the Divine Thought."

There were others coming behind us, as well as some going before, although the bridge was not crowded and the peacefulness of it was wonderful. It seemed that the lights that came down upon us were like the glory of the Utmost Power.

We soon came to a stockade, and those who had been before and behind us gathered there also and we waited as three guards approached. Their auras were wonderful to behold, of the most beautiful colors that could be imagined. Longfellow spoke: "We will wait here while they speak to each one separately, for no one is allowed to pass through The Gate until he has spoken with them."

Turning, I saw my brothers approaching us. I grasped their hands, "It means a great deal to me to see you again," I said.

They greeted my companions and my brother Arthur said, "We have just returned from another mission to the earth." Turning to me he said, "and you did your part."

The three white guards stepped to me and one of them placed his hands on my shoulder as he asked, "Are you Lord Kitchener?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And have you the pass-word?"

I said, "A—al mon|"

"And have you also your papers?" I handed him the order to attend the Convention.

The white guards raised their hands and passed on to the others. It was not long before they returned,

and the one in the center touched the great Gate, which opened, and we passed through. There were many white clad guards standing on either side as we proceeded, and as we passed them they raised their hands in salutation and we returned the salute.

I saw a wonderful building in the distance. There is not one upon the earth which is so large. The tower upon it reached fathoms into the heavens, and the bell upon it was tolling, tolling, while I could hear behind us and before us the tramping of countless feet. There were great pillars before the building, whose architecture was the result of Divine inspiration.

As we reached the entrance I saw King Edward, VII, Tolstoi and Gladstone approaching and they had no sooner joined me than I found my father beside me also. We entered the building with the others. We heard music which sounded like that from an organ more wonderful than any known upon the earth. It was like the voices of countless archangels.

The interior of the building was magnificent. I looked up and it seemed that my eyes could not distinguish the ceiling of that great auditorium, which was flooded with a heavenly white light. I could see row upon row of forms and upon the main floor there were countless rows, and upon the platform there were twelve seats and an altar.

We advanced, conducted by a white guard, to a reserved section near the front, and when we were seated I looked closely at those around me. The faces I saw were amazing, those I had heard of on earth and those that I had seen upon the earth.

I saw on every side rows of those representing

the different countries, great personalities who had helped to make history upon the earth. There were also many faces in these rows of distinguished ones which I did not recognize, as they had played their parts in some more humble role upon the earth, but were recognized here according to their advancement.

Suddenly I realized that King Edward VII, Gladstone and Tolstoi had left my side and were sitting in different rows according to their station, and I was startled when I came to the realization that beside me sat my brother and about us were those who had been in the armies of the earth, while not far away was a group of those from its navies. It was a wonderful sight. I recognized several who had distinguished themselves in different wars and who had won honors for their countries, for there were none present who had not done justly.

A happy feeling surged up within me when I saw entering a reserved balcony, Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Marie Antoinette and my mother, and there were several British noblewomen with them. On the other side there were queens and noblewomen, and women who did not have earthly titles but who had distinguished themselves upon the earth by acts of sacrifice and kindness. There was not one face in that great assembly which was not aglow and with a great light in the eyes, and I knew then that Convention would help bring an end to the war, that the brave fighting men upon the earth and the courageous women would be rewarded for their efforts to establish justice and peace, for they were going to be helped through the guidance of the great Master.

The music ceased and when those present began to converse with each other the humming sound that was heard was like a sacred hymn, although it had no definite melody.

I noticed in particular a man who sat near me. He wore robes similar to mine, although he had a different head covering, for there were many different types of headgear. There were some with large hoods, others with turbans, some with folds of cloth about their heads, and each had robes representing their orders. I now wore the robes of the Order of The Circle, from which I had just come.

The man I had been observing spoke, "I believe you were known upon the earth as Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum. I have heard of your mission to the earth and your task was well done." The speaker had a positive face, and there was kindness in his eyes. I was puzzled, wondering who he had been. It seemed that I knew him, but that I could not place his earthly personality. He spoke again: "The Convention will last, according to earth time, thirty-six days and we will have a great many remarkable experience during that time," and he ceased speaking and seemed to be lost in reflection. He impressed me as one whose words had been stern, but just, although one who had a heart filled with love for mankind.

"Are all the speakers present and those who are to take part in the Convention?" I asked.

"Most of them," he replied. "We are waiting now for the return of a number who have recently been to the earth. We are happy to know that conditions are becoming more favorable there for the accomplishment of our task."

It was now that I noticed the man on the other side near me. My brother exchanged words with him and seemed to know him. He was about to introduce him when I exclaimed, "Lord Roberts!"

We shook hands. "I thought you would recognize me in time," said Lord Roberts, then he added:

"There will be some significant words spoken at this Convention,—words which will long be remembered with reverence and those present may well be happy over the wonderful privilege accorded them."

I noticed that there were many women present and that they all possessed wonderful auras. There is a difference between the masculine and feminine aura. The masculine aura is more heavy, a little darker in color, and very easily felt, while the feminine is softer, and lighter in color, though they are equally powerful. The lights coming from them can not be compared, for they are equal in strength and glory, although of course there are many stages in the development of an aura, and those who are advanced may easily recognize the texture and development of each with which they come in contact.

I saw Edith Cavell sitting not far away, and beside her I noticed a distinguished-looking woman whom I recognized as Martha Washington. I nodded to Edith Cavell and her eyes lighted, as she smiled and inclined her head.

Lord Roberts turned to me as he spoke: "Over there is one who is going to give a demonstration and talk upon the general aspects and conditions of the earth-bound effecting the battlefields. One reason for the Master's returning to the earth many times during the war was to help upward to the heavenly

realms, those who were in darkness, and also to assist those who were living upon the earth, for there are many earth-bounds on the earth and around it, causing a great turmoil, and making heavy the atmosphere. Some of the most severe storms during the war have been caused by the earth-bound turmoil. The earth is represented as round because it is a circle. Every substance which is a planet developing from the astral is in the form of a circle because it represents in expression the everlasting circle of eternity.

"Around the earth are several rings, which are in reality planes of thought. The first one is close to the earth. If visible to mortal eye it could be seen only a few thousand feet above the ground, and when the turmoil becomes very great on this particular plane of thought the circle decreases and the thoughts touch the earth and oftentimes cause epidemics and severe storms.

"The reason why only certain places on earth are effected with storm and all manner of disturbances is because there are more earth-bounds collected in the circle directly above these places. Sometimes suicide and murder waves will pass over a certain country and a number of cities therein, and the influence of this unseen circle of thought which is so close to the earth is the cause. The white guards of the astral are continually working to assist the Master to lift this circle into a higher state.

"As an illustration, suppose there were a metal ring directly above a metal ball and both were revolving at a tremendous rate of speed." He paused. "The reason the earth revolves is because the quick action of thought makes it so. Now, as I was saying, the ring

and the ball would be revolving rapidly and suppose one part of the ring became weighted down by a force and touched the ball, the contact would cause perhaps a spark and a grating sound would be heard. The two would cling together for a moment by magnetic attraction and suppose there were small particles of matter between these two forces which came together. It is easy to see that they would feel the sudden impact. Of course, this might only last for a second, but there would be a terrific heat and the revolving system for a time would be slightly thrown out of commission.

"This first plane of thought is often felt by those who are sensitives and when it approaches the earth there are many who become nervous and irritable.

"The circle of thought of which I speak is not a plane actually connected with the astral. The only connection is that the beings upon it have passed on and belong to the thought pertaining to the astral, but as far as individual understanding is concerned they have closed their book of knowledge completely by their fear of evil influences.

"All who pass from the earth are not earth-bound, but those who are in that state of thought are sometimes slow to comprehend the aid which is sent to them from the higher realms. The Master has lifted during the war countless thought circles which held earth-bounds and the earth felt relief for a time, until again there accumulated other circles of earth-bounds.

"The Master has spent much time upon the earth assisting and sending forth His Light and there have been many who have subconsciously seen Him, and perhaps a few who have consciously caught a vision of His likeness.

"During the great battles, He has been upon every field, and there were some who saw Him as He led them, and He stayed the foe that came toward them, and He often turned the footsteps of the allies to victory. He led their marching feet onward toward the winning for the right and the establishment of justice.

"Oh, what the Master has done for mankind has been wonderful. He has been constantly with the suffering. He has been everywhere. The widows, the orphans, the ones left at home, have felt His nearness, and the soldiers upon the battlefield have known His presence. It has been marvelous. There were miracles." His voice was soft and low.

"There were several other earth-bound circles of thought which are now no more. He has cleared them from space, for the beings who were upon them have advanced above that stage.

"And I wish to say," he continued, "that in the realms of the Black Circle, under the lash of the Devil, there are few now, for the Master has taken many upward and the day of reckoning is nigh for those who believe not upon the Christ.

"There are more advanced souls in the astral today than ever before, and who would think so with such a terrible war as has been raging, but the souls who have come have been helped through Him, for He has been constantly with them. Every place where human bodies have been laid He has been and led the souls forth, upward to His Father, God.

"Oh, if the earth knew how it was being freed of the earth-bound circles of thought which have been over it like a cloud for centuries. Superstitions are

going to leave the minds of mortals and into the consciousness will come the all-knowing Truth and there will be belief in the astral, which is the Kingdom of God."

When he ceased speaking there came again the tolling of a great bell, and quite suddenly it came to me that not only I, but all, had heard his words.

Upon the platform came a light. It had no particular form, and yet I knew that within it there was One and when the face was slowly revealed I knew I looked again upon the Master, and beside Him gradually appeared the forms of twelve others and they stood with clasped hands holding symbols of the Cross.

The Master was garbed in a robe of white and upon His head was a crowning light. His eyes expressed great compassion and I knew that He was soon to voice the thought which had been given to Him by God, for He knew the Will of His Father. He held in His hand a white book. He laid it down and slowly opened the cover. Lifting His hand, His eyes looked upward and from them came lights which reached even to the dome of that great auditorium, and from the reflection there burst forth a glorious lighted flame which touched the letters on the cover of the book. The walls seemed to disappear, and for the moment, all faces seemed in a mist and again came the great organ which was like the voices of the archangels of God. He prayed, and then He spoke to those before Him.

"I have come from My Father in Heaven to teach ye," and He read from the book the following: "On this one day of eternity comes forth the command

from the Highest that this assembly shall concentrate on the truth of peace and justice."

His eyes fell upon the assembly. "My brethren, I shall not call upon any one of thee, but thou shalt know in thy heart when I look upon thee that it is thy time to speak, and when we have spoken we will enter into communion with the Divine Mind, our Father." He folded His hands upon the Book. I can not describe in words the light which was surrounding Him now, for it became greater all the while He stood there.

The first to rise was Paul, and he said, "In God we trust." The second was Peter, who said, "God is truth." The third was Saint Matthew, who said, "God is knowledge of all that is Divine." The fourth was Saint Mark, who said, "God is all power." The fifth was Saint John, who said, "God is eternal." The sixth was Saint Luke, who said, "God is life." The seventh was Saint James, who said, "God is just." The eighth was Timothy, who said, "God is love." The ninth was James the Less, who said, "God is a rock of strength." The tenth was Judas Iscariot, who said, "God is forgiveness." The eleventh was Thomas, who said, "God is the Way-shower," and the twelfth was John the Baptist, who said, "God is supreme." Then from the great assembly came the murmur, "All is well."

They stood a moment silent and the light that came from their auras was akin to the Divine. When they were seated, a white-robed being rose from his seat near the front and stepped to a small platform close to the one where stood the Christ, and said: "I have recently come from the earth, and it is by

the Divine Will that I speak. I have seen on the earth the wondrous things that have been accomplished and I know that justice will prevail, and the right will triumph.

"Inasmuch as there are two million to reincarnate, who have recently come from the earth, we are preparing to aid in starting them down life's great roadway. We shall do all in our power to assist them under the direction of the Supreme Knowledge."

The room became dim. It was not dark but all about faded into a misty glow. The speaker continued.

"The next generation which is born upon the earth will be very sensitive and many will walk upon the earth who have eyes which can see into the future and into the astral. Never before will there have been such a wave of psychical research. These, so gifted by the Divine Power, will bring to the hearts of those around them the knowledge that there is a world beyond which is active and accomplishing great things. It will not be long before they shall know us. They shall know the Truth of the life which is called 'beyond the veil'—eternity. If I were to mention the years in earthly time, it would startle those who hear, but it is not necessary, my brethren, for all of you know that the time is near.

"There will be less hatred and malice of every type upon the earth when this new generation brings forth its message. All men have in them goodness, and those who have lived, and those who are still existing upon the earth, have done their part to the best of their ability, considering the chains which have bound them and considering the manner in which they

have been tried. They have as a whole believed upon God, but it was not yet time for them all to see the world beyond, which He had wrought, but there is a time for all things in eternity, and the time is nigh for the unseen to be known to all.

"There will be many musicians born who will have their talent bestowed upon them and very little technical training will produce marvelous genius. There will be painters who will express a new type of color creation, there will be singers who will have voices that will express the soul, and there will be authors who will write the things they have been inspired to give their fellowmen. There will be those who will express arts such as dancing and acting which will be of a very high order.

"There will be inventors who will bring forth discoveries which we send unto them, and there will be many aviators who will brave the skies to proclaim a truth which is now thought of but vaguely, for they will discover something through aerial feats which some time will astonish the world.

"There will be those who will discover marvelous fluids and things which are not now used upon the earth will come forth, and the material world will know of our works, which we reflect through the teachings of the Divine Mind.

"There will be many great philosophers, perhaps none of them greater than those who have already lived, but they will be more numerous and the truth they proclaim will be sacred. Many will walk the earth telling of things they see and know, which will help those who see not and can scarcely believe.

"I can not mention all the wondrous things which will take place, but there will be others whom I have not mentioned who will do great good in their different lines, for everyone will feel the psychic wave which is coming to the earth. Many of those who exist upon the earth now will perform great missions. The time is very near when the knowledge of what is beyond, and belief in the Word will bring forth glory unto the new age." With an inclination of his head he sat down.

Another rose, a woman, her face veiled in a mist, and I knew that she was an advanced soul. She spoke in a soft tone of voice. "I believe that the souls who are about to reincarnate will be benefited by knowing that in a short time all fear of death will leave the earth and they will not have to combat that which has been existing and walking with grim tread upon the earth for many centuries."

After she had taken her seat, three others rose and spoke. The last of these seemed a man of great intelligence. I recognized him to be King Solomon. He said: "I feel that if those who are to reincarnate would be careful of their words, be thoughtful before they spoke, what they had to say would be received with greater faith. It is a wise man who speaks seldom, for when he does his words usually count. I, for one, will be ready to inspire all those it will be possible for me to help, and to those who call upon me I will come in spirit, and may it be that the words they shall speak be hearkened unto with great attention. I proclaim, from what has been given unto me from the Divine Source, that the coming age is to be one in which the unseen will be revealed. All men will know

and do the will of their Father which art in Heaven." With an inclination of the head, he took his seat.

Then one, whom I recognized to be Moses, rose and spoke. "The Lord our God will watch over those who are to return and nothing shall bring about a change in Fate's great plan, for God is all power, all life and all truth, and nothing above or below the earth can disturb the rightful action of His Divine Law." Lifting his right hand, and touching the emblem of the cross on his chest, he sat down.

There were several speakers whom I did not know by name and then one rose whom I knew to be General Putnam. He said, "Inasmuch as there is a Divine Power guiding the destinies of men toward the victory which those of the allies are gaining, undoubtedly war must cease, but no war ever has been without a cause and an effect. The cause of this great war was fated. The effect of it will be greater still—it will be the bursting forth of the flame of truth. I believe that the world which is represented upon the earth is coming to the greatest age that has ever been, and those who have the privilege of existing now upon the earth plane will see the forthcoming of the truth, and theirs is a great opportunity. In God we trust, for God is just." With a salutation he took his seat.

Abraham Lincoln rose and said, "Inasmuch as those who reincarnate keep in their consciousness the thought of one God and that there is no other Power, they will overcome all tests, for there are no obstacles when there is perfect faith and trust.

"I am happy to say that America is assisting in this great war, and I, for one, have returned often to speak words in her councils. The men of the earth

could not hear my words, but they carried out many of the actions that I suggested to their subconscious minds. I have seen those brave American laddies do their part, and I am proud of my former country." With a salute, he sat down.

King Edward VII rose. "My countrymen, too, have done their part. They have carried on for their country, and the world, to win the right, which represents the justice of God."

There were speakers from the deceased of every country among the allies, and each said a few words in a vein similar to those who had preceded them.

Then there rose a rather heavily built man, wearing a robe of many folds. His face was intelligent and he spoke in a low positive tone. I knew him to be John Quincy Adams. He said:

"I have few words to say, and they are these: May the parents of the coming generation be careful as to the type of playthings their children have. Would that we might impress upon the mind of every parent the necessity of abandoning such toys as guns, swords, or any manner of plaything which represents in miniature the actual destructive weapon. Children should be allowed only those toys which are beautiful and constructive, and never in their play should they attempt to imagine so-called death when they use these miniature weapons of destruction. There are many things with which children may amuse themselves which would be harmless and which would bring out the better instincts which are in every mortal. I make this a motion to be acted upon." And I saw everyone in that mighty assembly rise in affirmation of his words. He continued:

"The coming generation forms a great legion which is established here first and which will form the eternal brotherhood upon the earth, and between there and here there will be no space or distance. I, for one, wish to assist always in every way possible. While on a mission to the earth during the present war, I found that some among the generation which is now growing up upon that plane possess what is sometimes called the sixth sense, although this is not expressed outwardly. It is in the subconscious mind, but there are few living upon the earth today who are able to see and hear as the next generation will do.

"I only hope that I may do all that is assigned to me in another visit which I shall pay to earth with several of my brethren directly after this Convention, and I say before this assembly and the Master that I shall in every way carry out what is given me to accomplish," and with a salutation he sat down.

Another rose. His robes were of light yellow and he wore a white and yellow covering upon his head. He said, "War will sometime be a word which will be excluded from all earthly languages and which will not be known in actual activity. The time will be when no more hatred shall come between those who are brothers, and wars shall be forgotten as the dust of the material."

I recognized the speaker to be General Sherman, as he continued, "For the word war means hell, and there should be nothing which will influence men to battle in the age to come, for God is all Power, but—there is the possibility of another war upon the earth through circumstances which may arise in the future. We of the astral are working to prevent it, and if it

comes it shall be not for the ending, but for the lifting of humanity, for the Spirit will prevail forever.

"This war may take place before the day of reckoning arrives, and if it does, man will know of the astral, and through its assistance the right will win. I do not claim the coming of this war to be a fact, only a possibility. Words are things and I speak of this only because it has been assigned to me to do so in order that we may all use concentration through the power of the One Mind against influences which may be felt in a certain number of physical years. We will look forward with joy to the time when the earth and the astral shall be one, and that is in the age into which the earth plane is passing."

A man rose and faced the speaker. I knew him to be Julius Caesar. He spoke, as Sherman nodded permission. "This war of which you speak, if it does come, will establish everlasting Truth, for war or no war God's power is to be recognized at the stated time."

Another rose to speak. His face was youthful and he spoke with a slight hesitation. "If God is all power, why should there be another war. Is not the one now raging sufficient?"

Abraham Lincoln rose, and together he and General Sherman replied, using the same words, "God is all power. That will always be the Truth. War is merely the adjustment and testing of man, but the test is nearly over and the judgment of God is nigh. If there is another war it shall not touch the souls of men. It will lift them higher."

"What will cause this war?" asked the youth. No one in the assembly made reply, but through that

great auditorium and through the mist of light there seemed to come the words, "Religious Creeds."

Then the Master spoke. "There is only one religion and that is of God. It is the Truth. No matter in what creed man may believe, by what name he may call it, all come before the judgment of the One God and know the one Truth. Therefore, My Father, which art in heaven, hath given only one religion, and that is, faith upon Him.

"And if, my brethren, thou hast faith, ye know the Truth and ye have no fear and ye realize eternal life forever and forever." As He lifted His hands in blessing, those who had been standing took their seats. "Whosoever shall quarrel concerning religion hath no religion, for those who believe upon Me and upon My Father which art in Heaven know the Truth, and therefore they are of the Eternal Circle which has no name, which is called not religion but merely faith, and faith is belief in God. And, my brethren, if ye have faith in Our Father ye possess the key to the gateway which leads to the one great Truth and to Life." He folded His hands in prayer. "Our Father help us. We call upon Thee! We call upon Thee!"

The silence that followed was broken only by the tolling of a great bell.

Another rose and talked of many things. I did not know his name, but I knew he was an advanced soul.

Then a striking figure rose. It was Michelangelo and he said, "I speak to this assembly of what I know. The Truth is and always will be, and in knowing it we possess understanding. Let us speak of what we know. Let us voice our praise of God, for we are

fortunate, indeed, to be called together in this mighty assembly under the direction of His Son, the Christ. It is the first time many of those present have looked upon His face. May we offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for this great privilege."

All heads were bowed in silence, and then together we spoke these words: "Our Father we thank Thee. Thou art all powerful and compassionate—Thou art all life and Truth. We trust Thee and thank Thee for all Thy blessings. Amen."

Moses rose, and lifting both hands, spoke: "We shall dismiss the assembly for a period." I wondered if we were to leave the building, but soon discovered that the dismissal meant that we were free to converse, relax, pray, or do as we saw fit.

I prayed for guidance and help in every way and when I had finished I lifted my eyes to the Master. The look upon His face brought a peace unto my soul which will last forever. I sat gazing upon Him for a long time, as He stood in prayer. When He quietly raised His hands, the assembly rose, and He vanished.

I turned to my brother Frederick Walter. "It is wonderful, and such a vast assembly." "Yes," he replied, "we are going to be faithful to our task of helping our fellowmen on earth to win victory."

We were silent for a moment and then he said, "I am teaching here." I told him that I hoped to be a teacher. I asked Lord Roberts if he had visited the earth recently.

He replied, "Yes, I went on the expedition before the one on which you went." "You know," he said, "each time the Master goes to the earth He takes with Him a legion and they perform tasks under His direc-

tion. I have made visits to the earth before this present war, but it was an even more wonderful privilege that I had when I made this last visit, and I feel that one who has been found capable of going and is chosen is indeed fortunate to have such an opportunity."

We talked of people we had known upon the earth and discussed many general topics, and after a time my brother Frederick Walter interposed: "I want to speak upon a subject which interests me greatly and somewhat puzzles me also. Perhaps you may be able to tell me what I want to know. Why is it that there are some upon the earth who never express one particle of goodness? Is it really fated for them to be such personalities?"

Lord Roberts glanced at me, but I felt that it was a question which I was not quite clear upon myself, so I waited for his reply. When he spoke it was in an even, clear tone.

"I must say in beginning the subject that there is scarcely anyone who can definitely answer that question until they are far advanced, but I will do my best, as I have acquired some understanding upon the subject. It is interesting to almost everyone who comes here to learn as much as possible concerning reincarnation, the principles and the whys and wherefores of many so-called fated things.

"There are some who are reincarnated from the Black Circle, but that is seldom because it takes the strength and force of something like two thousand members of the Black Circle to bring about the rebirth of one of their order, for they have not within them the sustaining power and knowledge of the truth that we have, and consequently many of their members who

are born upon the earth are coarse and lacking in understanding. A great many disturbances are brought about by them, for the Devil sometimes is able to give them the power of leadership upon earth. That is the reason the unseen legions of the Black Circle do their bidding and bring about evil circumstances to satisfy selfish physical desires.

"In the course of events, those who are fated to reincarnate from the astral meet with those personalities and there is always a terrific clash, for those from the Black Circle recognize immediately those from the White Circle and attempt to violate their freedom and rights in every way."

"How can those from the Black Circle return to the earth," I asked, "If there can be only one life and that life is of God and is created and sent to the earth by Him?"

"As I said before," he replied slowly, "at least two thousand members of the Black Circle are required to give their strength and power to reincarnate one of their number, and those then become what we will term non-registering beings. They have absolutely no power of body or speech after they assist that one to earth, and they lie in a darkened channel, helpless, for ages, until of their own accord they pray for the holy angels of God to redeem them, or their thought changes so completely that they rise."

"And what is done in the reincarnation of the body which goes back to the earth under the laws of the Black Circle?" asked my brother, Frederick Walter.

Lord Roberts remained silent for some time in thought, and then said, "The two thousand who are

commanded to give up their strength, force and vitality to the one who is chosen to return go to a place called Belti, also designated as Hades. It is a place constantly giving forth fire, which comes from the aura of the many devils. Those there may be somewhat unwilling to be of that order, but this is often from fear.

"There is a particular leader under the Devil who is called his right-hand assistant. He is often spoken of as Satan's reflection. We call him Hidi. He is considered powerful by those who fear the Devil. I will tell this to you as nearly as possible in explanation.

"Suppose one we will call 'a fallen being' comes before the Devil, and having already submitted his being to him, is commanded by the Devil to reincarnate in the capacity of an evil one, who will attempt to prevent the rightful action of Fate's plan and disturb many of the White Circle who are chosen to do a rightful work on earth.

"There have been many men upon the earth holding high positions who were obsessed by the Devil, who suggested actions to bring about wars and all manner of disturbances, promising to give them supreme earthly power. These men always suffer through their horrible conquests, and remain unredeemed for ages and ages."

"Why does the God allow this?" asked my brother, "the return of these evil ones to the earth—of course there must be a reason?"

"God," he said, "has not thrown out His power as yet upon the Devil's realm, for the God is just, even to the Devil. He has spoken unto him and warned him many times that his evil ways shall cease and that he is to be no more, nothing in eternity, but the Devil

has no conception of the truth nor have those who are with him. God does not wish to bring the truth unto them without their willingness, so He has been compassionate and waited upon them, but even God will wait only so long and there will come the day of reckoning, and the Devil will be no more, but God who forgives the sinner will take unto Him His wayward sons and help them out of the pits of sin and hell to His realms of light. Of course, they will have to acquire knowledge to advance, but we shall help them, for they are our brothers and love must dwell within every heart, if we are to consider ourselves soldiers and helpers of God."

He was again silent for a time, and then said, "God is compassionate. He is the Way-shower to all sinners."

"How are these beings from the Black Circle reincarnated? What is the process of their evolution?" I asked.

He was silent a moment and then replied slowly, "The one who is chosen goes to the place called Hades and there Hidi throws a spell over the two thousand others who are subjecting themselves to assist the chosen one back to earth. It is merely a thought, of course, that with all their minds concentrated and thrown onto the one chosen and their bodily energy thrown into one body, that they bring about a powerful being, and so, if thought is all there is, naturally the effect upon them would be quite serious. They would believe they had lost all power of themselves and their bodies because they had given their energy and life force to another, and their belief is so strong that this thought assists the chosen one to reincarnate.

"If there existed true comprehension from the very first concerning the one brought forth, those around him would recognize his inability to be kind. They would realize that the being was representing a wicked source. Of course, parental love would overlook mistakes, but it would not be long until that one would make even those who loved him suffer perhaps the most, for within every being sent from the Black Circle there is the desire for power supreme. They believe that no other upon the earth should be as high as they, and they proceed to subdue with brute force others who are sometimes helpless to defy them. Brute force upon the earth is terrible at times, but always if God is called upon, the Highest Intelligence will win against brute force. Those from the realms of the astral who lack faith in truth, who quail before the fires of these earth devils, backed by the legions of the hell, will not succeed in overpowering the evil. It is the ones who call upon God that He assists, for those who have not faith in Him could not be helped. No matter how many evil ones there are upon the earth who attempt to consume their brothers with the fire which comes from their wicked hearts, the ones from the astral who are born and chosen by the great Master to do wondrous things and pass great tests, will always win if they keep faith and submission unto God.

"If man will call upon God in every way he shall be removed from the very extremities of hell, and those who would destroy him with their cruelty will be removed from his path. It is God who saves man in his most needy hour, and the words, 'They shalt call upon Me and I will answer,' should mean much to mortal man."

He touched upon many other points, and then I asked, "I have heard that there are those reincarnated from the realms of light who are to return to the earth to be a menace."

"That may be true," he replied, "and the reason for it is this. They are what we called 'go-betweens.' They have not passed their last test and did not try to do so, were lax and faithless to God, and they must suffer to overcome, for in suffering does man find where is his refuge, and when he goes through the test and comes to the realization that God is all power, they will be saved if they try to keep faith and be lifted up into their rightful place in the realms above."

"And why," asked my brother of Lord Roberts. "Are there those who have to go to earth and die when they are mere babes? Do they learn any kind of a lesson from that?"

Lord Roberts replied with conviction; "Yes, they do, and they help often those to whom they go, and sometimes those who die almost at birth have had perhaps their last reincarnation, for if you will look into the eyes of small children you will see something nearer the light of truth and guidance than that in any mortal eyes upon the earth, for they have just come from the realms above; they are wondering what is about them, and they look upon you with a frankness with which only the highest in the astral look upon their brethren."

We were still talking on various subjects, when in the far distance we heard soft strains of music and everyone listened until it ceased. Many left the assembly while others remained, talking together in groups.

My brother rose, saying he had tasks to perform and would see us again.

I looked about me and not far away I saw Prince Albert with Queen Victoria, and as they stood there King Edward VII joined them. There was such happiness upon their faces, such a glorious light in their eyes.

I saw George Washington speak with Martha Washington for a moment, and then he bowed to her and joined Lincoln and Columbus.

I saw Edith Cavell talking with a youth, whom I judged by his appearance, was a Canadian soldier, and there were many others talking together. I noticed Marie Antoinette talking with Louis XVI, and present Raphael joined them. As I was looking in their direction King Louis beckoned to me. I rose and saluted Lord Roberts and started toward the others. It did not seem difficult for me to reach them, although the place was crowded. I was as if melted through the throng. When I joined them I was introduced to Raphael, who said: "Lord Kitchener, Earl of Khartoum, I am so pleased to know you."

"The pleasure is mutual," I replied and he said, "I have heard of your recent visit to the earth. You have done well. I recently returned to the earth plane myself on a mission to Italy."

As we stood there Victor Hugo came up and I was introduced to him, and we talked of his work and many other things. All about me, my reader, as well as these whose names are written in history, were those who had not been famous upon the earth, but

who had very prominent places in the Convention, as they were advanced souls.

Soon we were joined by two others. One of these I recognized as William Tell and the other as General Gordon. I shook hands with them both, and Gordon and I talked together, for we had quite a bit in common. I am glad to say that we agreed on almost every subject. He told me that he had been to the earth during the first part of the war and had been present at the battles of Mons and of Verdun, which he had visited with a legion at that time. He spoke of the Christ leading the allies in those great crises, and his eyes lighted as he said, after a moment of silence, "Ah, my brother, if you could have seen Him, the Master, as He led us onward and we tramped beside those who fought! He was before us in the atmosphere like a glorious clear light, staying the foe which came toward the allies. It was glorious! Even we of the spirit could not but marvel at the way He could stay evil by the lifting of His hand. He could have done even more if mortals had had more faith in Him, but what He did for them, they will be a long time in realizing. They fought bravely, no more gallantly could they have carried on, but He helped them. He led them and went before them. There were some who saw Him, and there were many perhaps who felt His hand. There were few who died on those battlefields who did not see a vision of Him as they passed on to be soldiers of God."

Presently I noticed one figure in particular who attracted my attention and found him to be Admiral Nelson. As he came toward us, General Gordon and I bowed to the others, and turned to meet him. We

saluted him and he spoke. "My countrymen, my brothers, it is such a pleasure to see you." We took seats together, and Admiral Nelson continued: "I have just returned from the earth. I have been with my countrymen in three great naval battles. I stood beside them, my brother Admirals. I walked the decks with them, those brave men, and I hope they realized I was there. I will return again, for I wish to help and to be known. I shall be so happy to see those I love returning to their friends after battling with the foe. Kitchener, I heard about your leading many a regiment in the war on your return to earth and I congratulate you—and our friend Gordon. He also has carried on splendidly."

I saw approaching us Gladstone and Tolstoi, who saluted us. We returned their greeting, and Gladstone said, "I have recently returned from one of the planes of dreamers where I had a duty to perform."

Tolstoi said, "I have been busy since I last saw you. I was assigned to one of the planes of reincarnation to assist for a time there," and the conversation led on to general topics.

My attention was attracted to a being some distance from us, with robes of silver and a turban glimmering with a crystal white light. This being turned and I saw her face. I noticed she was talking with John the Baptist, and I was wondering who she was, when suddenly it came to me that she was Salome.

General Gordon read my thought, for he said, "John the Baptist and Salome are good friends here. She has been somewhat slow in advancing, but he helped her and now they are together frequently, as they attend several classes on the same planes. They

are both interested in literary work, and the two types working together should be highly inspirational in bringing forth an unusual form of literature. Perhaps someone on the earth will be inspired through them at some time."

I noticed a tall youth, wearing a mantle and a bright blue head covering, who stood talking with two I knew to be Charlotte Corday and La Fayette. Noticing my interest in him, Admiral Nelson spoke. "He is an unusual individual in that he has a rather two-sided nature. In one way he is very far advanced and in another he still clings to peculiar ideas concerning the earth. He was King Philip IV," and as I looked upon him I saw that his aura was very spiritual and there were in it unusual vaporous shades.

A man in white robes and a white turban stepped to King Philip and spoke. He was an intelligent appearing individual. His face was powerful in expression, and he supplemented his words with motions of his hands. Two others approached and one of those, who possessed an unusual aura, placed his hand on King Philip's shoulder and addressed him. I knew him to Velasquez.

As we were conversing and observing those about us, another joined our group and greeted us. He proved to be David Livingstone. I was highly pleased to meet him and we conversed for sometime on topics which were of interest to us both.

I saw my father and mother coming toward me with one whom I recognized at once as my brother-in-law when upon the earth. I greeted them and clasped the latter by the hand. He told me he had spent much time helping on the earth in this time of trouble. I

was much pleased to see Queen Victoria between Prince Albert and King Edward VII. We rose as they greeted us. We were all seated when King Edward turned to me and said, "I have good news. I have been talking with George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Cardinal Richelieu, who have reports that the influences that have been sent out from the Convention have already reached the earth and are taking effect. Will it not be a wonderful day when we see our brothers and countrymen free from the chains of war." We all rose and stood in silent prayer, and as we again took our seats we said in unison, "It shall be. Man shall be free."

Admiral Nelson said to Queen Victoria, who was sitting near him, "Ah, Queen Victoria, it is a pleasure to speak with you again. It is some time since I have had an opportunity to address you. I hear that you are doing a wonderful work with this great duty we all have—to help bring peace to mankind." She answered him softly, "I wish to do all that I can to bring peace, and I pray that my brothers and sisters may be unfettered from all that brings disturbance."

Prince Albert turned to me, "Lord Kitchener, I am so pleased that you have carried on for mankind in the way that you have. You have proved a noble soldier," and his hand rested for a moment upon my arm, as his eyes met mine and his face lighted with a smile.

"It will be wonderful when we hear the glad tidings that right has won," said King Edward. "May all disturbances cease."

We were all glad to hear General Gordon say, "I received a wireless immediately before coming here

from one who is returning from a visit to the earth, and I learn that matters there are progressing favorably toward the ending of the war."

We were silent for some time until Livingstone brought up the subject of new countries to be discovered upon the earth, and new channels of thought to be developed, and Gladstone spoke at length on political topics. Tolstoi brought up a few points which sounded logical indeed, and King Edward made some most interesting remarks on this subject.

He also told us some startling facts as to events which would transpire in the political world within the next ten years of earthly time.

Admiral Nelson mentioned the fact that regulations quite different from those that had been known in the line of naval activities would be accepted upon the earth, unusual systems would be followed, and many inventions for naval usage would be perfected.

General Gordon said that the stages in radio development within the earthly time of the next fifteen years would be astonishing, and something would develop from radio experiments which would bring about a startling revelation.

King Edward announced that Queen Victoria had been given the duty of perfecting a force more powerful than radium and that in time it would be sent to the earth for the use of mankind.

A white-robed being approached our group with a scroll, which read as follows: "To Whom It May Concern: On this day of eternity, those who have returned from a mission to the earth send the word that all is coming into the light of adjustment."

I turned to my mother and said, "If only the people of the earth could know how we are trying to help them and how near to them we are in thought."

Livingstone spoke: "I suppose you know that there were six million white guards sent to earth to assist us while we are holding this Convention and to march with the allies to victory, and if need be, there are six million more ready to depart to assist them." He raised his hand in salutation. "There are billions who are willing to go if necessary."

Then Admiral Nelson said: "Upon the battle-ships there are many, from admiral to sailor-lad, who have passed on and returned to help carry on. I was there and I saw them. If those engaged in the war knew what a powerful force was behind them it would be comforting to them."

"They will know sometime," I said, "that when there is distress upon the earth, we who have tried to carry on when we lived among them, have returned to carry on again."

Abraham Lincoln approached us, and with him were two others, James Madison and one whom I did not know by name.

They saluted us, as we greeted them, and took seats with us. Lincoln informed us that the intermission would soon come to a close, as there were several who had shortly arrived from the earth who were to speak upon some experiences.

I noticed a distinguished looking man not far away, who was talking with several others. His robes were of orange and his head covering was white. Admiral Nelson remarked, "He has recently returned

from a visit to the earth, where he has been in the enemies' camps, trying to bring about an adjustment.

"Since the war the allies and the foe have been divided into two separate circles, the one assisted by the White Circle and the other under the command of the Black Circle. The unseen ones have built barriers around their particular circles. These consist of thought, and when the allies and the foe come together in the clash of battle these unseen barriers of vibration burst into flame, and therefore caused tremendous turmoil and made it difficult for anyone to return to the earth from the astral, as the atmospheric conditions are so tense.

"In the circle of the foe, the demons have suggested poisonous thoughts which are forthwith carried out if possible. Of those who have conceived these wicked ideas, one in particular communes with the Devil, for he is in mental communication with his line of thought, and is possessed at times by more than one demon.

"Those who carried out the plans of the allies communed in their souls with the Infinite Spirit and have heard the words of the truth as scattered by the members of the White Circle, and those who have heard from the realms of the Spirit will win, for it was predicted long ago that such a war would come and that a wicked one possessed by evil would bring it about, but he who was Satan's subject would fall before the hand of the Truth, and that those who were God's soldiers on earth and in the astral would win.

"I suppose you have read in that Book of Truth the words in which this prediction is made. A wonderful message it was, and always will the Devil bow

the knee to God. He may attempt to bring destruction upon mankind, but he will always quail before the power of the Truth and those who have faith in the Father will be saved and there will come the time when the Evil One will be no more."

We were all very much interested in what he said, and presently Prince Albert spoke. "Sometime undoubtedly spiritual thought will be so powerful that all evil forces will be eliminated. When the earth and the astral actually co-operate only good will prevail. Nothing that is evil could endure where there was perfect faith and where the thought of death had been erased from the brain of man."

Presently two others joined our circle, and after an exchange of greetings, took seats among us. I recognized the newcomers to be Gounod, and Murillo.

Presently the auditorium grew dim and there appeared in view upon a silver sheet scenes from the war. We saw the positions of the different armies and there was one who, as the pictures changed, described in detail what was occurring, for through a force similar to wireless there were reproduced before us these events at the very moment they were taking place upon the earth. Most of the scenes were startling and dreadful. There was one way in which these pictures differed from the motion pictures of earth and that was in that the spiritual forms of the white guards were to be seen. It was amazing to see how sometimes the very bayonet was knocked from the hand of a foe as he lifted it to strike one from the allied forces. Many things intervened which were supernatural and the pictures showed how the white guards brought

them about, assisting in every way the courageous allies.

There were scenes of the hospitals, and the white guards protecting them, which showed how it took a tremendous force to pass their barricades. With every ambulance there went two white guards, and we saw how in many cases the destructive bombardments of the foe were turned aside, leaving a free open path for the ambulances. It was a wonderful sight to behold, so tremendous that it gripped every being who witnessed it. All were tense and a silence reigned which was broken only by the voice of the speaker at intervals.

We had seen many of these scenes when there came on the silver sheet scenes of the white guards leaving the astral for the earth, six million of them, and it was not long before the speaker informed us that six million more had been delegated to depart. It was wonderful to see them. They marched like soldiers and their tread was so steady and so endless that it seemed you could hear the tramp of their marching feet. I was thrilled at the sight. In the face of each one was an expression of purpose and there was light and love in their eyes. There did not appear to be many leaders, for each one knew his task. They had been well instructed and were determined to carry out their missions.

I knew then that the Master had gone with them, for as they neared the earth it showed Him in their lead. It was marvelous.

When His legions reached the earth there swelled the tones of the mighty organ of the heavens, and there was great joy in every soul in the astral.

Then it became light, and the silver sheet vanished, and again there was an intermission, and those about me began to converse. This time they spoke in hushed voices and there was an inward faith in each heart. It seemed to me that it was hours that great organ of the heavens poured forth its ponderous but soothing notes. We all prayed at times, and when we conversed it was mostly upon the war and its ending.

King Edward said to me, "Do you see to the right those many rows of youthful appearing beings?"

"Yes," I replied.

"They are the soldiers and sailors who passed out of the physical body during this war and they are here in a body concentrating the mighty force of their thought toward peace and the victory of the right."

It was a wonderful thing to look upon them. They sat straight and their eyes flashed light. Their faces were transparent and they were tense in body.

"Those are not all that passed out, are they?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but that is a great majority. There are many who were not able to come on account of being on the rest planes, and there are some who are yet to be saved from the earth-bound state, but we have found that since the Christ has visited the earth so frequently there are few in the earth-bound state, and the Black Circle has gathered in almost no new subjects.

"There are many in those rows who are soon to reincarnate. After the Convention at least fifty per cent of those you see there will go to the planes to prepare to return to a physical existence. Most of them are anxious to go back, because there were many

tasks which they felt they had not had time to perform, for the majority of them were so young, Kitchener.

"There are others who will go, submitting merely because it is so destined. They are reconciled to doing their best to face the coming tests. Many of them will be born with great intuition and there will be some who will see the activities of the astral and will give out the truth concerning them. The psychical age has practically begun and there will be few doubters.

There will be new systems of education on earth, not saying anything against the present methods, but time always develops anything of the progressive order. There will be schools where children will be taken to learn of psychical phenomena, and these children will develop into extraordinary men and women, possessing almost supernatural powers, and then it will not be long before the astral and the earth are one.

"And," he paused, "there will be several unusual demonstrations concerning the astral within the next few earthly years. There are a number of people existing upon the earth at the present time who will receive startling facts and will prove them, and there will be a communication with the astral at a not far distant time, which will be acknowledged by the whole physical world. We are working constantly upon this, and those who are chosen to assist will be faithful and carry out their missions. The earth is passing into one of the greatest ages of so-called time."

Prince Albert spoke, "Indeed it is going to be an astounding age."

"Great naval and areial feats are going to be accomplished," said Admiral Nelson.

"The wireless, also," said Tolstoi, "is to be perfected until it is in tune with the astral and there will be a radio telephone sent from here to the earth, by which communication will be made possible."

Presently my brothers Arthur and Frederick Walter joined us and said, "We have received a message from the earth that the allied force have distinguished themselves greatly in the combats. The great white guards are helping them onward to victory."

Presently some one asked, "Is there a possibility of a religious war, and if so what will the outcome be? Is it likely to occur?"

"The occurrence of a religious war is quite possible," replied Lincoln. "It will not be long until all countries will have abolished war as a means of territorial or financial gain. There will be little dispute and no war as great as that which is now raging from such causes, but the next war, if it comes, will be a religious war. It seems that several prominent religions are going to become entangled. This may be avoided, but perhaps it is fated so that man may overcome the thought of creeds and have in his mind the one thought, which is of the Truth, which has only one name and one goal. That name is spirituality and the goal is God.

"We have not been informed accurately as to the coming of this war, for the Book of Fate does not disclose every secret, but from what we have heard and circumstances which are destined to arise on the earth, there is every possibility of the outbreaking of a religious war.

"We hope that this may be prevented, but there must come a time when all men will become desirous

of knowledge. Merely the word creed will not satisfy the longing for truth. There will be universal brotherhood, and truth will reign."

"In this war will either side be the victor?" I asked.

His reply to me was soft and gentle, and his eyes were thoughtful. "The right will win, and all men will know the real meaning of the word 'Truth.' It will be a great task for men, as they will have to overcome many obstacles. Supernatural things will occur on every hand, for the white guards will be everywhere upon the earth."

King Edward spoke again. "We will most assuredly assist our brothers."

General Gordon said, "I know of three orders here which are working constantly against the slowly arising volcanic religious condition upon the earth which is ready to burst into flame at any moment. Those upon the earth should know that unless great care is exercised there is coming a terrific struggle for personal religious beliefs."

Livingstone added, "Indeed a religious war would be serious, for there are many upon the earth who would die for their religion as gladly as they would die for their country."

Gladstone said, "It is my belief that certain political activities will cause an under-current of religious antagonism."

"My mother has received several wonderful messages concerning this," said King Edward.

"Yes, indeed," said Queen Victoria, "I have learned that if there is a religious war it will be more dreadful than any conflict which has yet been upon the

earth, for it will not be a matter concerning a certain number of countries, but every country in the world."

"I realize that there will have to be a great deal of concentration upon the matter," said Prince Albert, "for we all wish peace. If this war comes, evil will fight against the good. There are few men who will submit their personal view-points and their belief in God and bow down before a religion which means nothing to them. Of course there is good in all religions because they all believe in Truth, and whomsoever hath faith in God, no matter what the name of the religion to which he clings, is on the road to the Divine, but if certain religions do not permit others to continue there will be a religious war. If there is, right will win, for right always has and always will."

"Yes, indeed," said my brother Arthur, "we of the astral will be at our posts to see that justice is done, and God will lead us on to victory."

My father spoke, "Yes, we will do our part in every way and nothing shall prevent the rightful action of the Truth. There is only one Truth."

"And only one life," added King Edward, "which is eternity."

Abraham Lincoln bowed his head in reverence and said, "Nothing shall prevent the Truth from existing in the hearts of all men."

I looked toward the rows of soldiers and sailors and my heart throbbed with admiration, and the memory of what they had done, on the land, on the sea, and in the air. I saw some of "my men" who rose and saluted and I returned their salutes.

Lincoln said, "We have been busy arranging for the attendance here of these soldiers and sailors, as

they all had to undergo treatments which prepared them for the Convention. Many of us have been busy all the time of late on the rest planes where most of them go when they first arrive."

"What is a rest plane like?" I asked.

"There are many of these recuperation planes," he replied. "They are in a favorable atmosphere and there are many large buildings filled with light. When the new arrivals are too weak to go about we keep them comfortable in these spacious restful sanitariums, and later they go out into the wonderful gardens. The grounds surrounding these buildings are marvelous, with trees and flowers, and many beautiful vistas.

"Vistors are seldom allowed on the rest planes, as those there need quietness and rest. The recuperating ones do not study, but relax completely. We have there some of the best helpers of the astral, who are wonderful in their ceaseless assistance. There are few earth-bounds now, so many have risen and know the light.

"There are many soldiers and sailors who were not able to come to the Convention, but a chosen delegation was brought, and all of these have not only overcome a great deal, but have been given special treatments to enable them to be present."

Again came great peals from the organ and I saw many of those who had left the assembly walk in and take their seats.

"We have another period yet," said my brother Frederick Walter, "before the Convention will be called to order."

As the strains of the organ died away in the dis-

tance, Gounod said, "I do believe that if music were taught to every child, and if it were heard in every place where possible—beautiful music full of harmony—there would be peace vibrations surrounding the earth."

He paused. "There are many types of music on the earth. There is one—let me see, I believe it is called 'jazz'." He paused again, leaning forward and holding his chin in his hand. "There are two kinds of 'jazz', the kind which is gruesome and decidedly unfit, and there is another kind which has a livelier, gayer note. I call that 'semi-jazz,' and I advocate the latter variety to a certain extent. A certain amount of this 'semi-jazz' might be wholesome and suitable, but there are many 'jazz' melodies which cause shiverings of the body and strange chills, which I believe disturb the nervous system. This does not appear to affect the dancer, or the one who hears, at the time, but the following day the system is highly-strung and quite out of tune. I have listened on the wire to these two kinds of syncopation.

"Of course I advocate classical music, as I love it, and am interested in harmony vibration through music, but as long as there are so many types of music existing on the earth, a certain amount of 'semi-jazz' may be all right. What I do dislike is to hear classical music 'jazzed.' Each type of music should be kept distinct, and if each is played in the proper time, harmony will be produced."

Tolstoi remarked, "I have the same opinion you have. Some of both kinds of music would be quite right, in my estimation."

Gounod continued, "After the war 'jazz' is going

to be very popular upon the earth, but, ah me, I am afraid some will go to extremes. There may be many who will shiver when those raw notes reach their height and it will be none too good for them, so that is why I wish my words might be heeded, and that merely 'semi-jazz', with a little—what is this they call it now—ah, yes, '*pep*'—in it, should be enjoyed."

"You would make quite a lecturer," said Gordon.

"Yes," replied Gounod; "I would be willing to return to the earth for a period to lecture upon the subject, but I am so busy here that I could scarcely take the time. I feel that after the novelty wears off 'jazz' will become more settled and there will later develop from it a new branch of music, which I promise you will be quite enthralling."

So we sat there and conversed on general topics concerning the activities of the earth after the war.

Presently Queen Victoria said: "Monsieur Gounod, my friend, I have heard that you are preparing several operatic works. Would you care to tell us about them?"

"With pleasure, Queen Victoria," he replied, "I have been talking quite a bit on music in general, but at your request I am delighted to speak concerning the writing of these operas which I would very much like the world to have. There is one in particular which I have impressed upon someone on the earth, and I feel that it will some day be produced. The opera I am now working upon was in my mind the last time I was on earth. I was not able to write it there on account of my physical death intervening, but it will be written by the hand of another to whom I will suggest it, and it will be wonderful."

"That is interesting," said my mother.

"I feel it will be successful upon the earth, Monsieur Gounod," said Queen Victoria.

"I hope to hear you play for us here some time, Gounod," said Murillo. "I have not had that pleasure as yet."

"I would be very much pleased," said King Edward, "to have Monsieur Gounod present and favor us with some of his compositions at the next studio gathering I give. I will talk this over with him later."

"Beautiful music is a wonderful thing," said my mother, "some time I hope to know something of it. I am going to take harmony as one of my next studies."

Again the lights faded and all became quiet, and a great bell began to toll. It seemed like the eternal voice of The Great Spirit. It sent a thrill through me, and all the faces in that great assembly lighted.

It was then that the platform became illumined with light and upon it appeared the forms of the Master and twelve others.

As I looked upon the face of the Master I saw come into it a great light. It seemed to be the surrounding thought of the Spirit, and as I looked upon Him I was exalted and I knew that the others around me were also. What glory filled my being! Such peace was surrounding me!

I wish I might tell you all the things which I saw, but that would be difficult to do. There were many who rose to speak. France and Belgium were heard from often and the ones who spoke had been great men in those countries.

There were three unusual speeches made by

Scotchmen, and one Australian gave an astounding speech concerning his experiences upon leaving the earth, and every country of the allies was represented by wonderful speeches from their honored sons.

Then it was there came a light upon the platform and in it appeared Daniel. He held up his hands to the audience and spoke: "I have just arrived from the earth, and my brethren, I have good tidings. I do not believe it will be long before we will hear the marching feet of the white guards returning from the front. Every one of them have done their part and I am happy to say that not one has failed in his task, not one has turned traitor. They have been true to their Leader, God," and he lifted his left hand in salutation as he took his seat.

Slowly the Master lifted His hand. "Let those who wish to speak lift their voices," and He crossed His hands upon the altar which was before Him.

A figure rose whom I recognized to be Julius Caesar. He said many good things and then took his seat with a salute.

George Washington rose and said, as he lifted his hand in salutation, "We have no fear. We trust in our Leader, and we know that under His supervision we shall conquer evil." I noticed that it was the Master who seemed to select the speakers, that is, each one who spoke seemed to be called upon silently by Him.

Victor Hugo rose and said, "I have seen the wondrous strength and courage of the allies, and I say as a tribute to my own country, 'Vive la France!' and to the allies I say, 'May they press onward together to victory!'"

King Edward VII rose and said, "Nowhere upon the earth are there any stronger men than those who stand behind the guns of the allied armies. Strong in character, strong in truth they stand and strong in power. They will carry on. To all mankind I say, and may they hear my voice, 'Carry on! Carry on!' We of the astral are with you," and we all saluted as he took his seat.

Prince Baudouin of Belgium, spoke next. "Inasmuch as the men of the earth have stood fearlessly for justice, they shall receive their reward of victory. The allies combined stand as one and they shall carry forth justice into the ages. If Belgium, my beloved country, could hear me speak; could know how exalted I am over the way she has helped to stay the foe, I would rejoice. I extend my hand toward the allied brave!" and with a salutation he took his seat and glory seemed to fill every face.

One of Italy's distinguished sons rose and said, "Glory be to all the allied nations and may they clasp hands in everlasting friendship!"

The next to rise was a man in white robes, whom I recognized to be Admiral Beardsley. He said, "Glory is ever with the allies. Peace will be their reward and truth shall be their staff, and over land and sea will come a mutual understanding," and with a salute he sat down.

Then there rose another whom I recognized as Thomas Jefferson. He said only a few words, which were, "In God we trust, and that is sufficient."

Tolstoi rose and said, "Peace is coming on the wings of the victory of the right, and if peace comes

into the hearts of men there will always be peace on earth."

Gladstone was the next to speak, and he said, "We shall carry on, and through the ages of eternity will come peace."

Then quite suddenly I felt a tense sensation and looked into the eyes of the Master. I can not describe to you how I felt, for it was a feeling which words can not express. I heard no words but His eyes revealed to me that my duty was to rise, and so I stood there a moment looking over that great assemblage, and then I knew what to say, and I spoke these words: "For the right we stand," and with a salute took my seat.

Plato rose and said, "Peace is man's rightful heritage."

Then it was that Paul rose and spoke. "My brethren, we shall now pray," and the Master lifted His hands and everyone seemed to know the word to say, and that was "Peace."

Then there came a cloud of light and in it were several beings. When they became discernable I knew them to be Isaiah, David, Esther, Mary Magdalene and Joseph. They held up their hands as a tribute to the Spirit, and then said in unison, "We have come from our Father which art in Heaven to deliver the word that soon good tidings shall come from the earth."

Then softly there came sweet music. It seemed to come from everywhere—voices that could not be distinguished seemed to be saying, "Peace! Peace! Peace!"

And then there came a cloud. It settled for a

moment, and then there was a mighty blast of bugles and a great commotion filled the air. Those in the assembly lifted their heads, the twelve rose, with the Christ seemed to be uplifted, and behind Him was the cross. He lifted His hands upward on the cross and there were blood stains upon them, and upon His head there was a crown of thorns, but in a moment there came a sigh from all who beheld Him. Where there had been blood there were white roses, and where there had been thorns there came forth a wreath of rosebuds on His head, and then He smiled for the first time, and I was exalted. Heaven was there, and there came a light, and it covered Him, and from His finger-tips there came forth golden rays, and He lifted His hands and said to all there assembled, and to the world above and below:

"I bless ye, my brethren, I bless ye. Peace has come and now I shall go to My Father which art in Heaven. I shall take the glad tidings, which I feel that He doth already know, and I will tell Him of thy great love and faith," and then He said, as He reached forth His hand, "May there be silence," and there was. All the astral was still. There was no sound. There was no move, and for the first time I knew what real silence meant. All was in concentration.

Then there came again the blasts of bugles and a great concentrated thought went forth that there was peace on earth, good will toward men. The Master said, "Bless ye, my brethren, bless ye," and He disappeared in a glorious light, and the twelve followed after into the golden rays of his aura, and for a moment there was a blue light filling the Heavens, then it turned to a crystal white, and again came

the blast of bugles. Again came the voices, "Peace on earth," and the Spirit above us echoed, "Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Then there was a tramping of feet and there was a turmoil of cries and glad voices in rejoicing, and I saw all the happy faces and heard the glad tidings on every side.

And from the atmosphere came marching those many beings who had gone to fight for truth. I heard them say as they passed, and their words were like the rustling of angels' wings, "All is well, all is well."

Oh, how can I tell you, my reader, how can I tell you, the great joy that exalted each being in the astral, as they heard the glad tidings on every hand. From out the great space came a voice, "There is peace on earth! Thy Will is done!"

And I saw them pass—carrying flaming torches of red gold—those great white guards who had done their duty, and as they carried on, there was no tired strain in their eyes; there was nothing but glory, and I knew that they had helped the earth on to peace and justice and right and life eternal.

In their midst was one illumined in light, carrying in her hand an emblem of truth, and I felt that the beautiful mystic features were those of Jeanne d'Arc.

And from the heavens there came the tolling of eternity's bell and that great assembly rose in a mighty light, and we seemed to take the hand of the Master, and went upward with Him under the wings of the God of Might and of Light.

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